THE LITERARY DIGEST

PUBLIC OPINION (New York) combined with THE LITERARY DIGEST

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TOPICS - OF - THE - DAY

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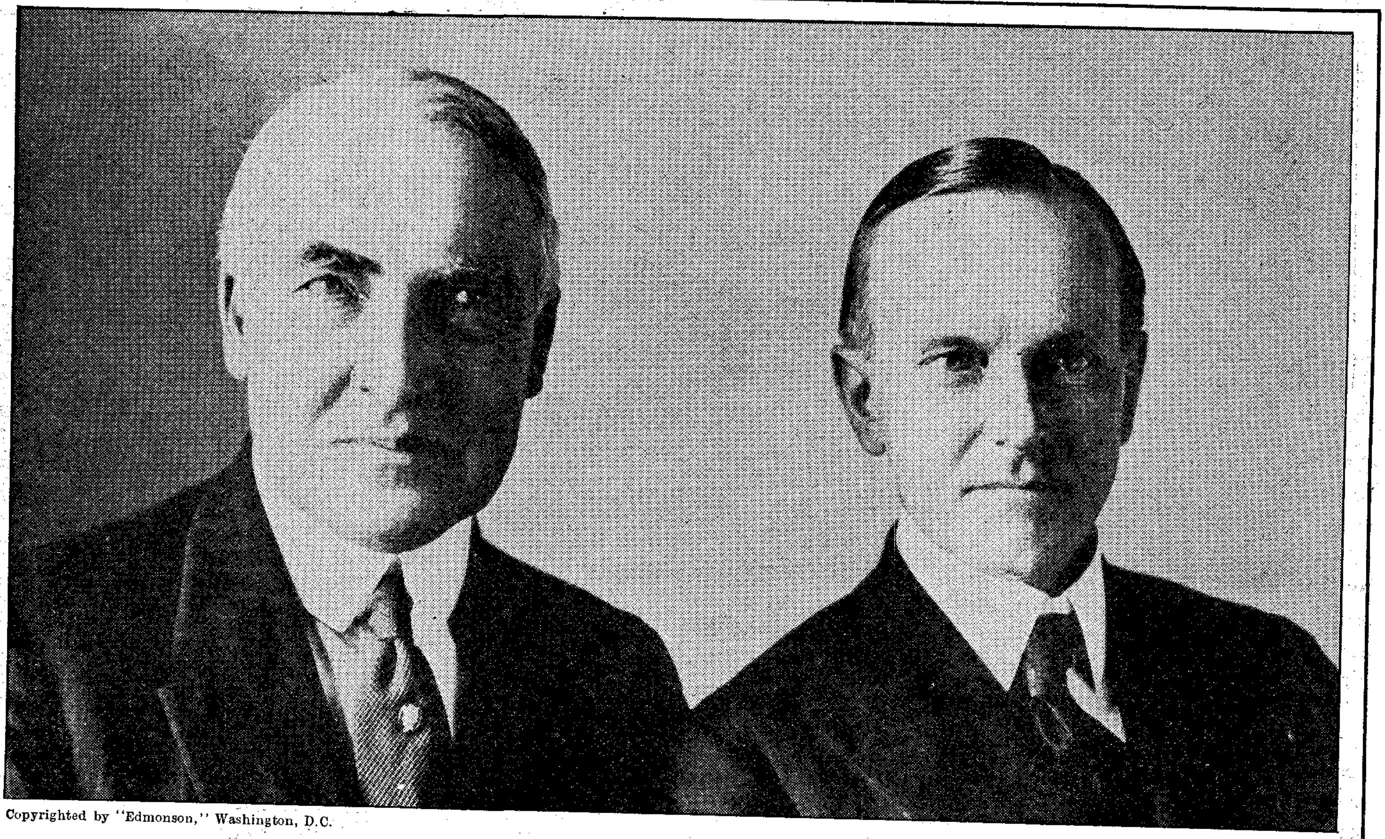
THE REPUBLICAN AVALANCHE

A THUNDERING PROTEST, an overwhelming repudiation, an irresistible demand for a change in the administration of the nation's affairs—these things are recognized by editorial observers of all parties in the unprecedented avalanche of votes that has swept the Republican party into power after eight years of Democratic control. But when it comes to determining exactly what was protested against, what was repudiated, and what kind of administration is demanded for the future, interpretations begin to diverge and conflict, even within the ranks of the Republican press. Thus some agree with Mr. Hearst and Senators Johnson and Borah that the verdict of the polls means "the triumph of nationalism and the death of the League of Nations," while others share the views of Mr. Taft and Mr. Hoover that Harding's victory assures and hastens our entrance into the League. They all, however, unite in hailing the result as a crushing condemnation of "Wilsonism"—a point conceded even by many Democratic papers with the comment that if the Republican party had been in power through the soul-shaking ordeal of the world-war and the disillusioning period of the armistice, it would have been the victim of a similar revulsion of popular feeling.



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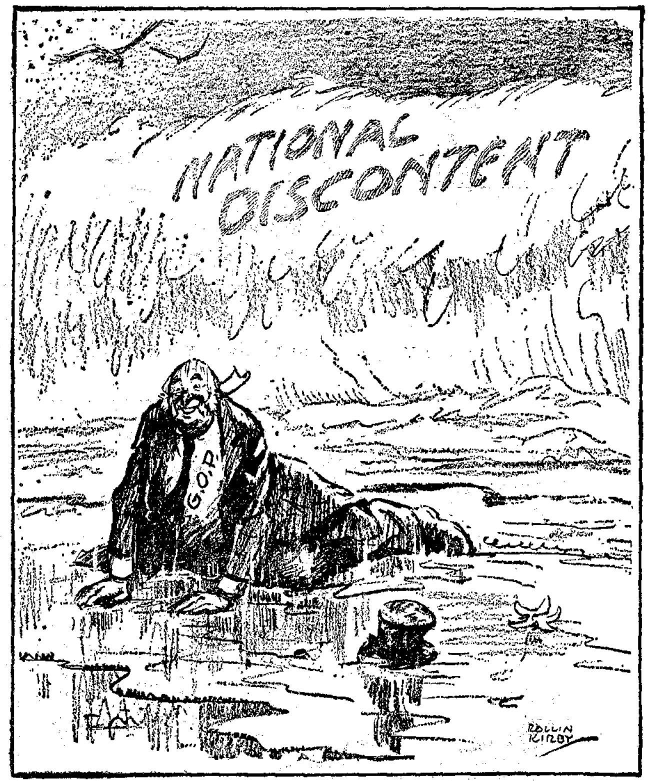
"WE'VE GOT A REAL JOB AND WE'LL TACKLE IT TOGETHER."
This was the message of Warren G. Harding to Calvin Coolidge the morning after the election.

A stirring call from President-Elect Harding to the American people will be found on page 23.

Listening first to the voice of the victors, we are told by Mr. Harding that the result "is not a personal victory," but "a national call to the Republican party." To Mr. Coolidge it means "the end of a period which has seemed to substitute words for things, and the beginning of a period of real patriotism and true national honor." It means to the Boston *Transcript* (Rep.) that the "plain people" have cast off "the yoke of one-man government at Washington," and rejected "the misty shadow of supergovernment at Geneva." In short, this paper exclaims, it means "America first, America free, America triumphant." The Milwaukee *Sentinel* (Rep.) rejoices that "after the quixotic excursions under the pilotage of a political mystagog the country will resume its normal way under the guidance of a typical, level-headed, commonsensible American." The Republican victory, remarks the Buffalo *Express* (Rep.), is so great that it can not be traced to any single factor or issue, but it constitutes a condemnation of "the entire record of the Democratic party and the Wilson Administration." "The country was weary of Wilsonism in all its manifestations," agrees the New York *Tribune* (Rep.), and the New York *Evening Mail* (Rep.) interprets the verdict as "a complete and emphatic protest against the régime of extravagance, incompetence, and un-Americanism with which the name of Woodrow Wilson will be associated in history." It means "the passing of the nightmare of Wilsonism," affirms the New York *Sun* (Rep.), which adds that "the lesson of the Wilson Administration, rejected by the American people in stinging disgrace because of its intolerant individualism and utter business incapacity, is a lesson to the incoming Administration." "The nation has emphasized its disapprobation and disgust of the way in which the Wilson oligarchy made war and muddled the making of peace," says the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* (Rep.). Moreover, "it has branded Burlesonism with the biting condemnation that it deserved; it has punished Democratic inefficiency, waste, sectional partiality, and personal favoritism." "A representative government has been ordered restored in the United States and one-man government has been ordered cast out," avers the Minneapolis *Journal* (Rep.). "The American people have set the final seal of their condemnation upon Wilsonism in all its forms," says the Kansas City *Journal* (Rep.). "The silent but overshadowing issue in millions of minds," declares the Denver *News*, an independent paper that supported Senator Harding, "was the demand for a change, for an anodyne to war's memories and aftermaths." "Woodrow Wilson and all his works have been repudiated," avers the Detroit *News* (Ind.); and *The Free Press* of the same city rejoices that "the nation has shaken off the incubus that has been oppressing it and sapping its strength, and can now emerge from an experience which in retrospect will soon seem like a horrible, fantastic, and unreal dream." The truth of the matter, explains the Philadelphia *Inquirer* (Rep.), "is that the Wilson Administration has had the extravagances and wastefulness of the war to carry on its shoulders; it has been without vision as to the needs of the country; it has had no definite policy concerning high prices, heavy taxation, and the restoration of the country to something like a normal condition." The Republicans were swept to victory, says the Columbus *Ohio State Journal* (Rep.), by "the cumulative effect of all the resentments engendered against President Wilson and his official acts"; added to this, it explains, was "the strong support of Senator Harding by great racial groups whose individual constituents flocked to him not so much as Americans, but with the supposed interests of their former home-lands uppermost in their minds." The issues, declares the Pittsburgh *Gazette-Times* (Rep.), were "the Constitution against Wilsonism; American independence against surrender of sovereignty in an alliance for war; economical and businesslike administration of the American Government against wasteful, uneconomical administration; representative government as ordained by the fathers against an executive dictatorship." The voters, it adds, "have saved their country from the threat of exploitation by an alien supergovernment and have preserved American institutions for the benefit of Americans."



WASHED IN BY THE WAVES.

—Kirby in the New York *World* (Dem).

"The election is over and the citizens of the United States are glad that it is," cheerfully remarked Governor Cox's Dayton *News* in its first editorial comment on Senator Harding's victory. And it added: "The spirit of America is that the voice of the majority must rule in the nation's affairs. From this traditional standpoint there must be no departure now." "No political principles were advanced or retarded in the election," thinks the Milwaukee *Journal*, an independent paper that supported Governor Cox; and it explains the result as "a reaction to the war, to the tug on every one's heart-strings, to the loss of life and the crippling, to the high prices, to the taxes, to prohibition, to the very exaltation of spirit that carried us through, to the overturning of our whole economic system." The return swing of the pendulum was inevitable, remarks the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* (Dem.), which thinks that "nothing short of a miracle could have prevented the realization of Republican expectations." Analyzing the result, the Newark *News* (Ind.) remarks that "in the German, Sinn-Fein Irish, and Italian vote was a marked element of spleen, a desire to rebuke the President and all his works." Another factor, it says, was "an unreasoning belief, carefully nurtured, that the high cost of living has been the result of Democratic waste and mismanagement rather than a world-wide phenomenon incident to the world-war." "Discontent with the Democratic Administration of affairs, assiduously cultivated by the controlled newspapers and periodicals, has taken form in a vote adverse to the Democratic candidates," explains Secretary Daniels's Raleigh *News and Observer;* and it adds: "The Republican party is the party of special privilege, and privilege can afford to make liberal investment in propaganda." "Several underlying causes contributed to the result," remarks another Southern Democratic paper, the Richmond *Times-Dispatch*, which goes on to say:

> "First in importance was the national psychology which demanded a change; next, the belief of perhaps a majority of even the Republicans that such party leaders as Taft, Root, and Hughes spoke truth when they declared that Harding really favored an association of nations; and last, a vague feeling of dissatisfaction on the part of the people, regardless of party, who believed that the President had been unnecessarily arbitrary in insisting on the ratification of the Covenant of the League of Nations as it had been drafted at Versailles. The National unrest, the indefinable desire for a change, admittedly was strong and wide-spread. It was a psychological condition that was natural following the termination of a great war, in which, while the nation was triumphant, a burden of taxation was piled up that bore heavily on the shoulders of the people. During the period of reconstruction, with its high prices and vexatious governmental interference with business, the Administration has had to bear the blame for all the unavoidable, yet annoying, incidents growing out of the process of readjustment."

Democratic defeat was due chiefly to the high cost of living, according to the New Orleans *Times-Picayune* (Dem.), in which we read:

> "Excessive living cost, the rampant profiteering, speculation and inflation of the post-armistice period were charged, by the bitterly resentful masses who bore the pressure thereof, to the Democratic party because a Democratic President occupied the White House. Forgetting that a Republican Congress was jointly responsible for the post-armistice evils and solely responsible for the failure to enact remedial legislation, they charged all their woes to a Democratic Administration which was shackled by hostile majorities in both Houses. The Republicans by a combination of skill and luck contrived to escape blame for the failure of their Congress to function during the critical period of transition from war to peace."

The controlling motives behind this most remarkable political reversal can not be identified with party cleavages based either on union-labor affiliation or the women's vote, remarks the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot* (Dem.), but—

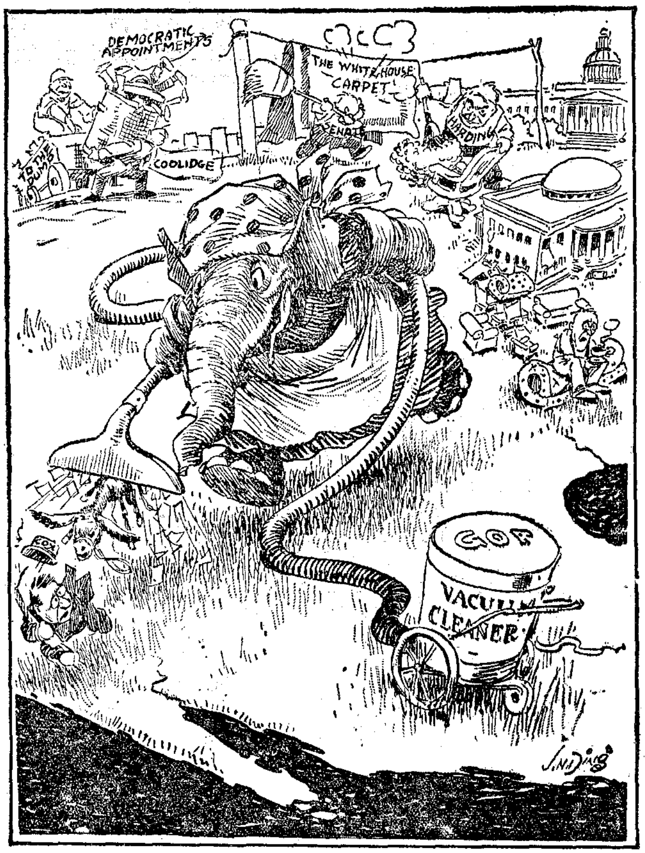
> "A somewhat clearer causal connection can be seen in the case of the hyphenates. The stunning Republican majorities in New York, New Jersey, and Boston can be best accounted for by wholesale Irish, Italian, and German desertions. The Republicans succeeded admirably in rounding up the hyphenates. The Democrats succeeded only indifferently in attracting organized labor. Neither party scored a particular victory with the women. The woman, several millions strong, and big with potentiality for making and unmaking elections, entered as *Madame X*, but marked her ballot overwhelmingly as Mrs. John Smith."

William J. Bryan, who took no part in the campaign, broke his dramatic silence after the election to declare that "President Wilson laid the foundation for the disaster, and Governor Cox completed the structure." Of Mr. Wilson's part he says:

> "The President attempted to drive out of public life every Democrat who dared to differ from him even in minute details, while he made no effort to strengthen the Democrats who made him the keeper of their conscience. He alienated all Republican support and invited partizan opposition by his appeal, just before the election of 1918, for a Congress that would support his personal leadership, and then, tho knowing full well that the majority in the nation was against him, he refused to deal with the Senate as a coordinate branch of the Government. . . . . .
>
> "By thus preventing ratification the President assumed responsibility for the nation's failure to enter the League, and thrust the League into the campaign as a partizan issue. The people, confronted with the choice between Presidential infallibility and respect for the opinion of the majority of the Senate, naturally chose the latter, and the Democratic party by indorsing the President's position invited the defeat that has overtaken it."

"The American people wanted a change and they voted for a change," says the Democratic New York *World;* and in another issue it remarks: "The one thing that is apparent is that the country is highly resentful of all the economic reactions from the war and has visited its resentment on the party in power in the childlike belief that it can return to prewar conditions through the medium of the ballot-box." The result, agrees the New York *Evening Post*, an independent paper that supported Cox and championed the League, is merely a "backwash from the war." It says:

> "We are in the backwash from the mighty spiritual and physical effort to which America girded herself when she won the war for the Allies and saved the world from a fate which America would again challenge if the need arose. The war has not been repudiated, tho the Administration that fought it has been overwhelmed. We are now in the chill that comes with the doctor's bills. As we see it now, any man in the Presidency, and any party in power, would have met the same punishment that was meted out to Woodrow Wilson and the Democratic party. Any Administration that conducted the war would now be the target of the bewildering number of protests that merged into one gigantic protest. There entered into Harding's majorities the votes of those who were against war with Germany in 1917 and the votes of those who were for war with Germany in 1914; the votes of those who think the peace imposed upon Germany too crushing, and the votes of those who think the treatment of Germany not drastic enough; the votes of those who resent the restriction upon the liberties of the American people resulting from the war, and the votes of those who resent the Administration's supposed tenderness for 'Bolshevism.' Opposites combined to swell Harding's majorities.
>
> "But these were by no means the principal factors. The American people as a whole was tired of the Administration. Resentment both against the Treaty and against delay in the Treaty, resentment both against the high prices which were here until the other day and against falling prices to-day, resentment against the 'exactions' of labor up to the other day and against the industrial decline and rising unemployment to-day—all these opposites combined in one great weariness, into one mighty desire for a change. Warren G. Harding and the Republican party have profited thereby. They have come into power upon a mighty wave of protest. It is now for them to decide just what that protest means when it comes to satisfying it in specific concrete terms. The votes of mutually hostile interests count if thrown into the same ballot-box. They can not all be honored by an Administration that hopes to shape anything like a policy and a program."



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AN OLD-FASHIONED SWEEPING-DAY IN U. S. A.

—Darling in the New York *Tribune* (Rep.).

As "a solemn referendum" on the League of Nations the election is not generally accepted as conclusive. Such Republican "bitter-enders" as Senators Borah and Johnson, it is true, hail the overwhelming popular vote against Governor Cox as spelling "the end of the League"; and Mr. Hearst remarks that "Mr. Wilson wanted a referendum on his League of Nations and he has had it." To quote Senator Hiram Johnson more fully on this point:

> "No amount of sophistry or pretense can obscure the issue in the election. On the one hand was the internationalism of the League of Nations, and on the other the American policy of Washington, Jefferson, and Monroe. The menacing, dangerous, and entangling league has been emphatically and overwhelmingly repudiated."

And some Republican papers apparently share this view. Thus the New York *Sun* remarks that "the verdict as to the Wilson Covenant is final," and the Kansas City *Star* (Rep.) thinks that "the President's solemn referendum is overwhelming and conclusive." "The advocates of the League should be content to accept this decision," says the Omaha *Bee* (Rep.), and the Providence *Journal* (Rep.) remarks that "even President Wilson must understand at last that America has rejected his cherished scheme of a supergovernment at Geneva."

On the other hand, the Detroit *News* (Ind.) doubts if the verdict can be regarded as "a wholesale rejection of the principle of the League of Nations." President-elect Harding himself, on election night just after his victory had been conceded by the Democratic headquarters, was questioned by a representative of the New York *Globe* (Rep.), a pro-League paper, in regard to his attitude toward this issue. He is quoted as replying:

> "You can assure *The Globe* that it need have no apprehension about our entry into a league or association of nations. I have covered that question thoroughly in my campaign, I hope. *The Globe* need have no worries."

Mr. Harding's position is further defined by ex-President Taft in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, where we read:

> "We may be sure that Mr. Harding will fulfil his agreement with the public and will begin now to study how he can reach the influential members of the existing League to induce them to enter into a new league or association, which shall not have the features of the existing League, to which he has offered serious objection. These objections are fourfold. One is to Article X, which, of course, must be eliminated if the United States is to enter a league. The second is to the character of reference to the Monroe Doctrine in the League of Nations, which he thinks not broad enough to secure to the United States full right and discretion to assert the Monroe Doctrine as always.
>
> "The third is to the character of tribunals of the present League, in that they are not framed as a court should be and are not to be constituted of judges and jurists, but of diplomatists and executive statesmen and politicians. For this, therefore, must be substituted an international court of the kind recommended to the existing League by the Root-Phillimore Commission. Fourthly, he objects to the labor chapter of the League, and would not have it operate, except as Congress may voluntarily, when occasion arises, accept its provision. These, with the subject-matter of Republican reservations, constitute all the objections which have been exprest by Mr. Harding.
>
> "Mr. Harding's purpose is to secure a league, or association, which centers around an international court, with teeth in it. One can not prophesy exactly the form which his purpose, if successful, will develop into, but it is probable that he, and the great majority of Republicans who sympathize with him, will find the easy and natural course to be the retention of the ground-plan, or organization, of the present League, and the making by amendment of changes in it and additions to it, to fulfil Mr. Harding's aim."

In Mr. Hoover's Washington *Herald* we read that "the vote as a whole is distinctly in favor of the participation of the United States in some form of international agreement for the maintenance of peace." And the New York *Tribune* (Rep.) reminds us that "the Republican platform pledges the party to work for an international organization in the interest of peace, and does not condemn as an entirety the League that is."

Democratic papers generally refuse to regard the election as a popular verdict against the League. "The League of Nations issue was seemingly all but ignored by the voting masses," remarks the New Orleans *Times-Picayune*. "Tho the election of Mr. Harding will be construed both here and abroad as a repudiation of the League of Nations, there is not the slightest doubt that millions of voters supported the successful candidate in the belief that as President he will make good his oft-repeated pledge to lead America into some kind of an international association for the preservation of peace," declares the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* (Dem.). And the Milwaukee *Journal*, an independent pro-League paper that supported Governor Cox, remarks: "Mr. Harding was not elected, and could not have been elected, without the votes of thousands of men and women who believe whole-heartedly in a league of nations."

THE "HUNGARIAN PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC"

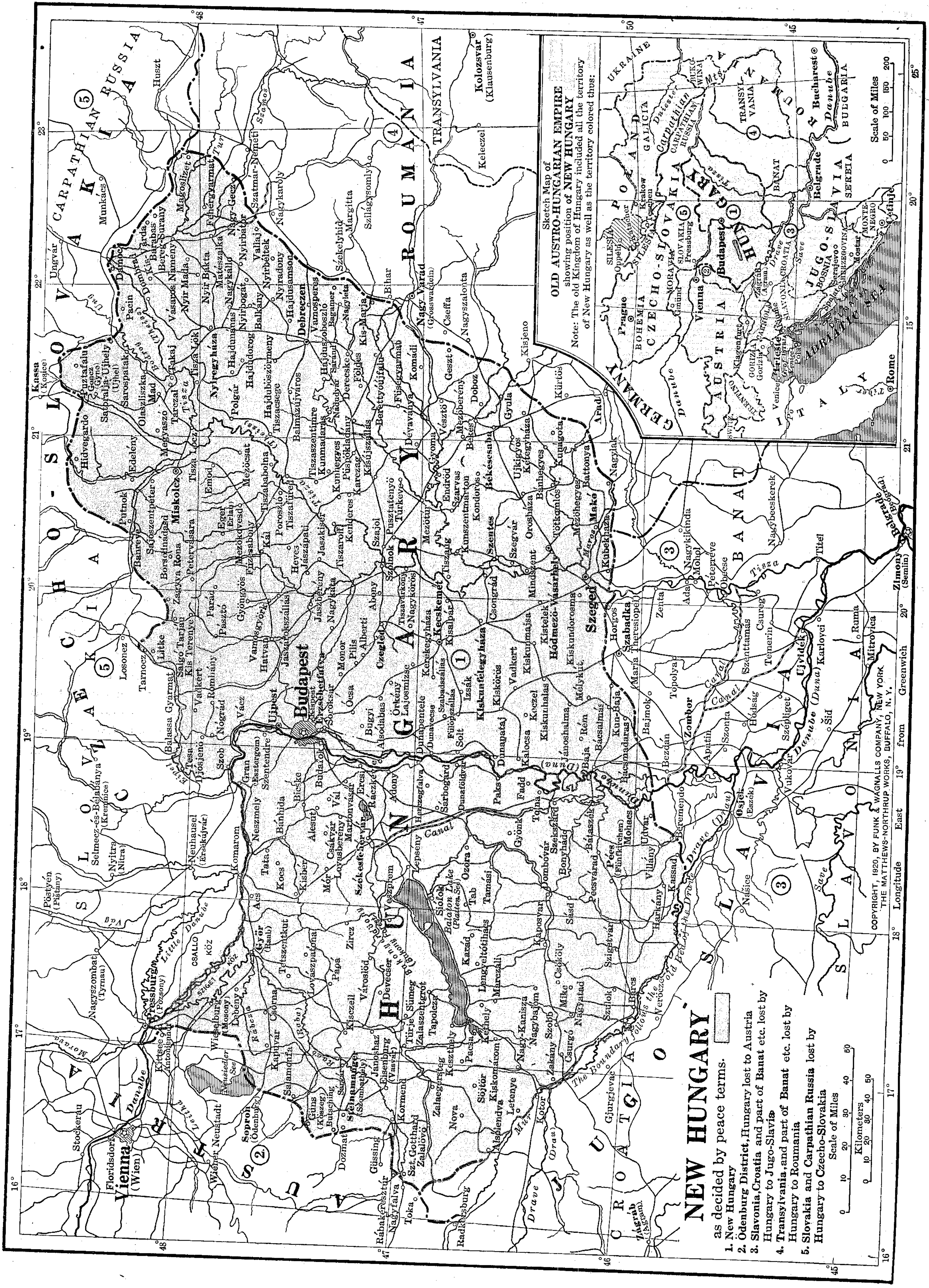
THE REDUCED AND HUMBLED HUNGARY left by the war was the last of the major partners of the Teutonic Alliance to submit to the will of the victorious western nations; and if she has anything to say in the matter she will be the first, at least in the opinion of several leading American and British publicists, to rebel against the Peace Treaty, which she finally signed on the fourth of last June. Less harshly dealt with by the terms of the Treaty than was Austria, her old partner in the Austro-Hungarian Empire, she is far less ready to accept the consequences. The Hungary of to-day, as Eugene S. Bagger sums up Anglo-American opinion in *The Current History Magazine* (New York), is inspired by "the three R's of Magyar jingoism: Restoration, Revenge, Reconquest."

In the years shortly preceding the war, the "Realm of the Crown of St. Stephen," as Hungarian monarchists have dubbed their fatherland in deference to one of its earliest and greatest heroes, included 125,402 square miles of territory, some 4,000 more than the Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. Its population, according to the census of 1910, was 20,886,487. The new boundaries cut its territorial extent practically in half. No authoritative figures have yet been prepared dealing with the population of the present realm, but the inclusion of most of the large cities in the new Hungary probably means that the population has not been cut to the same extent as has the area.

Nominally a Republic, the Hungary of to-day is "admittedly," to quote R. W. Seton-Watson, editor of *The New Europe* (London), in the grip of a reaction, in which terrorism by "White" officers plays a part. The country's recent history, as recounted in the current issue of "The Statesman's Year-Book" (Macmillan), begins with the revolution of October 31, 1918, which resulted in the abdication of King Charles and, on November 16, 1918, the proclamation of the "Hungarian People's Republic," of which Count Michael Karolyi became Provisional President. Early in 1919, Count Karolyi's cabinet was succeeded by a Soviet Government, which proclaimed a dictatorship of the proletariat and inaugurated a so-called "Red Terror." An opposition government, with the assistance of the Roumanian Army, swept away the Soviet Government, inaugurated a "White Terror," and in February, 1920, held elections, at which the conservatives were generally victorious. The new Parliament elected, as Regent, Admiral Nicholas von Horthy, who is officially styled "Protector of the Magyar Republic."

The mixture of races that went to form the old Kingdom (Magyarország) has been somewhat "unscrambled" by the new division of the land. In 1900, according to figures collected for the last edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica, the population consisted of approximately 8,500,000 Magyars, 3,000,000 Roumanians, 2,000,000 Slovaks, 2,000,000 Germans, and a scattering of a dozen other nationalities. The attempt to "Magyarize" these foreign elements resulted in a large emigration to America. Returning emigrants, carrying with them American ideas and American money, played a large part in the final break-up of the old despotism.

As soon as the Magyar nation gets over its political troubles, in the opinion of Dr. J. Peltera, a Swiss economist, who lately visited the country and whose report is translated by *The Living Age* (Boston), the country has an excellent chance to become prosperous. Orographically, the Republic consists of high mountain ranges surrounding an immense fertile plain. The cultivation of the soil is the chief industry, according to figures collected by "The Statesman's Year-Book," but the land is also rich in minerals. Manufactures have not been largely developed, except those which produce malt and spirituous liquors.


CZECHO-SLOVAKIA
CARPATHIAN RUSSIA
ROUMANIA
TRANSYLVANIA
HUNGARY
AUSTRIA
JUGO-SLAVIA
CROATIA
SLAVONIA
BANAT
Budapest
Vienna (Wien)
Debreczen
Szeged
Miskolcz
Kecskemet
Pressburg
Sopron (Ödenburg)
Danube
Tisza
Balaton Lake (Platten See)

NEW HUNGARY ▨

as decided by peace terms.

1. New Hungary
2. Ödenburg District, Hungary lost to Austria
3. Slavonia, Croatia and part of Banat etc. lost by Hungary to Jugo-Slavia
4. Transylvania, and part of Banat etc. lost by Hungary to Roumania
5. Slovakia and Carpathian Russia lost by Hungary to Czecho-Slovakia

Scale of Miles

Kilometers

Sketch Map of
OLD AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN EMPIRE
showing position of NEW HUNGARY
Note: The old Kingdom of Hungary included all the territory of New Hungary as well as the territory colored thus: ▨

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IF MORE PAY, THEN MORE WORK

THE "MORE WORK, MORE PAY" principle, on which the British mine strike was settled, is something quite new, press correspondents and editors tell us. Wage settlements have been based on food prices and selling prices, but here we have wages based "upon output, in the sense of more work brought to market." Never before, observes the New York *Evening Post*, has such an arrangement been accepted in any wide area of labor. The British miners, it may be remembered, get the immediate two shillings advance they asked, but on condition that more coal be mined. This seems "good business" to the Schenectady *Union-Star* in one of our great manufacturing centers. It believes there is "no general objection to keeping wages on the high plane to which they were hoisted by war-conditions"; but "there is serious objection to paying these increased wages for half the prewar production." The question is bound to come to the front in every industrial country, says the New York *Journal of Commerce*—

"Labor organizations are determined to retain their war-profits or gains, and, if possible, to increase them. They apparently refuse to recognize that these larger returns can be retained only on condition that they are earned or produced. Neither the employer nor the Government, however, can pay out what is not received, and the slender margin of productive ability included under the head of 'capital' is not enough to withstand for very long the inroads which result from the payment of wages that exceed income."

Before the strike brought matters to a head, the declining output of the British mines called from *The Fortnightly Review* the comment that "the policy of the British miners of making coal ever scarcer and ever dearer threatens this country and its industries with ruin." Actual figures were presented by Sir John Cadman, president of the British Institute of Mining Engineers, in a recent address of which the Denver *Rocky Mountain News* made the following editorial summary before the strike was settled:

"In 1912 British miners produced 244 tons per man; in 1916 this production, under the pressure of war-need, was raised to 263 tons per man; in 1918 it dropt to 236 tons, and in 1919 to 197½ tons.

"This drop of nearly fifty tons per man from the prewar rate, and of nearly seventy tons from the highest production reached in war-time, is manifestly a condition which threatens the whole fabric of British industry. When it is coupled with demands for increased wages, it constitutes an impossible situation.

"Comparative figures, based upon the daily production per man, emphasize the menace to Great Britain which lies in the refusal of the miners to give an honest day's work for a fair wage. In 1918 the daily product per man in British mines was only .80 of a ton, whereas the daily product per man in the bituminous fields of the United States was 3.77 tons, and in the anthracite fields 2.27.

"The British miner is not merely fighting any proposal to increase production, but he has steadily opposed the use of labor-saving machinery. More than half of the coal in the United States is mined by machinery, whereas machinery is used for mining little more than one-tenth of British coal. Between 1903 and 1916 the coal mined by machines in Great Britain increased from 5,245,578 tons to 26,303,110 tons, while in the same period the machine production of bituminous coal only in the United States increased from 69,620,441 tons to 253,285,960 tons. Machinery in this country produces far more coal yearly than the total output of the British mines. It is, of course, true that there are many mines in Great Britain in which machinery can not be employed for cutting, but the significant fact is that the same tendency to a decrease in production per machine is shown as in the decrease of production per man. In Great Britain the output per machine dropt from 8,158 tons in 1903 to 7,601 tons in 1916. In the United States it increased from 10,457 tons to 15,638 tons. The American miner is, man for man, producing from three to four times as much as the British miner, and the American machine twice as much as the British machine."

The question of output is, therefore, fundamental in the British coal situation. In the negotiations between miners and mine-owners in September, as *The Survey* notes, "the miners demanded a two-shilling increase, as from July 16, on an annual production of 236,000,000 tons, with an extra shilling for each further 6,000,000 tons; the owners offered one shilling at 242,000,000 tons with a sixpenny increase at each extra 6,000,000." The miners broke off negotiations and called upon the Government—which still exercises war-time control in the industry—for a flat two-shilling increase, and the strike which began on October 16 was called to enforce this demand. On October 28 it was announced that the strike had been provisionally settled by an agreement to advance the miners' wages two shillings a day, the permanency of the increase, however, to be contingent upon sustained volume of production, which, as the New York *Herald* understands it, "basically means that the wage-increase depends upon the amount of coal available for export." Permanent adjustment of prices, wages, and output is left to a National Wage Board to be established later. In the referendum a majority favored continuing the strike, but as a two-thirds vote was necessary for rejection, the compromise agreement was held to be confirmed and the strikers were ordered to return on November 4. The actual agreement is extremely complicated, press correspondents agree, and they cable only the briefest summaries of it. According to a writer for the Associated Press, it is "skilfully arranged, so that all concerned, including the coal-owners, will be interested in increasing the output, as in case of a decreased output the owners will also be penalized by a reduction in their 10 per cent. share of the surplus profits." Further:

"The terms provide that the increased wages will remain operative until a permanent wage board is established, which will be operative by the end of March. The additional cost of the miners' claims will come out of the excess revenues obtained from the export of coal. The output for last September is the average struck which will influence the rise or fall of a sliding scale which is to operate to the extent of a sixpence reduction in wages if the output does not come up to the September figures or a rise of sixpence if the output is bigger.

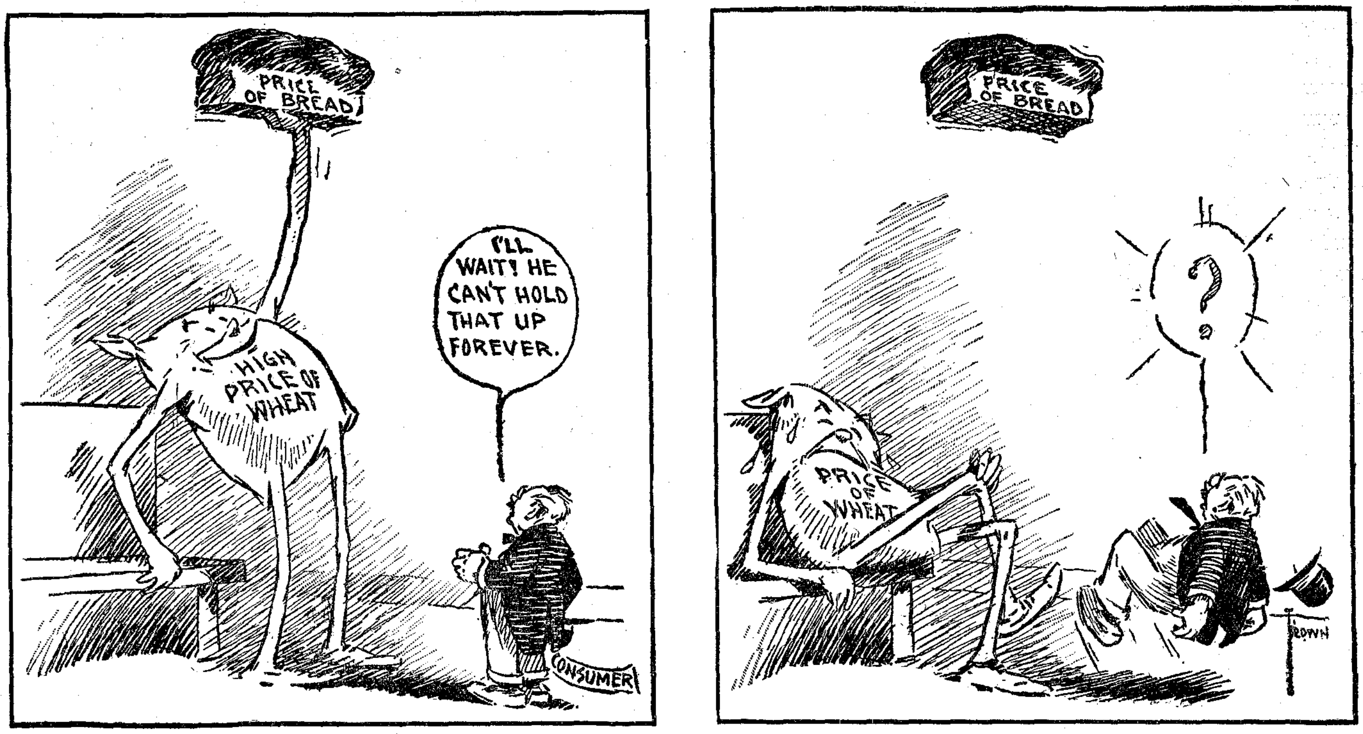
"One sixpence rise will be calculated for every complete £288,000 value (normally $1,440,000) of excess in revenue over the September figures. The wages will be automatically adjusted January 3, again on January 31, and thereafter every four weeks on the basis of the results of the four weeks following the previous test period."

The datum line of production, notes Henry Clay, correspondent of the New York *Evening Post*, is 246,000,000 tons annually. Since the basis is not output alone, but also profits from exported surplus, "if the world-price fails, the miners may get less than they would have got under previous offers based on output alone."

The miners claim a "great victory," reports the New York *Herald's* London correspondent. As he explains:

"The fight for the increase in pay for the miners is based on the profits derived from the sale of coal for export, with no advance in the price of coal for domestic consumption. This is such a serious new element in the entire commercial and fiscal fabric of the Empire that both sides consented to the establishment of a commission with wide powers to investigate the whole question during the coming year. This investigation will examine into the entire basis of production, wages, and profit, and their distribution among the miners, mine-owners, and the Government.

"Thus, while the miners have, for the time at least, explicitly abandoned their demand for nationalization of the mines, even if the Government adheres to its determination to take off the present form of government control of the properties, the agreement assures that coal-mining, as a basic industry in the British Isles, shall be nationalized and socialized to all practical intents and purposes except in so far as the proprietorship of the coal is concerned, the owners of the mines being clearly recognized as having the right to ample remuneration, but with the strictest limitation of all kinds on how they shall conduct their business."



THE REWARD OF PATIENCE. —Brown in the Chicago *Daily News*.

FOOD-PRICE REDUCTIONS

"DON'T SHOOT; WE'LL COME DOWN," said Pittsburgh restaurant-keepers, paraphrasing Davy Crockett's coon, when the Fair Price Commissioner recently pointed the Lever Law "muzzle-loader" at their heads, according to the Philadelphia *Bulletin*. The net result in that city was a reduction in restaurant prices of from 30 to 38 per cent., we are told. Chicago and Cleveland hotels and restaurants also have cut their prices for meals from 10 to 30 per cent.; in Boston, where the District Attorney found that one hotel was charging $1.70 for two whole tomatoes, "with the skins removed," the Boston Hotel Association promises a reduction in the price of meals ranging from 10 to 30 per cent. All of which points to the fact that restaurant food prices are coming down; "there is no prediction about it this time," remarks the Milwaukee *Journal*.

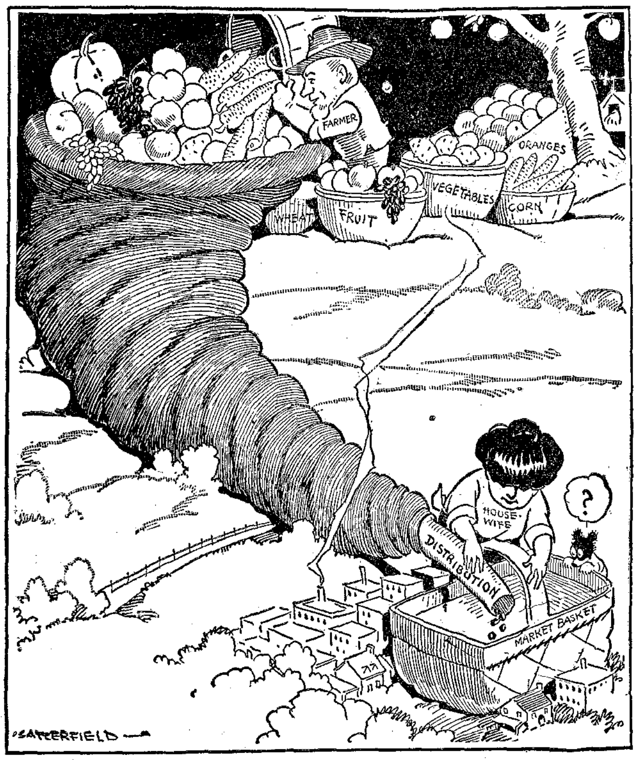
"The cost of tomatoes in Boston may strike the folks there as unusual," dryly comments the New York *Sun*, "but such a price would not surprize a New-Yorker; he has learned not to be surprized at anything. However, one can not help wondering what the tariff would have been if the skins had been served, too." In New York, as a matter of fact, one restaurant chain is charged by the New York *Evening World* with realizing a gross profit of 200 per cent. on all foodstuffs, and investigations of other restaurants in various cities have revealed even greater profits. A decline in New York restaurant prices is promised by the president of the society of restaurateurs of the city "through a cooperative purchasing plan," which leads several papers to remark that the "carry-your-own-lunch" idea, generally credited to Boston and claiming as sponsors the Mayor of the city and the Vice-President-to-be, was a great success.

"'Bring your lunch!' is a battle-cry, not a life-long creed," the New York *Tribune* reminds us. "Here is the best of all methods of attack upon the profiteer. There is no defense against a public that will not buy at exorbitant prices." The New York *Evening Globe*, however, believes that "as an organized protest, the carry-your-own-lunch is scheduled to fail just as the overalls and old-clothes propaganda failed." "Restaurant proprietors treat the whole idea with contempt," reports the Baltimore *American*. But the New York *Evening World* and other papers point out that it was the much-ridiculed overalls movement which was mainly responsible for the later cut in the price of clothing; it focused the attention of the people upon the high price of clothing and incidentally upon the high cost of food. As we read in the Philadelphia *North American:*

> "The first real sign of the coming change was the overalls movement which swept the country five months ago. The hoarders and profiteers ridiculed it as an absurd and transitory fad. Yet, at the time we warned them that it had a significance far deeper than they imagined. It denoted, we said, a protest against the whole standard of prices, a deep-rooted discontent with inflated values and the artificial cost of living; and, furthermore, a revolt against the prevailing spirit of wasteful luxury, reckless extravagance, and vulgar display.
>
> "The saving in clothes made by the visible supporters of the movement was negligible. But its great accomplishment was that it created a sentiment against swollen prices for necessaries, and made thrift a recognized mark of self-respect and patriotism. And this spirit grew until it prevailed. The radical price cuts made by manufacturers and distributers during the last few months have been due to the fact that the shrewdest of them perceived the real significance of the overalls movement, rather than to basic changes in respect to raw materials and production."

The carry-your-own-lunch movement, thinks the Providence *Bulletin*, "seems to be based on the growing conviction that the payment of a dollar to a restaurant ought to provide fifty cents' worth of food." Besides, argues the Springfield *Union*, "restaurant-keepers have reaped their share of returns from the public's propensity for free expenditures; they should now be prepared to adapt themselves to altered conditions." By "altered conditions" is meant the recent decline in food-prices. "Potatoes are no longer worth their weight in gold," facetiously remarks *Forbes's Magazine* (New York), and the New York *Commercial* calls attention to the decreases in cost of many staple articles, particularly sugar. Furthermore, continues the Springfield *Union:*

> "Such foodstuffs as potatoes, apples, beans, cabbages, flour, sugar, and coffee have taken a summary drop, with every indication that they will not soon return to their former price-levels. The public observes this, and it demands that the restaurants shall take cognizance of it by revising their prices in turn. This demand is manifest in the movement to carry lunch-boxes and dinner-pails to work, which is attaining in some quarters the proportions of a fad like unto the overalls movement that marked the demand for cheaper clothing earlier this year. It is easy to perceive that such a movement, extensively launched, will result in heavy losses of business for the eating-places, and they will be wise if they act promptly to meet the exigency."



THE HORN OF PLENTY
—Satterfield for the Newspaper Enterprise Association.

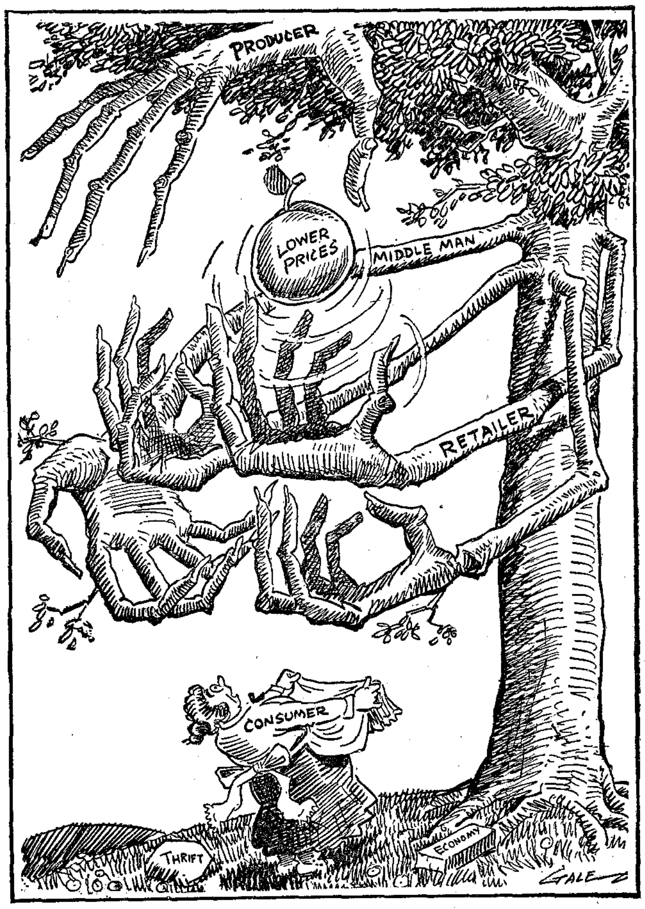
It is the apparent blindness of restaurant-keepers to the country-wide reduction in food prices that irritates their patrons, we are told. As the Boston *Transcript* puts it:

> "The people have seen prices of food, as sold in hotels and restaurants, mount to levels which a few years ago would have been regarded as beyond the bounds of reason. These constantly increasing prices were paid with little protest as long as there were no signs of the reduction of prices of foodstuffs and other necessities of life. Now such reductions are being made, but the public finds that there is no corresponding reduction in the prices charged in restaurants and hotels. Instead, restaurant and hotel men, in some instances, say that they may soon be forced to raise prices.
>
> "There is a vast deal of talk of overhead charges. It is asserted that it is necessary for restaurant and hotel proprietors to charge for food as served on their tables four and five times as much as it costs in the market. Every person of intelligence understands, of course, that the price he pays for a meal in a hotel or restaurant is adjusted to cover interest on the investment, rent, wages, and many other things that go to make up the total of the much-discust overhead charges, but, when he reads that hotel and restaurant prices are already being reduced in some cities, he wonders if overhead charges are not being used to cover a multitude of profiteering sins in other cities. Every intelligent person knows that there must be a marked difference between the cost of the food and the price which is charged for it when cooked and served, but it is with astonishment that he reads claims that overhead charges are necessarily so heavy that he can expect little or no benefit even from a material reduction in the market price of food."

In an editorial headed "The Downward Shoot of Prices," the New York *Herald* points out that the fall in the prices of corn, wheat, and cotton means that "here, in merely these three items, is a potential living-cost relief at the rate of some $35 per capita for every man, woman, and child in the United States—more than $200 a year for the average American family." While optimistic about the decrease in living costs, *The Herald* sympathizes with the farmers who must sell their products while the market is low:

> "Corn feeds and fattens cattle, sheep, and hogs; so beef, mutton, and pork are converted corn. Corn feeds and fattens poultry; so chickens and even eggs are converted corn. Similarly butter, milk, and cheese are in part converted corn. And all these corn-basis foods are coming down along with other foods, and coming down fast under the natural law of supply and demand.
>
> "It is a hard thing that to raise their crops now going to a market out of which the bottom is falling the farmers had to pay top war-prices for their machinery and supplies and inordinate wages for inefficient labor. It is a grievous thing that some of these farmers are not now able to sell their crops for what it cost them, under sky-high production costs, to raise them. It is a ruinous thing that other farmers have to sell their crops at an actual loss. But the fact remains that if there were any way by which they could hold their crops in an effort to get prices up to war-levels again the whole mass eventually would come down with a greater crash than has accompanied the present fall. But there isn't any such way. There isn't money enough in the world, there aren't banking facilities enough, there aren't government resources enough to hold crops billions on billions of dollars above the market value when the merciless laws of nature are irresistibly driving them down.
>
> "Inflated, artificial, and insupportable prices of abundant commodities can not be stopt from falling toward the natural levels. You might as well try to make the Niagara waters rush up the falls instead of down as to try to maintain war-prices for prodigious stocks of goods when the consuming public will not and can not pay them."

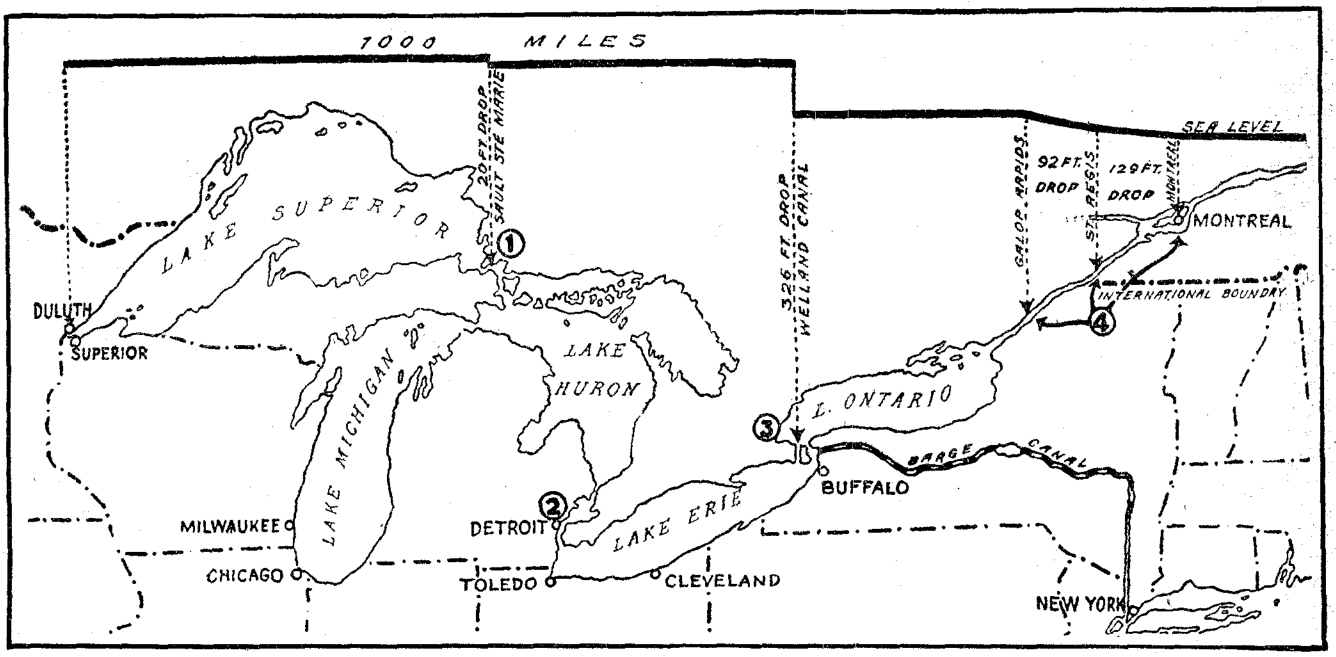
Nevertheless, the Federal Reserve Board is generally blamed by the farmers and cotton-raisers for the slump in cotton, corn, and wheat, for the simple reason that the Board, according to *Wallaces' Farmer* (Des Moines), "in raising discount-rates 50 per cent. within a year, has been able to bring about a very tight money situation and has reduced the loaning power of the banks of the United States by 10 per cent." The Milwaukee *Journal*, however, claims that prices have fallen "because the supply is large," and the Baltimore *American* reminds us that "attempts to keep commodities high by an inflated system of financing have failed always," and gives as an instance "the huge raw-sugar speculation, which has resulted in financial disaster in Cuba." *Financial America* (New York) also comes to the defense of the Board, illustrating its argument with the failure of the "tomato speculators," "who expected that the public's appetite for canned tomatoes was as keen as their own greed for the unearned dollar."



SEEMS TO BE SOME SLIGHT DELAY!
—Gale in the Los Angeles *Times*.

OCEAN PORTS FOR INLAND STATES

A ROSEATE PICTURE of an "American Mediterranean" open to the commerce of all the world is painted by supporters of the project to construct a deep-water route from the Atlantic seaboard to the Great Lakes, *via* the St. Lawrence River. This plan, it is claimed, would make ports on the Great Lakes essentially ocean ports. The picture is further enhanced by the report of engineers that the proposed waterway would release for manufacturing 4,000,000 horse-power to contiguous territory in the United States and Canada. But there is a strong body of opinion, centering mainly in New York and the New England States, which views the project with jealous alarm, setting forth in the words of one hostile critic that to this new Mediterranean would be added an "American Dardanelles problem" to top the diversion from New York of the traffic which would naturally come to it and the disruption of the New York Barge Canal. An International Joint Commission is now conducting hearings on the cost and feasibility of the plan. Briefly put, the scheme contemplates linking the Great Lakes with the Atlantic Ocean by way of the new Welland Canal, which connects Lake Erie with Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence River. From the foot of Lake Ontario to tidewater, at or near Montreal, is 181 miles by the St. Lawrence River, 131 of which form international boundary as far as St. Regis. Of the total distance it is estimated that 135 miles are nearly all navigable for oceangoing steamships. This leaves 46 miles to be improved, a distance approximately equal to the length of the Panama Canal. There are many rapids in the St. Lawrence River, which falls 91 feet in 65 miles of the international section, of which 48 feet is in 12 miles; and which falls 130 feet in 70 miles of the Canadian section, in which 129 feet is in two stretches of 14 and 8½ miles each. These rapids, promoters of the project presume, would be drowned out by two dams, converting the river into a series of lakes. The cost of the improvement has been estimated at from $250,000,000 to $500,000,000, which would be shared by the two governments. The lesser figure is divided at $100,000,000 for the international section, between Lake Ontario and St. Regis, and $150,000,000 from there to Montreal. In the St. Lawrence River between Lake Ontario and Montreal engineers report that there is available 4,000,000 horse-power. Half of this, equal to three Niagaras, is in the international section, and would be divided between the two governments.



From the New York "Times."

STEPS IN MAKING THE GREAT LAKES AN "AMERICAN MEDITERRANEAN."

1. Soo Canal, connecting Lake Superior and Lake Huron, completed at cost of $27,000,000. 2. Deepening St. Clair Flats and Detroit River, connecting Lake Huron and Lake Erie, completed at cost of $16,000,000. 3. Welland Canal, connecting Lake Erie and Lake Ontario, and avoiding Niagara Falls, soon to be completed at cost of $65,000,000. 4. Proposed improvements in St. Lawrence to complete the shipway to the ocean; distance 181 miles, 113 international boundary, rest in Canadian territory; cost estimated at $200,000,000 to $250,000,000. Chief problem here about 40 miles of rapids.

The project, it is claimed, would open the ports on the Great Lakes to a sea-borne commerce exceeding 100,000,000 tons a year. It is estimated by supporters of the scheme that a saving of five cents a bushel on wheat would result, and as much perhaps on other bulk exports. As it is now, these freights, in taking the water-route through the Lakes to the Atlantic, must break bulk at Buffalo and at New York for transshipment.

Prominent among those supporting the project are Admiral Benson, chairman of the United States Shipping Board; Herbert Hoover, former Food Administrator; William C. Redfield, former Secretary of Commerce; Secretary Daniels of the Navy, and Franklin K. Lane, ex-Secretary of the Interior.

"Not since Theodore Roosevelt put his firm hand to the task of constructing a canal across the Isthmus of Panama has the United States confronted a program as potent in promise for the nation at large as the Great Lakes waterway, now so definitely taking form," says the Grand Rapids *Herald* approvingly for Michigan. Viewing it from every angle, the Indianapolis *Star* thinks that this international project "should be carried to completion without undue delay. Both Canada and the United States are suffering from the lack of transportation facilities and their industries demand the vast electrical energy which would be obtained, for the proposed waterway would involve the generation of almost unlimited hydroelectric power." The plan "needs no argument favorable to its encouragment and development," declares the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, and adds that "indirectly, such a transcontinental waterway would aid all those others contemplated by the States to link ocean and Middle West and South and Southwest together." Railroad congestion would be relieved, and "it could never happen, as it has happened this year, that the farmers of Kansas would be unable to move their new crops of wheat. The inland waterways question is one of the biggest questions with which American statesmanship has had to deal." From the layman's standpoint few arguments against the proposed waterway are valid, asserts the Grand Rapids *News*. The cost will be high, it agrees, but what is $250,000,000 "after we have thrown away more than $20,000,000,000 in the world-war?" The criticism that the waterway will be largely in Canadian territory is met with the surety that "we shall never become embroiled in any war with our Canadian neighbors." As to the argument that New York would suffer if the scheme were accomplished, Herbert Hoover is quoted in the press as saying that "the Port of New York is great because of the commercial and general business prosperity of the country," and it "will continue great only so long as the interior of the country prospers." That the Middle West will stand up for what it believes to be its just demands is taken for granted by the Eastern papers, and the Washington *Herald* remarks that New York and Boston, even from the standpoint of policy, can not afford to add to the resentment now felt toward them. "They will do so if they don't change their tune." It should be considered that—

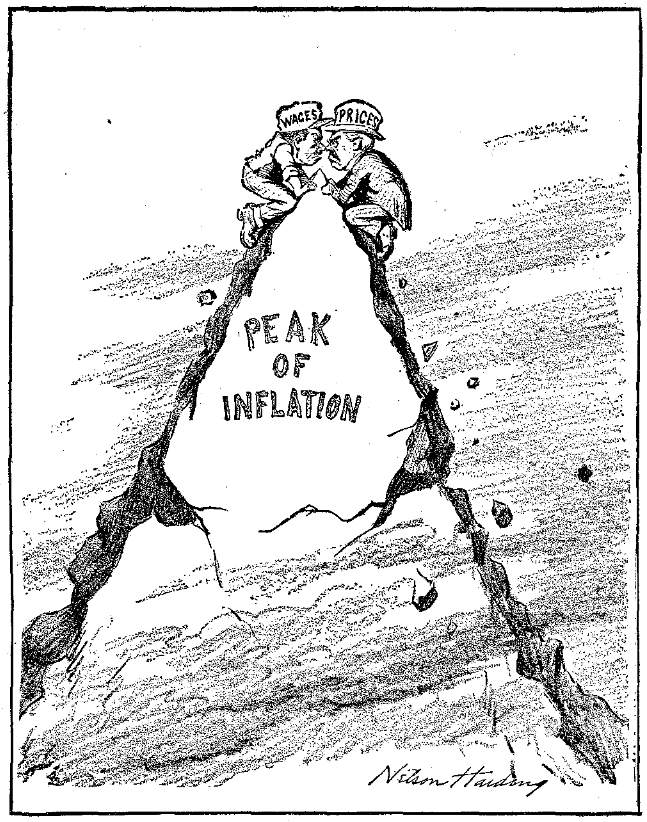
> "The project is one that rises above any sectional point of view, and should be viewed patriotically, hence nationally. Neither present nor future railway facilities can or will meet the demands of producers and shippers. If the grain exports of the inland States can find a way out to sea with reduced costs of transportation such as a waterway, *via* the St. Lawrence would provide, it not only should be permitted, it should be encouraged; and this for the world's as well as for the nation's sake. Unless something of the kind is done the export trade may steadily diminish to the point of practical extinction."

New York "really has nothing to lose from the development of the West, but much to gain," declares the Minneapolis *Tribune*.

But the Atlantic Deeper Waterways Association went on record at its recent convention against the canal scheme, and adopted resolutions setting forth "that the revenues arising from taxation of the American people, in so far as they may be made available for the improvement of waterways, should be expended solely upon such improvements as lie wholly within American boundaries, jurisdiction, and control, and which shall serve in the broadest sense military needs and purposes as well as the requirements of commerce." The Buffalo *Evening News* takes up the same argument, saying that there is no telling how much the project will cost, and "all this when we have no accurate information as to the volume of commerce for European shipment originating in the Great Lakes region." The Schenectady *Union-Star* believes that oceangoing vessels could not be induced to thread the proposed new canal. Else, it asks, why do they not navigate the Hudson River? We may "dig forty canals, but an inland city will remain an inland city." The whole scheme, this paper believes, "is a camouflage for water-power interests, which want the canal built, not for navigation purposes—no navigation man believes that practicable—but to make the latent water-power of the St. Lawrence available for some private corporation." The New York *Times* points to the New York Barge Canal as obviating the necessity of going to such an expense, and asks: "Why spend the people's money on an enterprise of doubtful utility when all the advantages desired are now available through the generosity of New York?"

UNEMPLOYMENT AND WAGE CUTS

SPEED UP OR GET OUT; take reduced wages or face lay-offs and shutdowns; get onto the soil before it comes to a point of "work or starve!"—so run press advices to labor's rank and file, along with news reports of falling commodity prices and increasing unemployment. Editors of business pages in the dailies assemble evidences of a "wave" of unemployment, find some instances of labor taking reduced wages to keep factories going, and voice the demand that the price of labor must come down; they also discern on the one hand a nation-wide employers' drive for the "open shop," and, on the other hand, preparation by organized labor to fight. Following reports of large reductions of working forces in the automobile business, most attention is given to the slump in the textile industry and allied trades. In some New England mill centers the output is said to be only 25 to 30 per cent. of normal. Union-leaders, we read in the New York *Evening Post's* summary, say the blame for the slump rests upon "bad management" on the part of employers, whom they accuse of "trying to exploit a temporary depression in the industry by effecting a permanent reduction in wages." But employers accuse the unions of trying to curtail production, and demand guaranties of quantity production in return for minimum-wage agreements. The usual explanations of unemployment crises, continues the *Post's* summary—"shortage of raw materials, inadequate transportation facilities, and seasonal fluctuations—seem to be lost this time in the labor situation. 'We can not afford to keep running and pay these wages,' say the employers. 'We won't work unless you do,' say the unions. Consequently, the past few weeks show a general rush on the part of the workers to strengthen their forces by amalgamation of separate unions, and there is now a similar tendency on the part of employers to unite for the 'open shop.'" The New York *Tribune's* business summary, referring particularly to the garment-manufacturing industry, finds warrant for saying:



NOWHERE TO GO BUT DOWN.
—Harding in the Brooklyn *Eagle*.

> "Altho manufacturers are loath to discuss the subject, the feeling is spreading that the next commodity to come down in price will be labor. Manufacturers still consider labor a commodity, altho certain high-court rulings have been made to the contrary.
>
> "Throughout the country there is a determined stand being made for the open shop, which it is felt will increase the efficiency of the individual worker. Also, in some industries where workers, during the stress of the war and the labor shortage following, forced a change from piece-work to the week-work system, with a decline in individual production, there is a determination to return to piece-work to increase efficiency and give the manufacturers an opportunity to figure their actual cost prices more accurately."

"Warning to Industrial Slackers" the Newark *Ledger* phrases thus:

> "Decrease in number of employees in various industries, which has been under way for some months, continued at an accelerated pace in September. It was 4.5 per cent. in the automobile

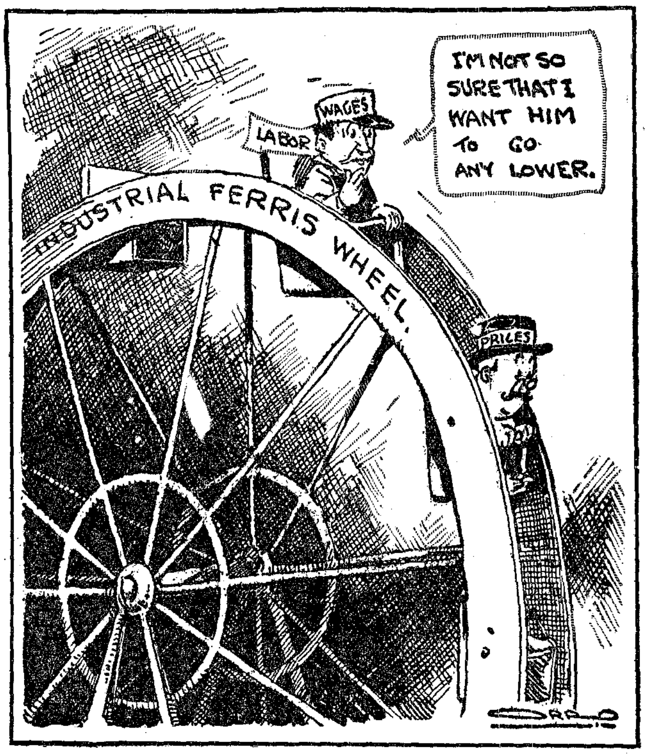
industry, 4.3 in car-building and repairing, 1.1 in paper-making, 6.8 in making men's clothing, 6.9 in silk manufacture, 6.4 in cotton finishing, 9 in cotton manufacturing, 7 in hosiery, and underwear, 7.6 in leather-making, and 14.4 in boot and shoe manufactures.

"There was an increase of 37.9 in the woolen industry, which had been at low ebb.

"What is extraordinary is that in ten of the fourteen leading industries there was a pay-roll increase altho at the same time a decrease in the number of employees. Evidently there is a tendency to weed out the drones, and employers are willing to pay more for efficient service.

"They are exercising the privilege which they now have for the first time in years to pick and choose, and find it profitable to pay fewer people a higher wage.

"This should serve as a warning to slacking employees in all industries and trades. They must speed up or get out."



HE FOLLOWED HIM UP AND HE'LL FOLLOW HIM DOWN.

—Orr in the Chicago *Tribune*.

The New York *Daily News Record*, organ of the garment industry, reports observations that "the tide is turning in favor of the employer"; at the present rate "there soon will be two workers for every job," so that "it will be easy for the manufacturer to assume more authority in his own plant. He will be in a position to insist that labor produce." To quote further:

"Underproduction seems to be the principal complaint voiced by manufacturers. Few of them are in favor of reducing wages, for they feel that such action would adversely affect the buying-power of the public. But they do feel that labor should be made to give an honest day's work in exchange for an honest day's pay. The efficiency of many of the clothing-factories has been only 50 to 60 per cent. of its maximum during the last three or four years—since the abolition of the piece-work system.

"Many manufacturers believe that this is the time for action. It is the period of readjustment, and all prices are getting back to normal. They feel that it is up to labor to share its part of the responsibility and aid in bringing about lower prices, either by producing more or by accepting lower wages. They believe that this is the only solution, and the sooner labor realizes this and accepts its responsibilities, the sooner there will be a return of normal and healthy business conditions throughout the industry."

Press dispatches announce that the managing director of the Philadelphia Textile Manufacturers' Association reports the dropping of 40,000 "incompetent" workers, and has issued an ultimatum declaring, "Either the textile-workers of this city must perform their tasks in a capable manner and repudiate their radical union-leaders or approximately 125,000 of them are going to get out of work." The Detroit *Journal* says, "The National Federation of British Vehicle Trades, which includes motor-car manufacturers, has announced, as a permanent policy, that further advances in wages must be based on increased production. Some of our own problems might be settled in a similar way." And in the Boston *News Bureau* we read:

"State Commissioner of Public Works Cole, speaking recently before the Massachusetts Chamber of Commerce, thus described the increasing willingness of labor to do a full day's work:

"'To-day I say to the workman,' said an Italian foreman, 'you take that pick and dig or I smash your head.' Before, when told to go to work, the laborer replied: 'You shut up or I smash your head.'

"This rather strenuously exemplifies a condition increasingly apparent in New England industrial circles. In some lines, as in textiles, where insistence on wage-advances was lately pronounced, there have been voluntary offers to work at lower schedules to avoid unemployment, and in other cases 15 per cent. cuts have been cheerfully accepted."

A labor point of view is represented by the following comment in the Providence *News*, based upon an open letter from Vice-President McMahon, of the United Textile Workers of America. It refers to "the evident combination of the cotton-, woolen-, and silk-mill barons to hold their enormous profits of the last few years and meet the present falling prices by cutting the wages of the operatives, who had to meet all the inflated costs that prevailed until the last few weeks, and which costs still hold in rents, coal, and some other commodities." *The News* proceeds:

"Some of the big men of America, such as Herbert Hoover, who have vision and training, have warned capital that wages ought to be the first thing in mind when balancing future prosperity and public confidence. They hold that capital ought to cut wages last, letting the fall in the pay-envelop follow cheaper prices for the necessities of life. They have pointed out that capital, with its huge profits in three years, its extra and its stock dividends, ought to stand as a guardian of the public welfare at this extraordinary period of reconstruction.

"They have also shown that cutting down the buying-power of the average wage-earner opens a stagnation in business that eats into the vitals of the nation, halts trade, cuts revenues, and eventually hurts big business. There are lots of capitalists who see this and thousands of merchants who know that the only safe policy is against the scuttling plan of some big employers, but they are powerless to stop it. Human nature will have its way in the gold-lined pocketbook as well as in the selfish purposes of some men who preach moral principles and practise the opposite.

"When labor shows proper respect for itself, however, it will grow more powerful and win more popular support. It will influence the conscience of the multitude and eventually make impossible the injustice of counting profits first and keeping last in mind the welfare of those who produce the labor.

"The first reform for labor is to drive the crooks out of union organizations. Union labor divided between crooks and capitalists has a rocky road."

It is *The Corn-Belt Farmer*, of Des Moines, Iowa, which flashes the "Work or Starve!" signal at this stage of rapidly changing labor-conditions. "Men and women who, only a few weeks ago, were living on 'Easy Street,' with a good job, are going to find themselves facing what seems to them a jobless world—with a good chance of starvation." We read then:

"Never was there a time when the spirit of the 'survival of the fittest' should be stronger or more in evidence. It is but fitting and right that the slovenly, inefficient, short-hour-day employee should give way to the up-to-date, efficient employee—the one who can produce the maximum at a minimum cost; who works to the interests of his employer, and not with his eyes on the clock. Indeed, it is more than likely that some of those who really deserve good jobs will be thrown out of employment.

"In the end, all this will work a wholesome effect on the labor situation. Let the city employee turn his face farmward. If he is not able, financially, to buy a home of his own, he can rent a farm. Or, with working conditions so much better on the farm than they used to be, he readily can find a home, with garden, chickens, and a cow furnished, in connection with working by the year for some good farmer. The change will prove a most pleasant and profitable one for all concerned.

"The man who hasn't his feet firmly planted on some good dirt would do well to set them there—and right soon, too! Make the move before it comes to a point of *Work or Starve!*"

Statistics of increased unemployment are fragmentary, but appear in dispatches from all parts of the country. According to the New York State Industrial Commission, notes the New York *Journal of Commerce*, "there has been a decline of employment in the industries of New York aggregating within the past six months about 100,000 persons. This is equivalent to a falling off of about 7 per cent. and brings the level down to about where it was a year ago. The drift is parallel to that which has been noticed in other States, chiefly in the Middle West, where, however, there has been a recession of slightly greater amount, if the representative returns drawn from a selected list of factories are to be given due weight." In commenting on the attitude of employees in certain textile-mills who are willing to divide with their employers the burden of business readjustment growing out of price changes, *The Journal of Commerce* suggests that "the mill, if it is wise, will give the benefit of its lessened costs to the public so far as conditions will permit it to do so without loss"—

"What is now holding up the completion of the readjustment process is in no small degree the failure to pass on to the consumer the benefit of lower prices made by mills or wholesalers. Retailers are in many cases the obstacle. In others some intervening middleman, anxious to get out of the situation without loss, is the active cause of the suspension. Whatever may be the reason in any given case, the consequence of such a barrier to complete settlement is evident. It prevents demand from reviving and to that extent it hinders final attainment of a new price basis. If such a price basis could be reached without friction it would mean giving to the various elements in the community about the same relative return which they now get, and would accordingly leave them as well off as they now are. It is an unwise and unfair situation which calls upon any element in the nation's industrial organization to bear the burden of readjustment which should be shared with others. The sooner price reductions are passed on to the public, as price advances have been during the past few years, the better for all concerned."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

PRICE cuts haven't yet reached the stage of quantity reduction.—*Marion Star.*

THERE is no prospect of an early reduction in the wages of sin.—*Cleveland News*

ALL men are equal in the grave. Lenine plans to make all men equal.—*Buffalo News.*

WHETHER or not the League has been scrapped, the scrap about it hasn't. —*Boston Transcript.*

THE poor profiteers are beginning to feel the pinch of moderation.—*Richmond News-Leader.*

APPARENTLY Great Britain is a body of land entirely surrounded by troubled waters.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

PRICES are not coming down from that mountain peak very fast, but they are doing an awful lot of yodeling.—*Columbia (S. C.) Record.*

IT is too bad that our ancestors did not live long enough to realize how smart we are.—*Detroit Journal.*

NOW that calico has dropt 50 per cent., all that is needed is to induce the girls to wear it.—*Washington Post.*

THE wheat farmer is glad cotton is coming down, and the cotton farmer is glad wheat is coming down.—*San Diego Tribune.*

A READER asks: "Will there be any profiteers in the future world?" We hope so. We wish they were all there. —*Rural Life* (*Rochester*).

IN story-books Armenia would discover oil and make all the nations bite themselves because they didn't adopt her.—*Marion Star.*

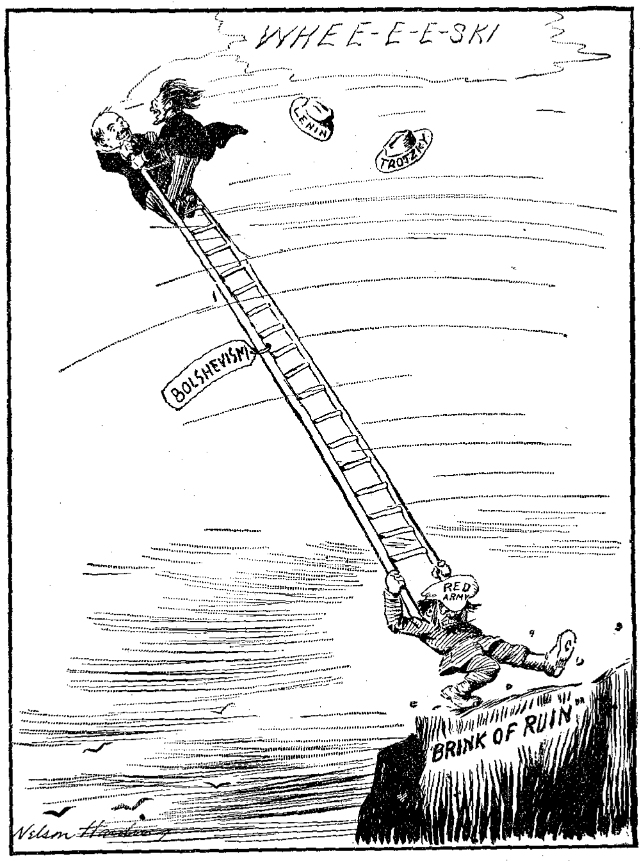
THOSE who are trying to fix up Leagues of their own particular brand may find themselves denounced as bootleaguers.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

THERE were twice as many divorces in France last year as the year before. Peace seems to bring almost everything except peace. —*New York Evening Mail.*

BEFORE getting jubilant over the scheme to run automobiles with onion-juice drop round to the grocer's and inquire the price of onions.—*New York World.*

ABOUT the only international agreement that would be generally popular, it seems, is one in which no nation actually agrees to do anything.—*Columbus Dispatch.*

A DENVER newspaper says that "the wild Western bandit has died out." We don't believe it. He has merely come to the Eastern cities, where it's safer.—*Philadelphia Record.*



THE WORLD'S GREATEST TOTTERING ACT NOW IN ITS THIRD YEAR.
—Harding in the Brooklyn *Eagle.*

MONEY is like men. The tighter it gets, the louder it talks.—*Bridegport Star.*

THE fruits of prohibition are raisins and apples.—*Financial America* (*New York*).

A HOG is never cured until it is dead. This applies to rent hogs as well. —*Dayton News.*

IRELAND seems bent on being one of the United Kingdom's ex-isles.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

JOHN BARLEYCORN is officially dead, but his funeral expenses stagger humanity.—*Chicago News.*

THE English idea seems to be that to the victor belongs the oils.—*Greenville (S. C.) Piedmont.*

A LARGE proportion of our troubles is caused by too much bone in the head and not enough in the back.—*Columbia (S. C.) Record.*

LOTS of men forget that a hunger strike is liable to follow a work strike. *Financial America* (*New York*).

MORE dollars are wanted for prohibition enforcement. Also more sense in its enforcement.—*Buffalo Commercial.*

IT seems to be easier to curtail the credits than it is to credit some of the curtailments that we hear about. —*Boston Transcript.*

THERE is a right way to settle all problems, and most of our trouble is occasioned by trying to avoid that way.—*Toledo News-Bee.*

COAL men are in a position to forecast where prices may go, but the consumer can only predict where coal men may go.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

JUST when we were beginning to enjoy cussing England for her treatment of Ireland, here comes that Haiti mess.—*Albany Times-Union.*

WE never really understood the merchants' wail about overhead expenses until we had to buy hats for the entire family.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

THE sort of women who marry men to reform them ought to find reforming politics a wonderful outlet for their activities.—*Columbia (S. C.) Record.*

HEAD-LINE says: "$100,000 Raised to Bribe Dry Agents." So paltry a sum bears out the Commissioner's claim that his force are inadequate. —*Brooklyn Eagle.*

THE prohibitionists are making headway in England, we hear. The historic struggle will now be between St. George and the Flagon.—*New York Evening Post.*

A CALL FROM PRESIDENT-ELECT HARDING TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

(By Telegraph from Mr. Harding's Home)

THE LITERARY DIGEST,
NEW YORK CITY:—

Marion, Ohio,
November 4, 1920

I have just now read your splendid appeal to the people of America in behalf of three and a half millions of unfortunate children in central and southeastern Europe who are the helpless victims of the Great War. Because such a movement for relief reveals the true heart of America, because it bespeaks an American desire to play a great people's part in relieving and restoring God's own children, I want to commend and support your noble undertaking. In seeking God's blessing for ourselves, I am sure he will bless us the more abundantly if we share our good fortunes in acts of sympathy and human fellowship. I wish you a success which will reveal anew the unselfishness of our great people. I am forwarding you my check for two thousand five hundred dollars by mail to-day.

(Signed) **WARREN G. HARDING.**

THE INSTANT RESPONSE from all parts of the nation and from all classes of people to the appeal in THE LITERARY DIGEST of October 30 makes one thing certain: the hungry, naked children of central and southeastern Europe will not cry to the great heart of America in vain. In the few days, scarcely a week, between the mailing of that issue and the going to press of this issue, the letters that have poured into our offices, with checks large and small, give a hopeful foretaste of the showers of blessing that shall revive and restore the perishing millions whose lives have been placed upon our hands and our hearts as a sacred charge.

Just at the moment of closing the last forms of this week's issue for the press, the telegram from President-elect Harding, printed above, reaches us. In it he expresses his deep feeling of America's duty and opportunity to reveal to all the world a great people's spirit of unselfish service. His words of tender solicitude for God's own little children, whose appeal has come so compellingly to all of us, will find an echo in every father's heart and every mother's heart throughout this great land. His message to THE LITERARY DIGEST is a call to all Americans. His own generous gift—large for one who is literally a poor man—must be an example and a challenge to men of wealth who, in proportion to their means, can give far larger amounts than he has given with real sacrifice. His gift, which comes in such a spirit of tenderness and of reverent recognition of God's blessings, must inspire men and women in every walk of life to give, and to give with a whole-hearted generosity which does not stop until the giving brings the pain and the joy of sacrifice.

The splendid gift of Mr. Henry Heide, whose love and desire to help could not be content with less than a contribution of $75,000, may well be duplicated by other men to whom God has given an equal ability and a like privilege. Already the checks for $5,000, and $2,000, and $1,000 are beginning to come, and the $500, $200, and $100 gifts are numerous, while those for lesser amounts make up the first week's total of over $163,000.

We welcome every $10 check to care for one child, and every hard-earned dollar given by those who can give no more. God sees and blesses "the widow's mite," and we earnestly hope that not a single man, or woman, or child will withhold the small gift because it can not be as large as the loving heart that prompts it. But, oh, *to those who can* give largely, the appeal is urgent. Do not be satisfied with even so precious a thing as the life of *one little child*. The lines of hungry children, shivering in tatters in the cold winter's wind, are very long. There are three and a half millions of them. That little girl or boy you would gather into your arms and give food and warmth and life was holding another one by the hand, just as hungry and cold, and another was crowding close behind, and another, and another. Will you stop with *one jewel* when you can have a hundred or a thousand? Will you turn only *one* cry of suffering into laughter if you are able to put the light of health and happiness into *many* wan little faces?

The amount to be raised is large. Twenty-three millions of dollars *must be given quickly*. Winter is coming on fast. Dr. Louis Fischer, of New York, returning from central Europe, writes of his observations in Vienna, "a visit to the Children's Hospital convinced me that the greatest enemy of mankind—tuberculosis—was reaping a harvest, due to the fact that the tuberculosis germ thrives in underfed bodies. By this noble appeal you will be the means of not only saving thousands and thousands of innocent lives, but will also prevent the next generation from being a dwarfed and crippled nation."

Open wide the flood-gates of a generosity that does not count the cost while one of these dear children remains without the food and warmth that will save it from the dread disease, and give it the chance for life and usefulness. Make all checks payable to "The Literary Digest Child-Feeding Fund," and mail them direct to "Child-Feeding," THE LITERARY DIGEST, 354–360 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

Contributions to THE LITERARY DIGEST CHILD-FEEDING FUND—Received to November 1, 1920.

$75,000.00—Henry Heide.

$25,000.00—The Literary Digest.

$5,000.00 each—Mrs. Emma Woerishoffer, Daniel Good.

$2,500.00 each—President-Elect Warren G. Harding, William H. Nichols.

$2,000.00—Elizabeth M. Chace.

$1,000.00 each—Arthur Dorrance, Harry D. Schell, D. W. Ellis, Eagle Manufacturing Co., Marion L. and James F. Lord.

$500.00 each—N. D. McClure, F. W. Paine, L. L. Curtis, W. B. Pettibone, Mrs. L. J. Gunn, Edwin W. Smith, Maurice Fels, George W. Reade, Josephine H. Wren.

$250.00 each—A. S. Kreider, Jr., Arthur R. Baxter, Edward Harris, George K. Pond.

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$120.00 each—Dr. Paul Sanger, O. K. Speer, M.D.

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$80.00—Christine Dickson.

$75.00—Ursuline Sisters, Youngstown, Ohio.

$70.00—Mrs. E. M. Ellis.

$60.00 each—A. F. Sams, A. E. Tull.

$50.00 each—Mrs. Ada Laflin Dawes, Henry Y. Haws, Robert Scott, L. C. M. Smythe, Mrs. Wm. L. Watson, "Estate of Wm. L. Watson," Mrs. Lucy W. Wilson, L. R. Schwerzt, Z. D. Scott, C. H. Payne, John J. Morrissey, J. Painter, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Ward, Don E. Andrews, Mrs. Percy A. Bellas, A. B. Kauffmann, Stephen H. Reid, W. L. Blackadar, Marie E. Windus, Erwin Marx, C. H. Clark, Mrs. R. L. Williams, Emma Gray, George A. Eckbert, Premier Window Glass Company, C. F. Hankey, C. W. Higgins, Mrs. L. Clark, Clara A. Pease, E. J. Smith, C. A. Dozier, Jr., Mrs. Geo. Wuppermann, Mrs. M. W. Adams, L. B. McKelvey, Mr. and Mrs. Fred S. Sawyer, Alice McE. Jones, the Misses Stewart, Hawley S. Mead, H. P. Price, G. A. Amos, Paul G. MacIntire, Gertrude M. Young, T. W. D. Worthen,

(*Continued on page* 141)

FOREIGN - COMMENT

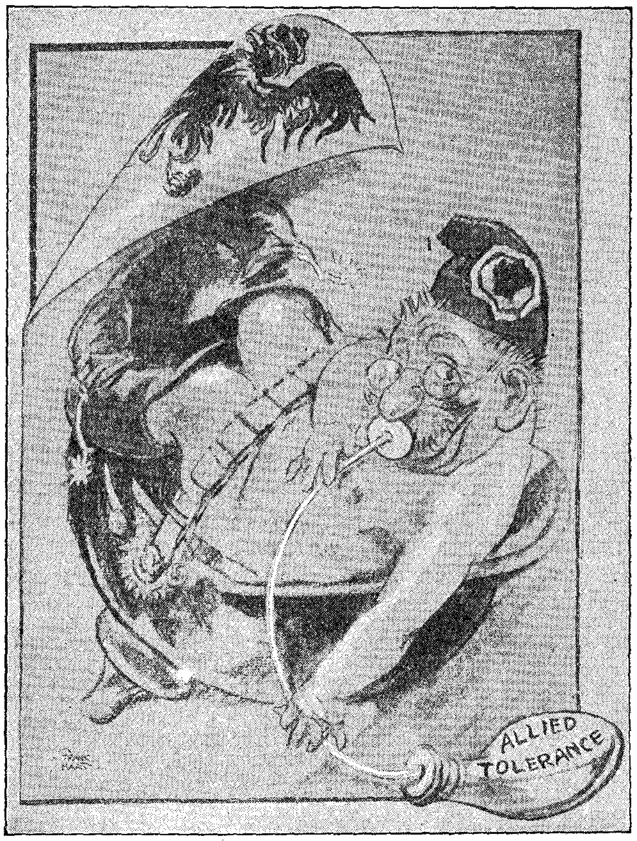
IS THE ENTENTE "CRACKING"?

IN NAME ONLY the Entente still exists, and it is "no exaggeration to say that in fact it is ended." This is the verdict of some cynical foreign observers on the effect of England's renunciation of the right to sequester German property in the United Kingdom. The matter of seizure of enemy property in Allied territory in compensation for German failure to meet her reparation obligations, we are told in the press, is provided for in the Treaty of Versailles in the reparations section, as follows:

> "17. In case of default by Germany in the performance of any obligation under this part of the Peace Treaty, the commission will forthwith give notice of such default to each of the interested Powers and may make such recommendations as to the action to be taken in consequence of such default as it may think necessary.
>
> "18. The measures which the Allied and Associated Powers shall have the right to take, in case of voluntary default by Germany, and which Germany agrees not to regard as acts of war, may include economic and financial prohibitions and reprisals and in general such other measures as the respective governments may determine to be necessary in the circumstances."

Some Paris correspondents report that whatever England may pursue as a policy toward Germany, the French Government will "neglect no weapon, political, economic, or military, to compel the integral fulfilment of the Versailles Treaty by Germany even tho France stand alone in imposing upon a recalcitrant Germany those penalties prescribed in the terms of peace." Moreover, it is said that because England's decision is believed to have "dealt the Anglo-French Entente a blow that may prove mortal," President Millerand and Premier Leygues are resolved to keep the French Army at a minimum strength of 700,000 men. They are said to be prepared to insist that Parliament fix the period of military service at two years, altho a few days "before the British bomb burst in Paris" sentiment was almost unanimous that eighteen months with the colors should be sufficient. More than one French newspaper openly advocates the advance of French troops into the Ruhr Valley, and the Paris *République Francaise* exclaims: "Let us seize those securities which are available. Let us pay ourselves with our own hands. Above all, let us be done with sentiment." Nationalist organs in France describe the British move as an instance of short-sighted selfishness on the part of a "nation of shopkeepers"; and only faint in contrast to their volume of resentment is the minority voice of the moderate minded that France might well follow England's example and abandon economic reprisals against individual Germans because otherwise French commerce can not compete with British in German markets. The semiofficial Paris *Temps* observes:

> "Do our English friends realize that in renouncing the rights which the Treaty confers on them in this matter they are simply encouraging the Germans voluntarily to fail in their engagements? Another question arises: Can the British Government renounce for its own benefit any stipulation of the Treaty if by doing so it places commerce and industry of the Allied countries with relation to Germany obviously in a disadvantageous position compared to its own? The decision taken at London obliges the other Allies to take the same course or else deliberately to sacrifice their commercial interests."



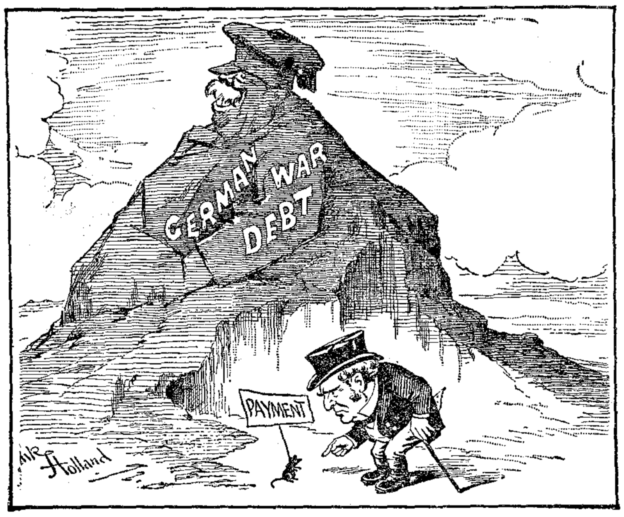
THE LITTLE DARLING ——
And doing as well as can be expected!
—*Bystander* (London).

England's action "creates a privilege for England to the detriment of her Allies in her commerce with Germany," also declares the Paris *Matin*, and it "signifies renunciation without preliminary understanding among the Allies of the whole series of sanctions which to be effective ought to be enforced by all signatories of the Versailles Treaty without exception." Says the Paris *Journal:*

> "The English have opened a new breach in the Treaty of Versailles, and precisely in that bastion of reparations which was the weakest. The British action is a new manifestation of the mercantile theory which wishes to put a resumption of commerce before the payment of reparations. The action is all the more significant that it comes exactly at the moment when France is seeking to obtain precision and extension of the sanctions.
>
> "The truth is that nothing can be obtained from Germany without comminatory actions. Of these the blockade was one of the most effective, but now the blockade is no longer possible if it is permitted to private German interests to take refuge in England."

A comprehensive British reply to the above strictures appears in the London *Daily Chronicle*, which is sometimes called "Lloyd George's newspaper," in which we read the following:

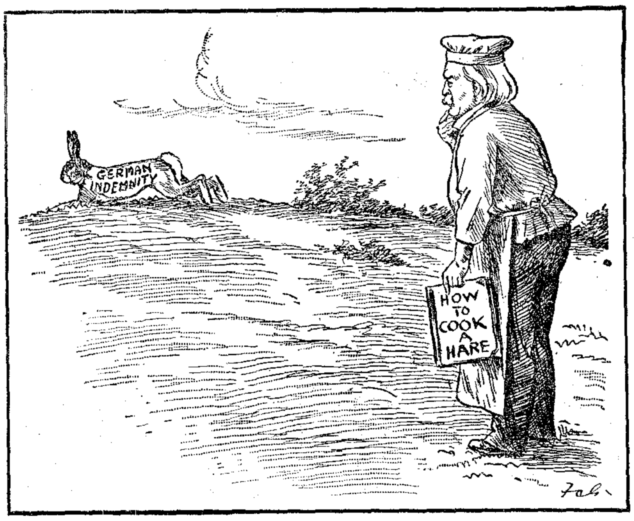
> "The reactionary *Echo de Paris*, *Gaulois*, and *Matin*, in particular, criticize the British Government for renouncing the retaliatory weapon without consulting its Allies, and it is complained that this action gives Great Britain a commercial advantage to their detriment. This is merely a new phase of the difference which subsists between the British and French Governments, and apparently the governing classes behind them, on the whole subject of European reconstruction and German reparation. The French cling to every letter of the penal clause of the Versailles Treaty, while their skepticism is exprest freely about the Covenant and other constructive provisions.
>
> "To British eyes Germany can make reparation on a large scale only if she is allowed, and even at the outset aided, to reestablish



THE MOUNTAIN AND THE MOUSE.

Tho Germany owes us a mountain of debt,
We've got to be thankful for what we can get;
We may expect something as big as a house,
But the thing that arrives is the size of a mouse.

—*John Bull* (London).



A VANISHING HOPE.

THE CHEF—"It's all very well to say, 'First catch your hare!'"

—*Westminster Gazette* (London).

WHY ENGLAND GOES EASY WITH GERMANY.

her foreign commerce. If at any future time Germany makes a deliberate default it will probably be upon a scale against which the seizure of her goods in transit or her bank balances in this country would yield but a trifle of compensation, to say nothing of the fact that it would presumably lead to a counter-seizure of British properties in Germany. If Germany deliberately defaults the Allies will have to consider much more serious measures, such as a complete boycott."

Among the French press there is a tendency to interpret German denunciation of so-called French militarism as a forerunner of a strenuous campaign by Germany, encouraged by British leniency, to bring about a revision of the Treaty. But an offset to such assumption appears in Berlin dispatches reporting the statement of Foreign Minister Simons, before the German Reichstag, that Great Britain's action must not be exaggerated in its effect because "it is in conformity with the economical and personal interests of Great Britain." Dr. Simons, we read further, said with reference to the Versailles Treaty that the Government must recognize it as a signed obligation and must carry out its terms faithfully. He exprest Germany's determination to restore the devastated regions and the hope that Germany would reach an understanding on this subject with the governments concerned.

A warning against subordination of international interests to domestic interests in Europe is issued by the London *Daily News*, which says it is time to realize that decisions "critical to the whole future of European polity" must be presently taken, and it adds:

"Ever since the first Peace Conference at Paris one question has hung in the balance. Is Europe (the problem, of course, affects Asia and other continents secondarily, but Europe first of all) to be welded into a single international society, or is it to revert to the old fatal tradition of divided and hostile camps, a tradition out of which, over and above all other evils, the late war sprang? It might have been hoped that question would have been decisively answered before this. It has not been The League of Nations has come to birth. Its Council has held some half-dozen meetings. . . . But the Council of the League represents eight nations only. It is the full Assembly alone that can reflect and stimulate that larger unity the League was created to develop. . . . . .

In the Middle East of Europe what is known as a 'Little Entente' of small states is being evolved. That process is all to the good in itself, and there is no reason to doubt that any agreements entered into by the participants will be duly reported to the League as the Covenant provides. But the existence of these sectional understandings makes it the more necessary that the authority of the body representing the one comprehensive world-entente shall be decisively asserted."

TURK NATIONALISTS TURNING "RED"

THAT RULE OR RUIN is the watchword of Mustafa Kemal, leader of the Turkish Nationalists, is the interpretation put by some on the report at Constantinople that the Kemalist officials have openly declared their fealty to Bolshevism. A London *Daily Telegraph* correspondent at Constantinople says this report comes from Angora, the seat of Kemal Pasha's Government, and that he and his colleagues have "officially assumed the title of People's Commissaries." The Constantinople *Bosphore* indicates that Mustafa Kemal and his fellows who have been "playing with fire and are still doing so," are already well up in Bolshevik methods, when it remarks:

"It is anarchy in all its horror which reigns in many regions. Bands are formed, with no connection with each other; and for no other purpose than robbery, violence, and assassination. There is no force there to suppress their misdeeds, until the situation in Anatolia has become worse than that in Soviet Russia. There, at any rate, a certain authority exists, tyrannical, it is true, but at least insuring responsibility for one's deeds and a relative amount of order. But in Asia Minor, it is the chiefs of bands, utterly without responsibility, who rule and commit the worst sort of crimes against the local populations. The sack of Nicæa, that historic town whose fame was once worldwide, is a new and sad example of the complete anarchy that exists in some parts of Anatolia. Nothing was spared in this hapless city. There are details that a self-respecting pen refuses to record, and which can have their place only in official reports.

"The bandits did not attack merely the living. They wanted to destroy the past as well. The far-famed historical church of Nicæa, where was held the first Ecumenical Council in 325, and which for this reason had a certain archeological value, is gone. They reduced it to a pile of ruins. These bandits hate not only the present, but the past as well, out of which the present has grown, and they want to destroy its very foundations. This is the explanation of their crimes, which, inexcusable as they are, have yet some reason in the Kemalist mentality."

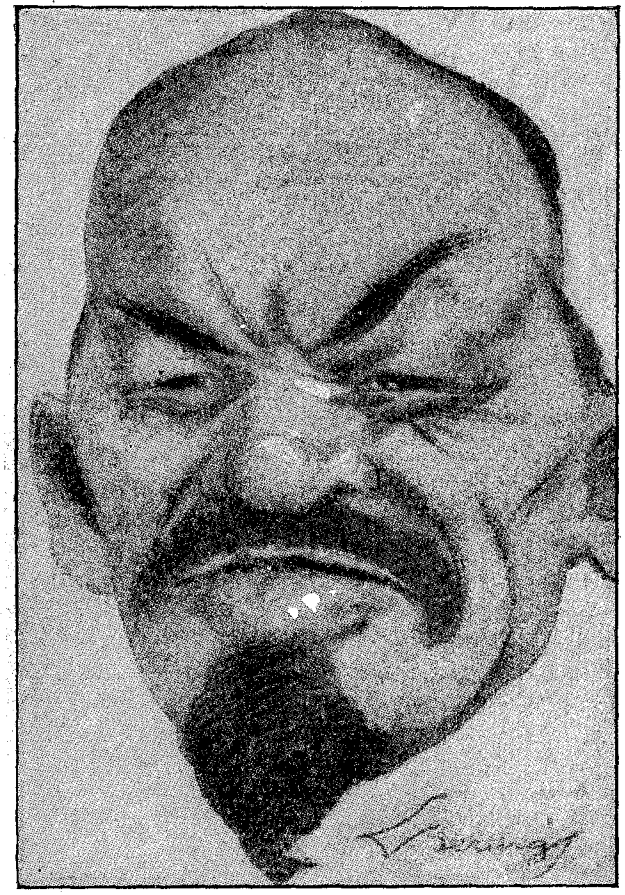
But conditions in Anatolia are merely an aggravation of symptoms prevalent throughout Turkey, according to the Constantinople *Vakit*, which likens the country to a "very sick man" who has the great misfortune of being "always treated by physicians who themselves need treatment," and this daily tells us:

"There is no greater mistake than to think that the country is one single entity that can be cured by just one sort of treatment. It is not the orders and instructions of the Central Government that can cure the evil from which Anatolia is suffering.

Social evils are not like organic diseases; and those of cities are different from those of villages. And each one of these should be visited so that a diagnosis can be made of their trouble, and the remedy applied."

OMENS OF LENINE'S DOOM

LENINE'S "WINTER OF DISCONTENT" presages no succession of "glorious summer," if we are to believe the prediction of anti-Bolshevik judges. Their forecast is based on rumors of wide-spread opposition among the peasants, who have come to believe that the evils of Czardom have increased rather than diminished under Lenine, and it is reported that they are seeking by secret ballot a national election to create a Constituent Assembly. Paris dispatches say the crumbling of Soviet rule is expected before the end of winter, and that this expectation is not "just the outcome of hope, dislike of the Bolsheviki, and ignorance of the facts," as it was in the days of Kolchak and Denikin, but is fostered by reports of French agents from many quarters of Eastern Europe, all pointing to the same conclusion. And all the time, writes one Paris correspondent, France is "taking a hand in the game," yet "how big a hand and how it is to be played the future will reveal." A Stockholm correspondent of the London *Morning Post* cites a speech recently delivered by Lenine in which he "admitted that the harvest throughout Russia had proved a failure," urged every effort to avert a famine, and threatened food-hoarders with penal servitude in concentration-camps.



A FRENCH VIEW OF LENINE.

The man who is said to be running Russia into the ground.

—*Le Matin* (Paris).

But the unmistakable death-knell of Bolshevism in Russia, says an editorial contributor to the Paris *Liberté*, is to be heard in the increasingly audible mutterings of the peasant, who, "despite his long acquaintance with collective property, will never be Bolshevik." Long before Lenine and Trotzky, even before Karl Marx, the master they claim, Communism existed in Russia under the form of the well-known institution, the *mir*, and this informant writes:

> "The *mir* is a community of peasants made up of all the inhabitants of one village who own in common the land they cultivate. The institution is of very ancient origin, dating back several centuries. In 1861, by the law abolishing serfdom, the land was ceded to the peasants, but at the same time the law named all the inhabitants of a community as jointly responsible for the payment of the annual sum fixt as the price of the land. This joint responsibility strengthened and deepened the communism of the agriculturalist Russians, which, in truth, was an enforced communism. . . . . . .
>
> "Here was fertile soil for Bolshevism, which to the view of the peasant presented no front of audacious novelty, so he accepted it trustfully. Generalizing from the principle of the primitive community, Lenine and the adventurers in his entourage set about to establish in the cities Soviets of workers and soldiers. The soldiers were peasants of the day before yesterday, or of peasant descent. To these were added as leaders a certain proportion of intellectuals, most of them of Jewish origin. Thus the republic of the Soviets was organized."

At first everything went merrily. The peasants coveted the lands of the large landed proprietors, and when they got them that was enough to insure their conversion to the faith of Bolshevism. But because of less industrious cultivation the land did not produce as much as before, and then came commissions of requisition from the Moscow Government, which took the best part of the crops, often without paying for them. Gradually discouragement set in among the peasantry, who cultivated only what they needed for themselves. The land, left to itself, returned to its condition of steppe, while the cities were slowly drifting toward famine. The Government levied heavier demands on the peasants, and soon faith in Bolshevism died in the soul of the simple muzhiks, who felt they had been "duped, robbed, and maltreated." The muzhiks are now waiting for their liberator. At first they thought they saw him in Denikin, but "the soldiers of Denikin were as bad as the soldiers of Trotzky. Where they passed, nothing remained." To-day their hope is centered in General Wrangel, whose recognition by France has given him "powerful prestige," this writer avers.

In counter-balance to all the foregoing the official organ in the United States of the Russian Soviet Government, *Soviet Russia*, publishes a statement given by Comrade Lozovsky, a member of the Presidium of the All-Russian Central Council of Trades Unions and also of the delegation "to bring to the western proletariat information about the true state of the Russian proletariat." Mr. Lozovsky's remarks are published in the Berlin radical organ, *Die Rote Fahne*, and read in part as follows:

> "The peasant is the great trump-card of our opponents, but only because they do not know the real facts. The peasant has benefited by the November Revolution beyond a doubt. It is a well-known fact that the small *bourgeois* landowner maintains an attitude of aloofness toward Communism. But the fact that the same peasant who is more than coldly indifferent to Communism is, nevertheless, the greatest enemy of the counter-revolution, is not so well known by every one who attempts to write about Russia. For the small landowner has no choice: either the Soviet or the Restoration; and the small peasant owes his land to the Revolution.
>
> "This fundamental paradox in the situation of the Russian peasant has its positive and its negative aspects. The negative side is presented by the effort on the part of the small *bourgeois* landowner to work the land as a private individual, to strengthen his hold on his property. But, on the other hand, the small owner is enabled to hold his private property only with the help of the Soviet power, while the Soviet power is striving ceaselessly to abolish all private ownership of the means of production, and therefore also the private ownership of the small landowner. Whether or not this condition will continue for any length of time is dependent in the main on the development of affairs in Western Europe. However, the Russian peasant has gained enough by the Revolution, and especially by the November Revolution, to know that no government outside of the Soviet Government will be able to satisfy him as well."

FRANCO-GERMAN INTERDEPENDENCE

FRANCE AND GERMANY are bound by economic ties that war itself has not finally severed, say various observers in both countries, who admit that "it is better to have a rich neighbor as a buyer than a poor one," and that the prosperity of both is interdependent. A German authority, Dr. D. G. Von Schulze Gaevernitz, takes up the question in the Weimar *Deutsche Politik* with the remark that France is "lost economically" if she does not receive the expected indemnities from Germany, but, he adds, these indemnities "can not be paid at the cost of German necessary consumption." It is impossible to lay any tighter restrictions on German consumption, he avers, for the food portion of the people is already insufficient, and it can only be increased by increased production. We read then:

> "But this production can be intensified only if the German people are allowed to hope that they may lift themselves up by their work. No policy of violence dares snap the finger of contempt at the old political economic adage, 'Slave work is non-productive.' France will be much better off with regard to indemnities if she keeps her demands within limits of reason that allow the German people to reestablish themselves. This community of financial interest obtains in other domains no less important."

This contributor to the *Deutsche Politik* goes on to say that despite all the discordant elements among chauvinist politicians and journalists, and despite the heavy protectionist tariff system enforced by the two nations, the fact remains that from the year 1880 onward there was an extraordinary and profitable growth of trade between the two peoples. This growth was advancing by leaps and bounds in the years immediately preceding the war, and we are advised that:

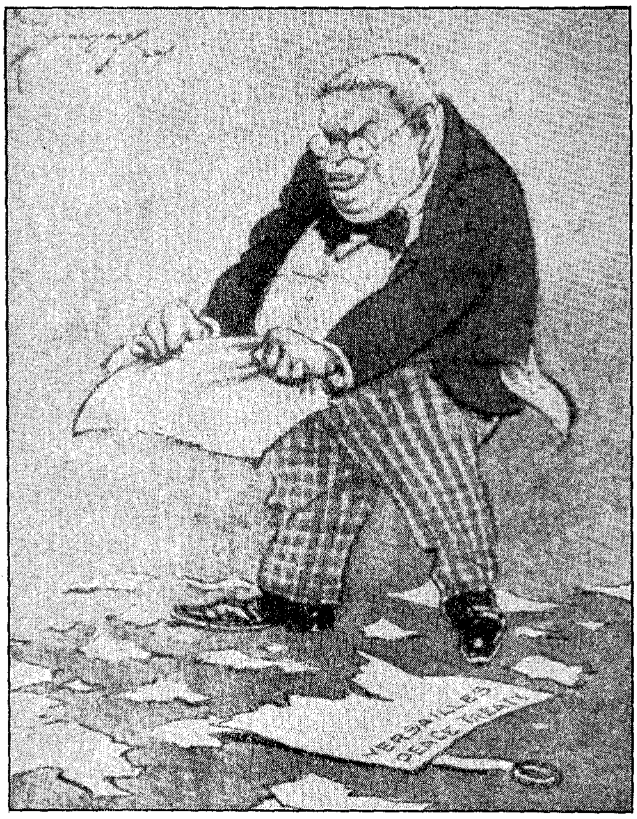
> "Despite all the politics of revenge these facts were interesting enough gradually to fix themselves in the attention of the public, thanks particularly to the efforts of some Frenchmen who traveled through Germany in the interest of French exporters. . . . The remarkable increase in Germany's wealth shortly before the war offered the most attractive perspectives to French exporters. Let us cite French opinion on this point. Senator Herriot, the highly esteemed Mayor of Lyons, declared in *Le Journal* that 'Germany was for France a client whom it would be impossible to replace, and that she had a future buying capacity greater even than that of England.' It would be easy to pile up similar evidence. The French who see clearly must understand that the economic ruin of Germany, as foreseen in the Treaty of Versailles, will cause great injury to the economic interests of France. This is the case especially in the matter of coal, which is above all a question of 'transporting coal.' The workers in the coal-basin of the Ruhr, it is known, recently offered to work overtime, and in many places it was impossible to take advantage of this offer for the reason that the coal would simply pile up because there were no means of railway transportation. What is more, it is averred that a greater number of the locomotives delivered to France by Germany in execution of the armistice conditions are not being used and are going to rust."

But a sharply different shade of opinion about Germany's "sufferings" under the Treaty appears in the Berlin *Sozialistiche Monatshefte*, where Mr. August Muller avows bluntly: "Our present economic distress does not proceed from the economic clauses of the Treaty, tho this is the incessant cry." He argues:

> "While not a single one of these clauses has felt even an approach at execution, yet it is a fact that the mere existence of the Treaty has a discouraging influence on the spirit of German enterprise. A literal execution is irreconcilable with the economic necessities of the German people. Therefore, it is plain that the foreign policy of Germany should be to seek a modification of the Treaty. The Treaty of Versailles is not capable of execution by Germany. But it will be changed only in such measure as Germany shall prove by concrete realities that it is impossible of execution. The key for the application of this method is to be found not in England, but in France. Now in France they are patiently waiting for us to show good will in fulfilling our engagements, to cite an expression used by President Millerand in one of his speeches."

This German writer tells his compatriots that what France has nearest at heart is the reconstruction of her devastated territory, and by way of illumination recounts a personal experience as follows:

> "At Christmas time, 1918, I went to Luxembourg, where the French headquarters was located. I was charged by the German Government to conclude an agreement on economic intercourse between the occupied territories and the rest of Germany.



NO MORE "SCRAPS OF PAPER."

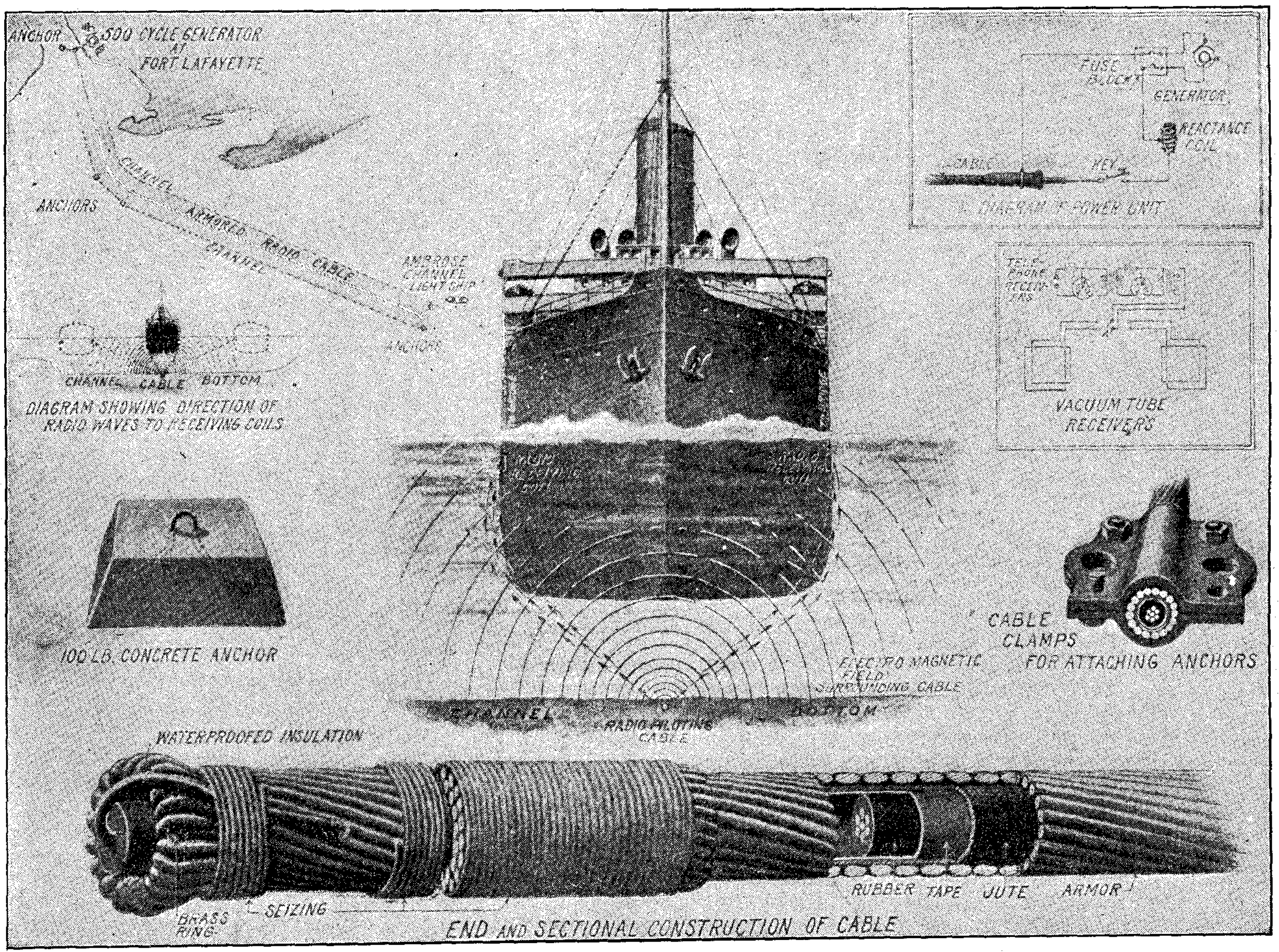
FRITZ—"Ach, dose verdammte French beoples are writing deir rotten notes on barchment—dat von't tear!"

—*Bystander* (London).

> The French Government had placed at the disposal of the German delegation a captain who was responsible for the lodging of the Germans, and was to help them and serve as interpreter to the utmost of their needs in all business. The captain acquitted himself of this task with exemplary loyalty and in that exquisite manner common to every well-bred Frenchman. As we were leaving I thanked him in the name of the commission for the pains he had taken in our behalf and the delicate tact with which he had carried out his orders. At the same time I exprest the wish that the terrible experiences of war might be forgotten and a peaceful cooperation between the German people and France be reestablished. The captain told me in reply that before the war he had done much business with Germany and that he did not hate the German people, but, on the contrary, esteemed them. Yet, he went on to say, if I wished to know what might prove an obstacle to the cooperation I hoped for in this generation, and perhaps in the next, I need only go and see the heart-breaking destruction along the lines of the old French front. Then I would understand something of the after-war feelings of Frenchmen toward Germany. The manner in which the French officer made this statement touched me profoundly, and any one who sincerely loves his country will understand his view. Germany must above all do whatever lies in her power to execute the terms of reconstruction in France. If Germany gives proof of her good will on that soil, the consequences, as far as they affect the other parts of the Treaty of Versailles, will automatically follow. That which can not be executed will remain unexecuted. But before Germany has shown that she takes seriously her promises of reconstruction there can be no talk of a *rapprochement* with France on the subject of the execution of the Treaty."

FOG-PROOFING OUR HARBORS

SHIPS MAY NOW BE GUIDED along the deep-water channels of New York Harbor without the aid of a pilot. Along the bottom of the channel is a steel cable through which passes a powerful alternating current of electricity. Receiving-coils on shipboard give equal indications when the vessel is exactly astride the cable, and the steersman is thus able to follow its course as closely as a railroad car follows the track, says George Gaulois, writing in *The Scientific American:*


ANCHOR
500 CYCLE GENERATOR AT FORT LAFAYETTE
CHANNEL
ANCHORS
ARMORED RADIO CABLE
CHANNEL
AMBROSE CHANNEL LIGHT SHIP
ANCHOR
CHANNEL CABLE BOTTOM
DIAGRAM SHOWING DIRECTION OF RADIO WAVES TO RECEIVING COILS
FUSE BLOCK
GENERATOR
REACTANCE COIL
CABLE
KEY
DIAGRAM OF POWER UNIT
TELEPHONE RECEIVERS
VACUUM TUBE RECEIVERS
RADIO RECEIVING COIL
RADIO RECEIVING COIL
100 LB. CONCRETE ANCHOR
CABLE CLAMPS FOR ATTACHING ANCHORS
ELECTRO MAGNETIC FIELD SURROUNDING CABLE
CHANNEL
BOTTOM
RADIO PILOTING CABLE
WATERPROOFED INSULATION
RUBBER
TAPE
JUTE
ARMOR
BRASS RING
SEIZING
END AND SECTIONAL CONSTRUCTION OF CABLE

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AN INVENTION BORN OF THE WAR THAT IS JUST AS VALUABLE IN PEACE.
Details of the radio pilot cable along the route of New York's incoming and outgoing shipping.

"Much has been written about the electric cables used during the war for the purpose of piloting ships in and out of harbors at night. Indeed, it now appears as tho this system of navigation is one of the greatest benefits derived from the war, and one that is just as important in peace time as in war. However, with the installation of such a system in New York Harbor by the United States Navy, it is now possible to give exact details of how the radio pilot cable operates.

"In brief, the principle of the radio pilot cable, as it is called, is to employ a cable through which flows alternating current. Ships intending to use the cable while passing in or out of waterways are provided with a pair of coils which intercept the electromagnetic waves emanating from the cable. By noting the relative strength of the waves reaching each coil, it is possible for the ship's navigator to determine when he is astride the cable. Once riding astride the cable, it is relatively easy to follow it along and thus steer a correct course. In certain installations two cables are laid, each carrying a current of a given frequency. Ship navigators can tell which is the incoming and which is the outgoing cable by making careful note of the sound of the waves. *In this manner a route is provided for ships going in either direction*, and the chances of collision are reduced to a minimum.

"In the New York Harbor installation, which will follow the Ambrose Channel, one type of cable has been specified. This cable consists of seven strands of No. 16 tinned copper wire insulated with a layer of 30 per cent. Para rubber three-sixteenths inch thick, over which is wrapt a layer of tape and jute, impregnated with a water-proof insulating compound. Over this layer of jute is an armor which consists of a wrapping of No. 12 galvanized steel wire. The over-all diameter of this cable is approximately one inch. Some 87,000 feet of cable will be required.

"There will be two anchors secured to the extreme end of the cable and only one anchor will be used at each of the three other points along the cable.

"A one-kilowatt motor-generator will be used for supplying 500-cycle alternating current to the cable. The voltage may be either 125 or 250 volts. Provision will have to be made for driving this generator from local source of current supply so as to maintain the motor-generator set at a constant speed. It is obvious that a fluctuation in the speed of the generator results in a change of note, which is apt to cause much confusion when using the cable. The amount of current flowing in the cable will be under control at all times and will range from one to eight amperes. A telegraph key is to be installed for the purpose of breaking the cable current in order to transmit signals; in fact, an automatic sending apparatus may be installed so as to send out given signals over and over again when necessary.

Two coils are required, each four feet square and wound with 400 turns of copper magnet wire. Care should be exercised in making these coils so that each coil will have the same resistance and inductance values.

"The coils should be placed over the side of the ship approximately amidship, one coil on one side and the other coil on the opposite side, below the surface of the water or slightly above the water-line."

SCIENTIFIC SIDE OF THE "HUNGER STRIKE"

HOW LONG MAY ONE LIVE without food? What are one's sensations while engaged in the practical solution of this problem? These have been questions always interesting to the physiologist and occasionally to the general public when some one is doing a long fast on a bet, or for alleged scientific reasons. The "hunger strike," long familiar to the Slav and now domesticated on Celtic soil, has been responsible for a new revival of interest in the phenomena of starvation. *The Journal of the American Medical Association* (Chicago) ventures to assert editorially that not a few members of the medical profession have been interviewed on the questions which relate to this front-page "news item." It continues:

"Many persons are known to have lived without food for periods as long as fifty days without permanent detriment. In his elaborate monograph on inanition, Benedict emphasized the importance of distinguishing between complete abstinence from both food and water and abstinence from food alone. Experiments have shown that life can not be sustained for any considerable period when both food and drink are withheld. Dogs have gone without food for 117 days, one individual exhibiting a loss of 63 per cent. in weight. The 'professional' fasters have frequently fasted more than thirty days under conditions of strictest scientific control, the latest carefully investigated 'subject' being Levanzin, whose performance was under the supervision of the Boston nutrition laboratory of the Carnegie Institution of Washington. In thirty-one days his body weight decreased from 132 pounds to 103½ pounds. This affords an illustration of the extent of tissue loss which an adult may experience without restitution in the course of a month and without untoward outcome.

"Starvation is an enforced condition in a variety of pathologic cases involving disturbances of the alimentary tract which preclude the ingestion of food. Usually, however, the deprivation of the latter is not complete, so that the accounts of the experiences of the persons involved are, in truth, records of only partial inanition. There are on record many authentic cases of persons who have been deprived of food (but not of drinking water) for twenty-five days, owing to accidents by which they have been imprisoned or otherwise prevented from securing nutriment. Physicians are familiar with the refusal of insane persons to take food or drink, and Desportes has described a patient who lived two months, consuming only a little water. Prolonged fasting has often been hailed as a religious rite. The accounts of such fasts, Benedict writes, are so clouded by superstition and show such a lack of accurate observation that they are without value to science. They served only to maintain popular belief in the ability of some religious ascetics to subsist solely on the eucharist, and of some possest of devils to abstain from food altogether. In addition to all these 'categories' of starvation belong the instances of fasting in hypnotic sleep."

Almost all cases of prolonged fasting, we are told, indicate a tendency to avoid muscular effort. There is a noticeable falling off in strength, with decreased energy exchange and low pulse rate not uncommonly below fifty beats a minute. Unusual compounds are eliminated from the body, such as acetones, ammonia, and creatin, indicating that the proteins and fats of the organism are breaking down. The writer goes on:

"At the present moment a wide-spread interest is centered on the sensations of fasters. Psychic factors unquestionably tend to produce much uncertainty as to the symptoms attending the withdrawal of food. The reporters are rarely trained observers. In the popular mind, Carlson writes, prolonged starvation is associated with great pain and distress, despite reliable reports to the contrary from many persons who have undertaken voluntary starvation. Such persons state, almost without exception, that after the first three or four days the sensation of hunger is no longer felt, or at least that it is not excessively painful or uncomfortable.

"It is now well recognized that the feeling of hunger is accompanied by vigorous contractions of the stomach, if not actually dependent on them. Carlson and his collaborators have made careful observations on the continuance of these hunger contractions and found them to be undiminished during at least five days of fasting. Whether they persist a month or longer has never been ascertained. The sensation of hunger in the case of the starving physiologists was not lost during the first five days, tho there was apparently some decrease in its intensity. Carlson insists that the absence of the sensation reported by so many fasters is due to a depression of the central nervous system. That starvation in man will ultimately lead to marked weakening and eventual absence of the sensation of hunger, owing to the depression of the central nervous system and asthenia of the gastric motor mechanism, is not denied. According to Carlson, however, it is inherently improbable that prolonged starvation in the case of healthy individuals should completely abolish the sensation of hunger and appetite while the organism is still in a fair state of integrity. The complete absence of this sensation may be regarded as due to pathologic complications. As observers agree that the hunger discomfort is greatest during the first few days of starvation, accounts of intense suffering from mere fasting where water is available must be accepted with reserve. Extreme emotion may, of course, alter the aspect of bodily sensations."

LIMITING ALCOHOL PRESCRIPTIONS.—It is a matter for regret, thinks the editor of *American Medicine* (New York), that any reason should have arisen for Commissioner Williams, of the Bureau of Internal Revenue, to place a limit on the number of prescriptions for alcoholic stimulants. But it is still more regrettable if this reason is to be found in the extent to which physicians have abused the medicinal use of alcohol. We read:

"Commissioner Williams is entirely within the administrative provisions of the Volstead Act in imposing such a limitation. Consequently, there is no course left open to honest, self-respecting physicians but to abide by his ruling. They should not only obey the law strictly themselves, but omit no opportunity of urging others to do the same. Disapproval of the Eighteenth Amendment, or doubt of the wisdom of its passage, can not possibly justify any medical man in ignoring or violating any of its provisions. Our obligations are no less under a law we consider unjust than under one we heartily indorse. As part of the Constitution and the organic law of the land, the Eighteenth Amendment must be obeyed absolutely. The physician who allows himself to become lax or careless, in the slightest degree, in prescribing liquor is as guilty of wrong as the most wilful violator. Worst of all, however, he is running the risk of being classed with the unscrupulous doctors who are breaking the law by issuing prescriptions for alcohol for other than medicinal uses. Every honest physician—and thank God most physicians are honest and law-abiding—owes it to himself and the profession he honors and reveres to carry out the law and regulations pertaining to the use of alcohol, in the most careful and scrupulous manner. Undoubtedly placing a limit on the prescribing of alcohol by reputable medical men has hurt the prestige of the entire profession, for these regulations create the impression that a far larger number of physicians were prostituting their profession than was actually the case. But those honest physicians who have occasion to use alcohol in their work can only blame their crooked confreres. The men who have made profit out of the illicit sale of their prescriptions deserve nothing but contempt, for they have not only degraded themselves completely, but what is much more serious and more important than this, they have degraded the entire profession. The surest way to repair the damage is for the great body of decent physicians to follow the regulations promulgated by Commissioner Williams as punctiliously and faithfully as they possibly can."

A LEAGUE FOR SUPERPOWER

A SUPERPOWER ZONE, in which great sources of energy shall be pooled and the power distributed as it is needed, will effect such savings that within it one horse-power can be made to do the work of three and one pound of coal that of two. These are the conclusions of W. S. Murray, chairman of the superpower survey now being carried on by the United States Geological Survey, as set forth in an article he contributes to *The Electric Railway Journal* (New York, October 16). Those who have read in these columns the first superpower suggestions, made several years ago, will be interested to know that in the latest ideas, as given by Mr. Murray, water-power enters into the plan in only the small relative amount of 15 per cent. It is proposed to unite all sources of energy, turn their product into the electrical form, and then give it out just as water or gas or current is now given out by a city system. To quote and condense his article:

Courtesy of "The Electric Railway Journal."

CHAIRMAN OF THE SURVEY,

Mr. W. S. Murray, who tells the plans for the superpower zone in the accompanying article.

"Any man who knows that the steam freight-locomotives of to-day waste three out of every five tons of coal that they burn and at the same time knows that there are means available to eliminate this disastrous waste of the nation's natural resources can not keep silence. If that same man knew that a similar waste of fuel was going on throughout the factories of this land and that this in turn could be corrected, for him silence would indeed be consuming.

These are a part of the conditions that exist. Now, what do they represent in cost to the nation? At the lowest estimate they cost $300,000,000 per annum, which figure will be doubled in four years if the rate of our industrial expansion continues on the order of past progress. But, alas, these very wastes, this improper form of power production and distribution, if continued, will throttle our expansion, and in lieu of progress we shall continue to wallow in our wastes.

"The two giant arms that support industrial expansion are power and transportation. The present inhibition of their development is the common knowledge of the nation. When a ton of freight moves but five miles a day and this keeps up for a solid month; when a public utility central-station system must refuse an offered load of 100,000 kilowatts, crying 'No capacity'; when—but why go on? Were the situation not so paralyzingly serious it would be ridiculous.

"Power is the father of all accomplishment: moral, intellectual, and physical. High-load factor is the measure of successful operation in every business. Its importance of application can find no greater field than in the generation and distribution of power. Good business is entirely dependent upon good agencies. Electricity is the most economic and is the true agent of power. Steam increased the power of man a hundredfold; electricity repeated this multiplication.

"Load factor is the ratio of average to maximum load. Conditions exist where load factor may be 100 per cent. The average load factor of the steam locomotive is less than 10 per cent. Even the average load factor of our central stations is less than 35 per cent. The average load factor in the great zone of the superpower survey is 15 per cent. Such a figure comprehends the present operation of the railroads and industries of the superpower zone.

"This brings us to the specific problem of the superpower system. What does it portend? In a territory, approximately speaking, between Boston and Washington, averaging 150 miles inland from the coast and comprising withal some 60,000 square miles, such a territory representing 2 per cent. of the land area of the United States, there is a demand in machine capacity for 17,000,000 horse-power, divided 10,000,000 horse-power for the industries and 7,000,000 horse-power for the railroads.

"Through the application of a plan outlined below, the load factor can be lifted from its present value of 15 per cent. to 50 per cent. Capacity can be conserved threefold; that is, one horse-power can be made to do the work of three and one pound of coal of two.

"Some years ago in the great mining district of Logan County, W. Va., there was installed in scattered plants some 4,000 horse-power capacity in boilers, the steam from which supplied the power mains of the mines. To-day the power from a 500-horse-power boiler, converted into electricity, takes its place. Here is a conservation of capacity in the ratio of eight to one; a very large conservation made possible by the great diversity factor existing in the mining industry. The example serves, however, as an excellent illustration of what may be done in the great territory now under consideration.

"As in Logan County, where the mines now receive their power from one common bus, so in the superpower territory it is proposed to deliver power to a great transmission and distribution system fed by high-power, high-economy, steam-generating stations erected at points on tide-water and at mouths of mines where condensing water and coal storage are available. Added to such a supply of power will be that obtained from the great rivers of this territory. Every kilowatt-hour of energy so supplied will conserve in nature's storehouse two pounds of coal which would have been required to replace it. Threading through the superpower zone will be a trunk transmission system which will be common to all of these great sources of power, in which will be included also the great central stations of the character now built at Boston, Providence, New York, Newark, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington.

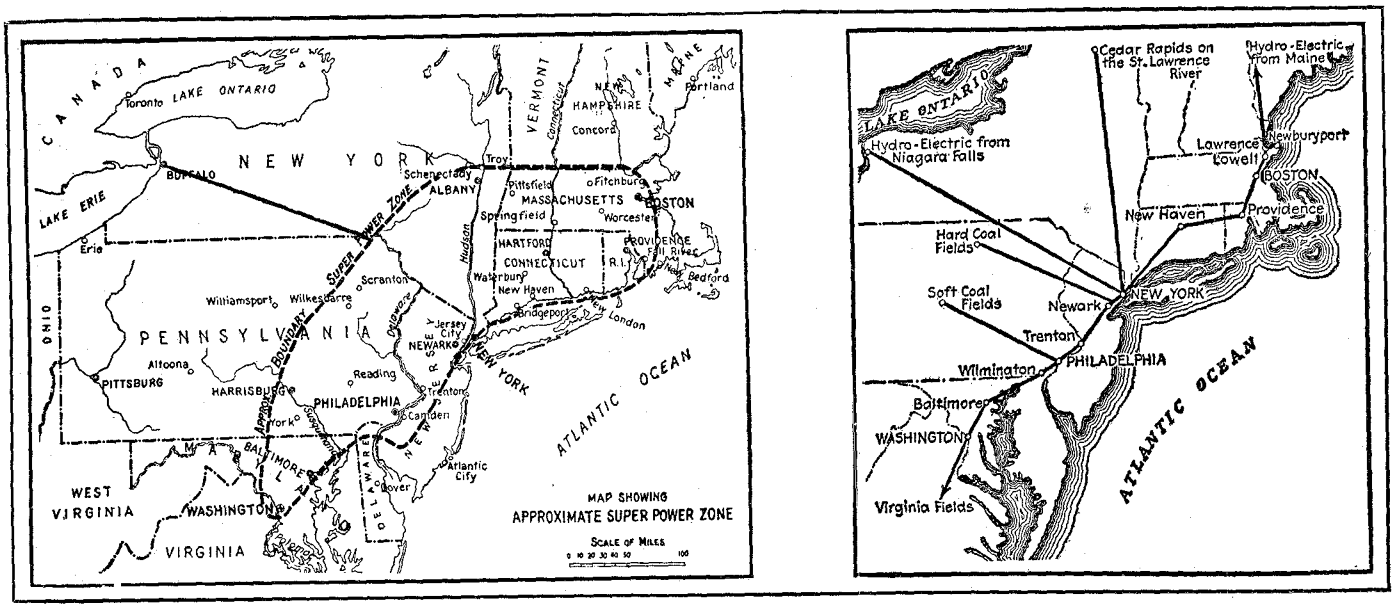
"Approximately speaking, there will be some 2,700,000 kilowatts of new capacity to be added to that of the great stations just named and their function will be to furnish the base load in this great power-reservoir for joint use by the railroads and industries. This, it is believed, can be done at an expenditure of from 1 to 1½ pounds of coal per horse-power-hour, the peak-loads being furnished from the present stations.

"Contrast this with steam locomotives now using seven pounds of coal per horse-power-hour, and again with the factory use of coal at even a greater rate. With these figures before us it is but a simple calculation in arithmetic to show that a saving of 30,000,000 tons of coal per annum is a conservative estimate for this zone."

The conservation of 30,000,000 tons of coal, Mr. Murray reminds us, means a saving of $150,000,000 per annum, and $150,000,000 more, due to the lesser cost of maintenance of electrical as compared with steam machinery. Of course not all steam railroads are to be electrified, but only those where the density of traffic justifies it. Again, the superpower system is not suggested as competitive with existing power agencies. It is suggested that they carry on in larger degree and to higher economies the work now being carried on. Mr. Murray continues:

"Let us now for the moment drop coal-power and think of water-power. Large as are the rivers in the superpower zone, their contribution to the power requirement will be less than 15 per cent. of the total. In four years the proportion of water-power to steam will sink to 7½ per cent. of the total.

"To-day we build a plant and a quarter for every one we require, because we place in that plant spare capacity to guard against breakdown. Recently Philip Torchio, electric engineer, New York Edison Company, cited a dilemma in which this great company found itself when an unusually black thunder-storm enveloped New York City. So much darkness was substituted for light that with the switching on of the load the great plants of this system were taxed beyond their immediate operating capacity. The steam pressure in the boilers fell to a dangerous limit and the situation was only partially saved by the switching on of some available storage-battery capacity. This peak, in midsummer, was greater than any peak during the winter


CANADA
LAKE ONTARIO
Toronto
LAKE ERIE
Erie
OHIO
NEW YORK
BUFFALO
Schenectady
ALBANY
Troy
SUPER POWER ZONE
VERMONT
NEW HAMPSHIRE
Concord
MAINE
Portland
MASSACHUSETTS
Pittsfield
Fitchburg
BOSTON
Springfield
Worcester
Hudson
Connecticut
HARTFORD
CONNECTICUT
Waterbury
New Haven
Bridgeport
New London
PROVIDENCE
R.I.
Fall River
New Bedford
PENNSYLVANIA
Williamsport
Wilkes-Barre
Scranton
Altoona
PITTSBURG
HARRISBURG
Reading
York
PHILADELPHIA
Camden
Trenton
NEWARK
Jersey City
NEW YORK
NEW JERSEY
DELAWARE
Dover
Atlantic City
BALTIMORE
WASHINGTON
WEST VIRGINIA
VIRGINIA
MARYLAND
ATLANTIC OCEAN
MAP SHOWING
APPROXIMATE SUPER POWER ZONE
SCALE OF MILES
Cedar Rapids on the St. Lawrence River
Hydro-Electric from Maine
LAKE ONTARIO
Hydro-Electric from Niagara Falls
Lawrence
Lowell
Newburyport
BOSTON
Providence
New Haven
Hard Coal Fields
Soft Coal Fields
Newark
NEW YORK
Trenton
PHILADELPHIA
Wilmington
Baltimore
WASHINGTON
Virginia Fields
ATLANTIC OCEAN

THE SUPERPOWER ZONE AND ITS SOURCES OF ENERGY.

months. Had the New York Edison Company been a part of a superpower system it would be possible to have supplied not only the 60,000 kilowatts required, but probably twice that amount within five minutes. The power might well have come from Niagara Falls or the St. Lawrence River, to say nothing of the possibility of its coming from one of our own rivers in the immediate vicinity, such as the Delaware or the Susquehanna. Or still again it might have been supplied from one or two steam turbo-generators located in a superpower station either at tide-water or at the mouth of a mine."

How do existing power agencies like this idea of a league? Mr. Murray says that in a trip throughout the superpower zone to meet the executives of railways, public utility companies, and industrial chiefs, while expecting a sympathetic point of view, he was amazed at the alacrity of their offers of assistance, backed up by the flood of information pouring in as the result of questionnaires addrest to them. He goes on as follows to speak of the purposes and organization of the survey:

"The objects of the superpower survey are two: (1) The allocation and valuation of the waste incident to the present improper forms of power production and distribution and (2) the recommendation of a regional plan by means of which this waste can be eliminated. The plan was indorsed by the Secretary [of the Interior] and Dr. George Otis Smith, under whose department, the United States Geological Survey, the power survey is now being conducted. It now forms a part of the Sundry Civil Bill for 1921.

"On our advisory board appear such names as Breckenridge, of Yale; Buckland, of the New Haven; Hardin, of the New York Central; Alexander, executive director National Industrial Conference Board; Edgar, of the Boston Edison; Sloan, of the Brooklyn Edison; Pardee, of the American Electric Railway Association; Little, America's foremost chemist and the author of 'Rehabilitating the Estate'; McGraw, the head of technical publicity in this country, and last, but only because he joined last, Herbert Hoover, representing mines.

"Throughout the trip from Boston to Washington it seemed as if every man wanted to impress upon me that what we needed most was a sufficiency and a reliability of power. The cry for power seemed to pervade the atmosphere, and when that was not mentioned, coal, or rather the lack of it, took its place. Every one seemed to say, 'When the foundation is laid for the superpower system, see to it that you know where your coal is coming from, and how you are going to get it.'

"None of the superpower stations should, I think, be erected within the confines of large cities. Around them should be placed ring busses from which power may be drawn, and the new superpower stations should be built far outside the limits of such cities. A prerequisite of as much importance as securing water is that of securing ground for coal storage. Such storage will amount to millions of tons and will be a regulating feature paramount to a continuity of power production, while answering also the fluctuating labor conditions at the mine.

"The great coal roads to the mines must be 'revamped,' and these will offer opportunity for electrification, even outside the immediate limits of the electrification zone, to permit the speeding up of that important traffic. It is patent that if, by the means described, we can make one ton of coal do the work of two, the effect will be simply to accelerate the expansion of our industrialism. Thus these same coal roads will be required to handle more, rather than less, coal.

"The growth of the power demand in this country is not in proportion to the growth of population, but at a rate much higher. During the last ten years the horse-power per wage-earner has increased 25 per cent. The wages of labor in this country have risen far above those of other countries, and therefore it is to machine-made power and not to man-made power that we must look in order that American industry may fairly meet the competition of the rest of the world.

"The northeast seaboard, of which the superpower zone forms the most important part, is the finishing shop of American industry. Into it flow the country's raw materials, and when the highly skilled and highly paid American labor has turned them into finished products our new merchant marine, with its building record of 6,000,000 tons in a single year, stands ready to secure our supremacy in world trade.

"We have spent billions to develop the natural resources of the United States and render them available. Can we now afford to throttle the burst of industrial expansion which is upon us, not only for ourselves but for the world, by refusing to recognize the necessity of stimulating the two giant arms which are supporting it—power and transportation?

"We have spent billions in destruction for preservation; now let us spend billions in construction for conservation!"

GERMAN REGARD FOR SCIENCE—According to the Berlin correspondent of the London *Times*, Professor Einstein is so much disgusted by attacks made upon him by certain of his anti-Semitic scientific colleagues that he may leave Berlin altogether. Says *Science* (New York):

"The *Tageblatt* makes a strong protest against the annoyance to which Professor Einstein has been subjected, which it describes as disgraceful. It says: 'It is the duty of the Berlin University to do all in its power to keep Professor Einstein. Every one who desires to maintain the honor of German science in the future must now stand by this man.' Professor Einstein himself makes a reply in the *Tageblatt* to his assailants. He ends by saying that it will make a singularly bad impression on his *confrères* to see how the theory of relativity and its originator are being traduced in Germany."

DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE AND INVENTION CONTINUED ON PAGE 116

LETTERS - AND - ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

A NEW ART IN MASKS

THE ELIMINATION OF THE ACTOR and his substitution by the marionette has long been a dream, fantastic to many, of Gordon Craig. Where this is not possible Mr. Craig has advocated the use of masks. Perhaps such a substitution is contemplated as a revenge against present-day acting. Quite independently of this ingenious innovator of the theater the Polish-American artist, W. T. Benda, has worked as a creator of masks which have come into public notice in the current display of "The Greenwich Village Follies." In the ancient theater of Greece, in the Japanese Noh drama, as well as in the dance of the American Indian the use of the mask has been well known; but Mr. Benda, as we learn from the article by Oliver M. Sayler in the Boston *Transcript*, did not begin by having their use in the theater in mind. He created his masks because they represented a form of sculpture appealing to his imagination. The theater, indeed, may have been subconsciously back of it all, for family traditions—he being a nephew of the late Mme. Modjeska—connect him with this branch of artistic effort. "Each individual study," we are told, "has grown under his exacting hand like a clay model under the creative fingers of the sculptor or a character in fiction under the shaping imagination of the novelist." It was not that the theater asked for them and so called them into life, but it had the sense to desire them when they were seen. We read:

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MR. W. T. BENDA AT WORK ON HIS MASKS.

"Each individual study has grown under his hands like a clay model under the creative hand of the sculptor, or a character in fiction under the shaping imagination of the novelist."

> "In three years' time his output is in the neighborhood of twenty, and the average time spent on each, made up of odd moments snatched from other work, has been from a month to six weeks. In that untiring devotion to detail there is a hint—rare enough in our hurried hour—of the perseverance of the elder craftsmen, who labored long over a task in hand with an affection born of skill and pride in their individual creation. To hold an ancient mask of the Noh or of the South Sea Islands calls up a picture of endless hours of faithful and meticulous workmanship. To-day, with all their pains, Japanese handicraftsmen are unequal to the example set by their classic past, and the best they can do is to copy the work preserved from a more diligent day. Discovery of something of that ancient spirit in headlong America bodes well for the unfolding progress of our theater as art.
>
> "Benda's self-education in the making of masks has resulted in a method of manufacture peculiar to himself. The light weight of his most expansive studies is surprizing until the material and the manner of construction are examined. Building upon a crude frame of cardboard, he pastes thereon layer after layer of paper, perceiving with the intuition of the sculptor the basal outlines of his subject and working from within outward. A safety-razor is the practical if not very esthetic tool whereby he corrects mistakes he has made. Five and six times, often, he approaches the finished contour before he is satisfied with it. Once content therewith, he reenforces the structure on the inner side where the scant addition of outer layers has left the construction unstable. The nose in particular is strengthened in this way from within as the most vulnerable detail of the whole, until the thickness at this point exceeds a quarter of an inch.
>
> "Having completed his work in configuration, the artist next paints the mask, inside and out. 'Originally,' he explains, 'I decorated the interior so that it could hang in my studio and swing on its peg at any angle and still present a finished aspect. Now that the masks are being used in the theater, I continue the practise in the thought that the actor or the dancer on donning them will enter into the spirit of each one imaginatively, if the last moment before his eyes are covered discloses to him something of the flavor and the characteristics of the being which the exterior presents to the spectator. The outer surface depends largely on the use to which the mask is to be put. If it is destined to be shown at a great distance from the audience, I sometimes leave the patchwork of paper strips uncovered and apply the color and the decoration directly. For closer observation, a thin coating of plaster obliterates the marks of construction. In addition, in the latter case, there is the problem of glazing. In some instances a dull surface is desirable, in others a high gloss, and in still others certain features only require such treatment.'"

The feather lightness of Benda's masks, in contrast to the Indian, Chinese, or Japanese, puts a negligible burden upon the actor or dancer wearing them, "making thus for freedom of movement and opportunity to devote the entire strength to full realization and perfect control of the characterization." Furthermore, put together bit by bit, their final form is almost incapable of reproduction or of accurate imitation. And—

"The mask of wood or of stone may, with skill, be copied. The mask of a thousand bits of paper is almost as secure from repetition as a human being.

"The range of characterization in the score of masks which up to the present time Benda has built indicates a wide creative and imaginative gift. The quartet displayed at Wanamaker's included a painted lady of the Renaissance, a Norman baron at Runnymede, a mythic warrior of Jason's crew, and a half-bird-half-man from Aristophanic lore—to give concrete nomenclature to what may in the artist's mind have been more or less vague conceptions. Among the masks which Margaret Severn wears fleetingly in 'The Greenwich Village Follies,' to the greater distinction of that smart and antic entertainment, perhaps the most striking are those of the Peacock and the Silly Doll. The former is a gorgeous, spreading, fanlike gear with a cold, proud face; the latter a pert and eloquent symbol of utter emptyheadedness. Still reposing in the artist's studio are a number of varying feminine faces, including a reserved and haughty Japanese, and another of the grotesque studies—half-man-half-beast—this time a singular cross between fish and human, the latest addition to the collection and as yet unfinished. . . . . . .

"An interesting phase of mask characterization which has won Benda's attention is the way in which the mask in use on the human form seems to change as the head takes different positions. His friends interested in this startling and paradoxical illusion have drawn from him this explanation: 'As a matter of fact, the mask does appear to change expression in passing from one angle to another. This change, anomalous as it may be, has sound psychological footing. In life, as the head shifts position, turns to one side or the other or upward or down, the muscles naturally and instinctively respond to the altered strain upon them and actually vary the appearance, even tho the same expression be retained. Accustomed to these changes, we say there has been no change. And so when the mask shifts position and by its nature can not respond with the accommodations which we take for granted, we are imprest in consequence with the feeling that the expression has actually been modified.'"

In *The Theater Arts Magazine* (October, New York), Miss Severn, who is the first interpreter of Mr. Benda's masks, says that "in the quick and contrasting changes of personality which they make possible tremendous scope is given to the dancers' imagination in the creation of new movements and steps."

"Unthought-of gestures suddenly leap into being when one ceases to be one's self and becomes immersed in the character of the mask. The audience, too, forget the identity of the dancer in their interest in the projected ideas, and become absorbed in the action or picture before them.

"Mr. Benda worked originally only to satisfy a personal hobby, but succeeded in producing unique and beautiful results. In these masks he has not merely made imitations of the human face—he seems to have captured wandering spirits out of the air and to have given them earthly form, each mask being an entity in itself. When one looks at it, one feels that had Mr. Benda's magic extended itself a little further, the mask would speak in a strange, unearthly voice and tell tales of life in undreamed-of worlds. It is this spiritual, unhuman quality particularly peculiar to Mr. Benda's masks which holds so much inspiration for the dancer. When I first looked on the face of the Oriental Princess, for instance, it seemed so real, so completely a personality in itself, that I did not think of making up steps to do it in. It seemed to me that the Princess herself knew exactly what she wanted to do, so I placed her countenance over my own, and, keeping the image of it in my mind, I began to dance. The movements were slow and sinuous; the dark slant of her half-closed eyelids suggested gestures that were at once reserved and rhythmical. The inscrutability of her expression carried me still further into attitudes and movements that were meant to tantalize and fascinate tho remaining unexplained and distant.

"Then there was the skull of the hideous old man—a face expressing bitterness, miserliness, and hypocrisy, together with a glint of wicked humor. This mask has been called 'The Monk,' 'The Ascetic,' or 'The Miser.' In interpreting it, I chose not to imitate realistically the movements of any of the characters suggested by these names, but rather to symbolize in my gestures its predominant qualities of hatred and malice. When wearing it, my body seemed naturally to fall into grotesque and ugly attitudes.

"Utterly different is the character of the 'Silly Doll' or 'The Flirt.' This ridiculous little creature has exquisite golden hair, enormous staring blue eyes, and an impossibly small rosebud mouth. If she could speak she would certainly use baby talk and be sure to lisp. She has a habit of putting one finger in her mouth, and she loves to hunch up one shoulder and stare at you over it in naive surprize—she is obviously a born coquet, tho all the while she seems seriously to assure you that she doesn't know what flirting means. Of course, when she dances she chooses twinkling little ballet steps. She twiddles her toes in and out so quickly that you can hardly see them move. She shows you that she has an exquisite little ankle, and that her mood can be as variable as her steps."

UNDYING BEST-SELLERS

YOU MUST ASK MORE than your own circle of friends if you wish to generalize safely. Perhaps Prof. Brander Matthews is cogitating this truism now that he is told that some of the "best-sellers of a by-gone age" that he thought buried in the dust-bins of that era are not far from good-sellers to-day. In our issue of October 16 we reproduced his words relative to certain books whose publishers, Messrs. Houghton Mifflin Company furnish the New York *Times Book Review and Magazine* with some contradictory facts:

THE MUSE OF MASKS.

One of Benda's substitutes for the face of the actress. With this, personal ugliness is no discount.

"The history of 'The Lamplighter' is an interesting case in hand. The author of the article says of it: 'The title is all that swims on the surface of the waters of oblivion. The rest is silence. Perhaps a worn copy or two could even now be found on the upper shelves of some circulating libraries, undusted for perhaps half a century.' We have rather a strong conviction that it is not only on the upper shelves that 'The Lamplighter' may be found. In 1861, when Houghton Mifflin took over its publication—it first appeared in 1854—it had already gone through ninety-one editions, and it has been going steadily ever since. In 1902 a new edition was made of this book, and, owing to its steady popularity, thirteen reprintings have since been ordered. In 1915 'The Lamplighter' was included in the Cambridge Classic Series, and of this edition the New York Public Library gave an order for 250 copies, which seems to have been but a drop in the bucket, for six months later they began reordering small lots and have kept it up without intermission. We cite the New York Public Library and its orders merely as an indication of the way this book has sold in the last few years.

"'Rutledge' had been in print almost thirty years before we began its publication. Since then it has been reprinted twenty-eight times and is still selling in a quiet, conservative manner. Perhaps the fact that Mr. Dana, compilator of 'A Thousand of the Best Novels,' includes 'Rutledge' may have something to do with its very noteworthy sale.

"That Professor Matthews should place Bret Harte in the 'weed-grown graveyard of fiction' will, no doubt, surprize many of Bret Harte's admirers—and the sales records of his books do not read like an obituary. This author is still holding his own against the more modern writers. We have sold a million and a half copies of his books—and the sales are by no means limited to the nineteenth century.

"We thought some of the many readers of Professor Matthews's review might enjoy hearing exactly how some of these old-time favorites are faring to-day."

TAMING MARK TWAIN

A "RECTIFIED PHILISTINE" is what the London *Athenæum* calls Mark Twain. Matthew Arnold, who gave us the word in this use, would perhaps approve of the reformation thus effected; but latter-day criticism prefers to paint the portrait "with all the warts." The majority of opinion to-day regards Mark Twain as somehow spoilt in the blundering process of rectification that tried to smooth his eccentric originality down to the dead-level of literary commonplace. Mr. Van Wyck Brooks presents this view in a book which applies the Freudian process of analysis, and calls the result "The Ordeal of Mark Twain." Much the same thing, without being so strongly labeled, is implied in certain English reviews of the volume of Mark Twain's letters recently published over there. "How far the process of domesticating spoiled Mark Twain, how far it lost the world another Rabelais, it is useless wondering," says *The New Statesman* (London), and settles down to take things as they are without much more than regret that Mark Twain was too easy.

APPROACHING SCULPTURE

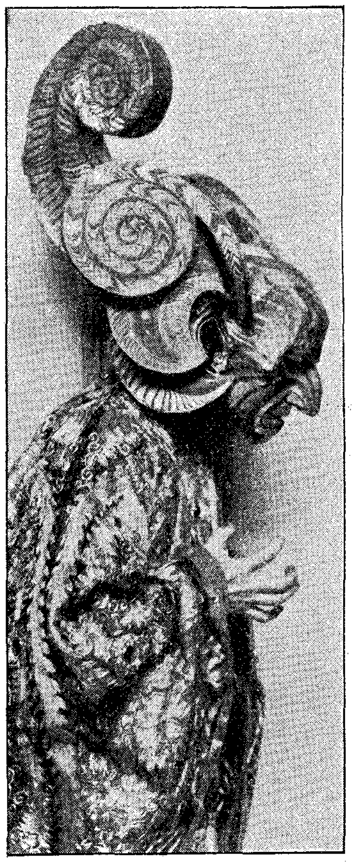
The masks on this page show how the make-up art of the actor is improved upon to the perfect adaptation of means to end.

Content with the fulfilment of the Missourian demand, "you've got to show me," this "wise, mocking, infinitely kind, skeptical man of genius was content with just being 'shown.'" He came from his Wild West, says this writer, "covering his self-consciousness and modesty, with the air of preternatural cunning—you must show him; but all the defenses went down quickly." What is coming to be the English view of Mark Twain is coupled with a repudiation of literary and social standards that are often accused of being derived from England. Mark Twain, so this writer continues, "was convinced so soon that these other ways were better ways, that he was, as he put it, a 'rough, coarse, unpromising' creature until the politer East had finished with him. When he was confronted by gentility, by the Brahmans of Boston, by the standards of the parlor, by the strange life led by ladies of refinement, he was scared into submission, he was shown in, and sat uneasily handling his genius on the edge of a slight, breakable drawing-room chair." The writer blames Mr. Howells and Mark Twain's wife:

"And Mark Twain could have been helped. He needed education; he needed 'showing'—but he was shown the wrong things. Mrs. Clemens and Howells set themselves to curb his exuberance, his extravagance, the rich riot of excess which were the very essence of the man's genius; while if they had only given him positive advice, he might have been greater than he was. No one but a prig would deny that Mark Twain can be funny, when he is merely ignorant or crude, as in the episode of the blown-out lamp; but how much funnier he is when his humor springs from knowledge and that perverse sympathy, as when he weeps at the tomb of Adam!

"There is a startling instance of how a man of talent—for Howells has great talent—can blunder in the account of the revision of 'Tom Sawyer.' It is a small detail, but very significant. Mark Twain, after he has had the manuscript back from Howells, scored plentifully, writes again to ask whether Howells had noticed that *Huck Finn* says in one passage that his womenfolk 'comb him all to hell.' Should that be left in a book for boys? It is the man from Missouri, used to the accusation that he is a foul-mouthed ruffian, shyly ready to adhere to the conventions of the drawing-room. Howells writes back: 'I'd have that swearing out in an instant. I suppose I didn't notice it because the locution was so familiar to my Western sense and so exactly the thing *Huck* would say.' Can you, as the phrase is, beat it? The sentence is to be altered precisely because it is right and natural, so right and natural that Mrs. Clemens and her mother, when Mark read it to them, never noticed it either. It is a real minor tragedy to watch this great man being taken in hand by people whose standards were no better than his, but who had more rigid, tighter conventions. They meant well, but they took the genius from Missouri, and 'combed him all to hell.' The result is that American opinion, if Mr. Bigelow Paine, Mark Twain's biographer and the editor of this volume, is at all representative, is so ludicrously false about the great humorist as to regard his novel on Joan of Arc as that one of his works which 'will perhaps survive the longest.' It is certainly his politest book, and will never, as Whistler said, turn any goldfish blue; but it is hard on the world's greatest, most glorious liar when his friends rate highest a book which is sober history."

Many are still unaware how great a man was Mark Twain; and *The New Statesman* complains that Mr. Paine's biography, being "written from the Boston angle," does not help, tho the letters themselves do:



MASK AND HEADDRESS.

"Fortunately the letters here printed can give any one the opportunity of making an independent portrait of this lovable, imaginative, and at times really tremendous personality. What strikes one most about Mark Twain, as revealed in his letters, is his modesty, the quiet reserve of strength. As a man, he supported his mother, a harmless but unprofitable brother, Orion Clemens, with his family, and his own family, and still had cash and patience to give to private companies and friends. Sometimes he let himself go at Orion, who got a new job every six weeks and a new religion every six years; but he never stopt helping him, and he never stopt trying to make Orion think he was earning the money which was given him. . . . . .

"There are things in which Mark Twain resembles Swift. He combined, as did Swift, a monstrous skepticism about mankind in the mass with a tender, generous love for individuals—not excluding individuals of the class he loathed. He is violently antimonarchical, favors assassination in Russia; yet he has nothing but pleasant words for the royalties he meets. In one instance we are bound to lament this soft-heartedness. After the writing of 'The Innocents Abroad' he came to England, with the object of writing a similar book on England and the English. It was in 1872. At that time in America, tho a popular lecturer and a 'best-seller,' he was ignored by the serious critics. In London he was received with ovations. He was greeted as a master by Browning and Turgenef, Millais and Kingsley. The result was a great loss to the literature of humor. He never wrote his book. He decided that he 'could not poke fun at a country or a people that had welcomed him with open arms.'"

Mark Twain is called "a vile critic of literature"; but his fault is mitigated by being shared "with millions of other people who do not give us literature of a depth and originality not surpassed by the authors he maligned." Furthermore:

"It does not matter to us that Mark Twain thought Scott was a poser with no sense of humor; what matters is that he wrote books which Scott would have loved to read. His own claim that he did not write for the cultured, but for the masses, is a pathetic illustration of how literature was misconceived by the good Bostonians who schooled him. It is lamentable and funny to find a genius of Mark Twain's size imagining any artist works for the cultured, that any art aimed at the *cognoscenti* can have an abiding value. Perhaps, after all, Boston did him and the world service by this mistake. Mark Twain is convinced that 'high art' is done by the cultured for the cultured; and he knows instinctively that he can never achieve success there. So he let culture go, and was content to give us 'The Innocents Abroad,' 'Roughing It,' 'A Tramp Abroad,' 'Life on the Mississippi,' and 'Huckleberry Finn.'"

SIR HERBERT TREE'S WIT

"IT IS AS A WIT or master of the simplest, acutest, and at the same time gentlest ironies, rather than as an actor, that Herbert Tree will survive for posterity." This is said by a writer in the London *Evening Standard*, and the conviction may also be held by the family of the departed actor, for the book they have just put forth—edited by Max Beerbohm—is a collection of stories and not a formal biography. The writer here declares that Tree's wit "was a thing that broke upon you like a flower":

"It transcended that of any man of his time, and probably that of any man of any other time. It had none of the cheap mechanics of Wilde about it; none of the snarling cynicism of Irving; none of the hilarious boisterousness of Toole; none of the lacerating vindictiveness of Whistler. We remember hearing Stephen Phillips describe it as 'the spontaneous fruit of the Tree of knowledge of good and evil.' It burgeoned rather than flashed out of the man, unpremeditated and in the way of nature. Fundamentally it was intended more for his own consumption and quiet joy than for the benefit of his fellows. Lady Tree offers us only rare examples of it, but here is one of the best:

"'"Home!" Tree shouted through the trap-door of a hansom cab. "Where, sir?" asked the driver. "Do you think I am going to tell a person like you where my beautiful home is!" was the baffling and *crushing* reply.'

"The italic is ours. We should doubt if Tree ever desired to be 'crushing'—anyway to a cabman—in his life. When he fired off that *mot* which, despite its apparent fragility, will last him for many a long day, it was just the pleasant soul of him talking its own pleasant philosophy to its own pleasant self.

"Again, in a letter which Lady Tree reproduces, Mr. Norman Forbes writes:

"'He [Tree] told me he had received a beautiful machine from a gramophone company for his acceptance, with the request that he would allow them to publish his letter of acknowledgment. Herbert wrote: "Dear Sir,—I have received your instrument, which seems to me to add a new terror to life, and makes death a long-felt want."'

"Perhaps that acknowledgment was posted and perhaps it wasn't. But Tree would have his consciousness of duty prettily done in either case. Mr. Forbes's letter also revives this one:

"'The provincial managers, as you know, cover the hoardings and walls of towns with huge letters of the name of a London star. I happened to be passing through one of these towns on my way to see your husband, and was confronted with his name in enormous block letters. I twitted Herbert with this, and he said: "Yes, you are quite right, and when I pass my name in such large letters I blush, but at the same time instinctively raise my hat."'"

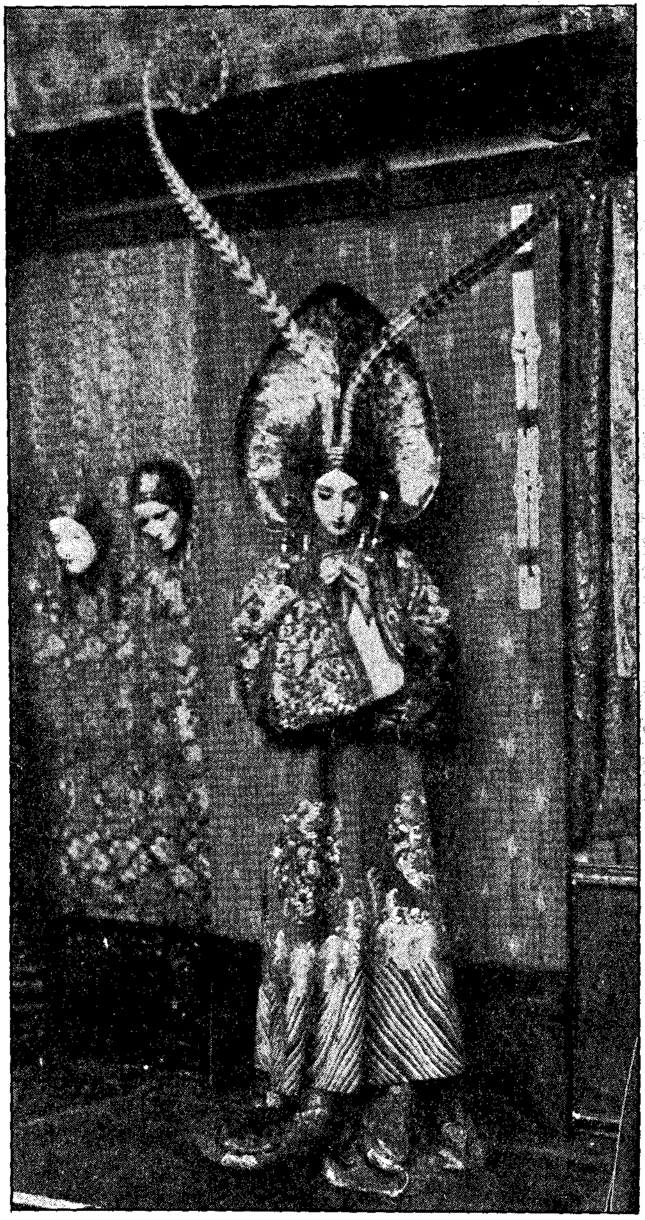
The Pall Mall Gazette gives a few more nuggets, one of which concerns Irving:

"There is a particularly good story, by the way, of the late Sir Henry Irving, which also concerns the late Mr. Charles Allan, that excellent actor of small parts, and something of a gourmet, who was always one of Sir Herbert Tree's favorites. Sir Henry came to see Tree in 'The Village Priest,' at the Haymarket, where Allan had only one appearance to make as a *gendarme* in the last act, and had only two words to say: '*Allons: Marche!*'

"'When the great guest came on to the stage, Herbert and I waited for his praise, which indeed we deserved, for the production was exquisite, and Herbert's own part—the gentle old *Abbé*—one of his masterpieces. Irving came, and uttered but these words: "Good night! Allan, excellent! God bless you!"'

"It was during the run of 'The Village Priest,' by the way, that Sir Herbert made his famous reply to Mr. Gladstone on the politics of the 'profession': 'Mostly Conservative, but the stage-hands are Radicals to a man.'

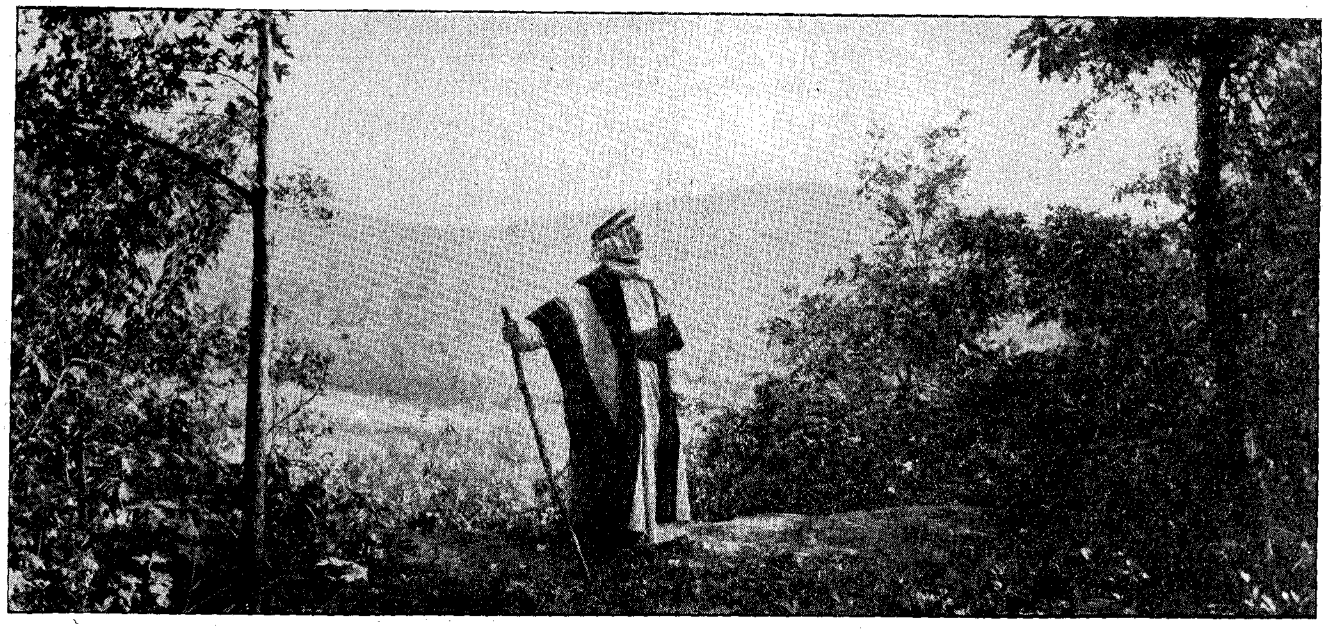
"Lady Tree has much to tell of brilliant assemblages at the Foreign Office, which Sir Herbert always longed to transfer to the stage, 'wonderful, dreamlike parties in the great studios of Tadema, Leighton, Millais, Watts, Poynter, Burne-Jones, and Alfred Gilbert,' where 'one nestled in the very heart of culture,' and those famous supper-parties in 'The Dome' at His Majesty's—'Sir Herbert At Dome,' as Lady Tree called them."



THE MASK DICTATES ITS OWN DRAMA.

"Unthought-of gestures," says Miss Severn, "suddenly leap into being when one ceases to be oneself and becomes immersed in the character of the mask."

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE



A SCENE FROM THE FILM VERSION OF THE PARABLE OF "THE GOOD SAMARITAN."

BIBLE STORIES ON THE SCREEN

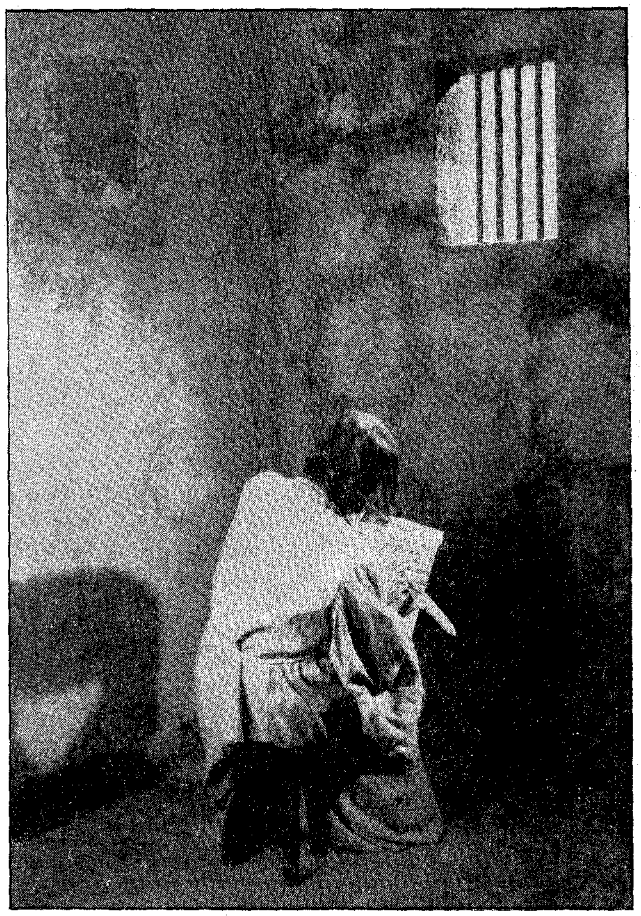
A SIX-REEL THRILLER showing Jonah in the act of casting himself into the sea, his rescue by the kindly whale, and a close-up of the whale's interior, with Jonah somehow comfortably ensconced, may soon be one of the entertainments offered Sunday-school pupils. Renewed interest in the motion-picture as a means for religious training is being exhibited by press and pastor, and, on the whole, the idea of using the screen in church and Sunday-school is meeting with considerable enthusiasm. An organization of church and business men has been formed under the name of the International Church Film Corporation on the theory that the Church is overlooking an excellent opportunity for instructiveness and interest by neglecting the cinema. Arrangements have been made with 5,000 churches for the display of films released through the corporation, including dramas, travelogs, educational subjects, and clean comedy. In England, where the Church Pictorial Movement is progressing rapidly as a commercial and social success, *The Church Times* (Church of England) reports that it has received from America an account of a scheme to produce a "cinema edition of the Bible," which the writer to *The Times* says is already "the best seller the world over to-day." Without wishing to possess the Bible in cinema form, this British publication looks forward to the day when, "quite simply, some of its wonderful stories are made available for our school children. . . . It is imperative that both children and their elders should have a decent alternative to the vamped-up sentiment and melodrama that constitute their present picture fare." In the Catholic Church the possibilities of the motion-picture as an instructive factor have been realized to the extent that Pope Benedict XV. has caused to be established in Rome a cinema institute for the purpose of producing and circulating, both in Italy and abroad, films of Italian manufacture covering religious and other subjects. One of the first projects of this institute was the filming of the canonization ceremonies of St. Joan of Arc, which was done under the exclusive direction of the Vatican. In this country, writes Charles A. McMahon, director of the N. C. W. C. Motion-Picture Bureau, in *The Catholic Universe* (Cleveland), "the motion-picture is being used in ever-increasing measure in Catholic parishes, schools, colleges, and institutions, both for social and educational purposes." While the screen will never be introduced into Catholic churches as an integral part of the service, we are informed—

> "Pastors who formerly were traditionally opposed to the motion-picture have come to realize that it can be made one of the most helpful means of maintaining a proper parish spirit and of bringing people together in an interesting way within their own parish environments and under the influence of their parish leaders. The great majority of the larger parishes are now equipped with up-to-date motion-picture apparatus, and in many there is equipment as good as is to be found in many of the motion-picture theaters."

The Methodist General Conference at Des Moines, realizing that the motion-picture has taken an effective hold on the people, established a department of stereopticon and moving pictures as part of the plan of Centenary publicity. The Centenary also maintains a "white list," indicating plays which properly may be seen, which is issued every month. This list is now going to more than 2,000 Methodist pastors. *The Northwestern Christian Advocate* (Methodist) remarks this step approvingly, and says:

> "There is a broad field of life still to be exploited by the movies against which no possible criticism can be launched; and the sooner the Church throws over against sensational exhibitions the depiction of life in its cleanest and on its highest plane, the better will it be for both the Church and society in general. It is the Church's business, when confronting a situation not inherently immoral but perverted by bad use, to face it bravely and correct the error, rather than abandon the same. The Church should strive with customs and situations as it does with individuals; both need to be saved from their shortcomings and directed to better ways."

It seems generally agreed, as Paul Smith, founder of the International Church Film Corporation, writes in *The Lookout* (Cincinnati), that there is no longer "any doubt of the motion-picture's place in the academic, ethical, moral, and spiritual education of humanity." It has been "proved in so conclusive a manner that colleges and universities, civic betterment organizations, and churches have recognized and adopted the film as a means toward the accomplishment of their aims." Noting that difficulty was experienced in having the commercial companies provide films suitable for church and Sunday-school, the writer points out that now, under the church corporation, "the churches are going to have what they want. They're going to have stories with moral and ethical purpose instead of stars and directors with box-office values. And some day the big commercial companies will wake up to the fact where the future of the motion-picture lies—that it must mean something, just as art and literature and music have meant something more than paint and words and notes." *The Universalist* agrees that many leaders now recognize that a thing is not of necessity evil because it is new, recalling that some thought that "at last the devil has got in his work" when musical instruments were introduced. "It is an experiment worthy of careful consideration when the movies go to church." Speaking for the Christian Church in the rural South, *The Christian Sun* (Burlington, N. C.) asserts that "the moving-picture art can be featured in the rural districts with almost the same degree of success as it can be in the cities, and the wide-open opportunity for the country church is to get hold of this very thing before some evil organization gets hold of it." Lessons like these to be learned from the pictures of various incidents in the Life of Christ "should daily be taught where their opposite is thrown before an eager throng. If pictures speak louder than words, and the Church feels it her duty to control words, why not control pictures?"



PAUL IN PRISON.

From "Along the Years from Yesterday," a religious film made for the Methodist Book Concern.

But *The Presbyterian* holds its hands up in horror at the spectacle of the screen in the church, on the ground that "what might have been of some use has been made to contribute to corruption rather than purification, to defilement rather than pure amusement. The instruction feature has been largely perverted." In the effort to introduce the moving pictures into the service of the Church "an ancient weakness is repeated." Wherever substitution is attempted, as in "the picture for the sermon and the song on the screen for the hymn-book," there is a "slump into weak spirituality." The reason, we are told, is not far to see. It is because—

> "The human mind is rational and moral, and the effective appeal in spiritual things must be to the understanding and the conscience. The appeal of the movie is to senses and emotions.
>
> "Had this agency been as effective as its friends believed, doubtless God would have chosen it for this purpose. Inasmuch as God rejected this agency and chose the rational and moral appeal through a consecrated personality, the Church and all men would do well to adhere to God's arrangements. May God keep the Church in these days of confusion and deliver her from the man who would exploit her for secular and financial purposes."

JAPANESE CHRISTIANS FOR PEACE

RECURRENT ANTI-JAPANESE misunderstandings and disturbances on our Western coast and the frequently exprest fear of war with Japan make all the more interesting to Christians in America a message of peace and cheer from the Federation of Churches in Japan to the Federal Council of Churches in America. At the recent annual meeting of the Japan Federation a keen interest was exhibited in Christian internationalism, says *The Herald of Gospel Liberty* (Christian). The resolutions deplore that "there still remain unsolved many misunderstandings and doubts and suspicions between the people of the world," and assert that the Japanese Christians desire to help in dissolving these misunderstandings and "to make Japan a defender of international justice and a nation contributing to the realization of the Kingdom of God." Disapproval of many of the policies carried out by Japan in Korea is exprest, and it is acknowledged that the attitude of Japan toward China has hitherto not been quite open and impartial. It is hoped, however, that influences now at work will culminate in better understanding and more neighborly friendship between these two great nations. As *The Herald* quotes the resolution:

> "Among European and American people there is a mistaken idea that we are clinging to militaristic and aggressive principles and that we are thus a second Germany. We deeply regret this. In every nation there are those who admire militarism, and to this Japan is no exception. But we unquestionably believe that both our national policy and the desire of the majority of our people are always for peace and without ambition to invade and possess the territory of others. It is our aim to lead our people to the absolute rejection of militarism and to help bring about a world-peace that will endure forever.
>
> "It is a matter of great joy to us that, at a time when the necessity for mutual understanding and trust and friendship among the nations is most vital, the League of Nations has been established. We Christians in this land believe that we are richest in international ideas and have the clearest understandings of the great principle of world-brotherhood. Our religion has done this for us, and so at this great time it is our ambition that our whole people shall be permeated with this grand desire."

These resolutions are the more important, *The Herald* notes editorially, because the Christian body in Japan, while numerically small, "is becoming increasingly influential, numbering many of the educated and the official classes and steadily gaining in the respect and good-will of the governing Powers." This paper is gratified to find "even in that oriental nation a 'remnant of God's people' planning to unite their power and their influence with the Christian forces of other lands throughout the world to compel a finer Christian attitude and more Christlike internationalism from the sordid forces of commercial and diplomatic statesmanship which heretofore have always had the controlling hand in the affairs of nations."

RESURRECTING THE INTERCHURCH MOVEMENT

FOLLOWING FAILURE of its financial effort and the storm of adverse criticism, the Interchurch World Movement has been reorganized and is solvent, according to a recent announcement from Bishop Thomas Nicholson, of Chicago, chairman of the committee of fifteen appointed to effect rehabilitation. More than $1,000,000 has been paid into the organization by the denominations which undertook to underwrite the original campaign for $100,000,000, we are told; and pledges due will provide sufficient funds to pay all debts incurred by the old organization and cover the budget of the new body until January 1. Plans have been made for a series of conferences with the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, the Home and Foreign Missions Councils, the women's boards, the educational boards, and various other interdenominational agencies, and it is hoped by the committee to reestablish the Movement on a permanent basis. The final report of the reorganization committee will depend upon the outcome of these conferences. The arrangements contemplate the completion of the surveys begun by the Movement and not finished before its "collapse," so that the great mass of information thus to be obtained may be placed at the service of the various churches. Temporarily the Home Missions Council, representing the boards of forty-one denominations, and the Foreign Missions Conference have been asked to take charge of this work. The announcement of the reorganization of the Movement is not, however, received with unmixed pleasure. *The Watchman-Examiner* (Baptist) believes that "the payment of the underwritings by some of the denominations will work great hardship," and explains:

> "In a word, the burden of the debt of the Interchurch Movement has now been transferred to the denominational organizations and it is resting with crushing weight upon some of them. This money is hard to pay because it is something like paying for a dead horse which was not worth much even when it was alive.
>
> "We feel that we are in a position to speak for the Baptists, and we unhesitatingly declare that paying this money is the bitterest pill the Baptist denomination has ever had to swallow. Our advice to the officials of our own denomination and to the officials of all of the rest of the denominations is to do the disagreeable thing at once and be done with it. . . . . . .
>
> "We hope that these conferences will soon be held, for otherwise somebody will want to organize a new interdenominational agency for conserving the results of the Interchurch Movement. We have enough such agencies already. Perhaps we could spare a few that we already have without much loss."

The Reformed Church Messenger notes that *The Presbyterian* refers to the reorganization plan under the head, "Interchurch Brazenness," and quotes its contemporary as saying:

> "We are not able to discover the authority for this report, but if it is true, then the presumption it exhibits is amazing. After this enterprise has sunk $8,000,000 without giving any returns for it, after it has been openly and emphatically repudiated by the Church, for it to say that it is solvent indicates that its morality is hopeless, its intelligence departed, or English has lost the power of expression. If it be an actual fact that this organization has become solvent and has $1,000,000 to the good, then the Presbyterian Church should be released from paying the $1,000,000 under which it is now chafing. This wildcat finance, this mania for management, should be avoided like a case of Asiatic cholera."

Commenting on this aspersion, *The Messenger* observes: "It is enough to say that sometimes one does not find much of the religious spirit in a so-called 'religious' journal." Rich and fruitful ideas can be contributed by the Interchurch World Movement to the Church's cooperative enterprise, says *The Christian Century* (Disciples), but not leadership, nor very much in the way of advice to the agencies that have been constructively good in spite of much discouragement. However, "the conferences that are planned for October and November ought to be very valuable to all the groups interested and to the Church at large." Finally, this paper declares it to be encouraging that—

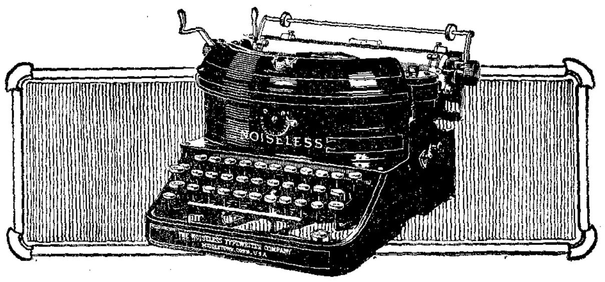
> "We are perhaps nearer to a solidly constructed and hopeful form of leadership than ever before in the history of interdenominational relations. Bishop Nicholson's committee has a very serious and important mission to accomplish. Only the beginnings of suggestion have yet been made. Any gesture of authority or self-constituted leadership on the part of the Interchurch interpreters would be disingenuous and resented at this time. It is a moment for humble and sacrificial assessment of the facts. Some new and valuable members have been added to the committee. Their further action, and the results of the contemplated conferences, will be awaited with the deepest solicitude."

OUR MORAL SLUMP

AS THE DIREST RESULT OF WAR, humanity is now registering the greatest crime record since the French Revolution, asserts *The Western Christian Advocate* (Methodist), which looks with sober thought on the "reprobate" condition of the world, but hopes that Christianity will awaken in time to withstand the peril. Now "the moral sense seems shaken"; our perception of the distinction between right and wrong becomes dull, and "conscience appears to be deadened by an opiate that produces a pathetic coma." All the laws of the decalog are being constantly flouted with "shocking boldness," and the tabulation of figures covering moral breakdown is so incredibly astounding that "some men refuse to believe that conditions are as serious as social students report them." A glance abroad shows that "in Europe the restraints of Christian teaching have slipt until men who visit those countries are amazed at the boldness of deceit, theft, lying, profanity, infidelity, the disregard for human life. Virtue and chastity are violated with impunity." The situation should be accepted as a challenge to the Church, we are told, and while we watch a steady stream of millions entering and leaving our jails, workhouses, and prisons, there is no great reason that we should deprecate the situation as if there were no power to relieve the stress. But we must face facts. Looking over the prison records for recent years in our own country, the Methodist editor sees that—

> "During the year 1910 there were 479,789 persons behind prison-bars, 124,424 being women and 24,874 being juvenile offenders. Over 6,000 of these were for life, while 23,449 were for less than one year, and over 27,000 were indeterminate. But note the contrast for the year 1916, for these figures apply to America. Reports are that there were enrolled in 115 reform schools 61,095 boys and girls. In six years the number has almost doubled. But four years have passed since that time. The war has closed and the loosening up has been more deadly than any one could dream. The courts of domestic relations in all our large cities have a docket that no single judge could handle. Substations have had to be created and departments formed to dispatch the ever-increasing volume of business, while juvenile delinquency has increased over 200 per cent.
>
> "What is the significance of this slump of the moral forces of humanity? It means opportunity for the leaders of the Christian Church. Man can not remain on the low level of the physical life. The crass impulses that give expression to the brute and the beast in him do not remain in control. The moral tide may go out and leave broad stretches of the beach exposed to the burning heat of the summer sun. But in time it will return from the fathomless depths with a freshness and a power that can not be resisted.
>
> "Moral force, moral power, is like the hunger of the soul. It can turn a man into a raving beast; it can transform him into an angel of light. Some day, it is our faith, that man's moral sense will tighten up, will right itself, will assert itself. Then the Church of Jesus Christ must be ready, for then God will begin his great ingathering."

Four Reasons Why You Should Buy The Noiseless Typewriter



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CURRENT-POETRY

Of the three prizes awarded through the agency of *Poetry* (Chicago) the one to which all the world is open is given to Miss Millay and reprinted below from its October number. The same issue also contains the poem of Wallace Stevens, awarded the prize of $200, eligible for a citizen of the United States, and the poem winning the prize offered by Mrs. Edgar Speyer for good work by a young poet. The winner of the last is Maurice Leseman, of Chicago.

THE BEANSTALK

By Edna St. Vincent Millay

Ho, Giant! This is I!
I have built me a beanstalk into your sky!
La—but it's lovely, up so high!

This is how I came—I put
There my knee, here my foot
Up and up from shoot to shoot;
And the blessed beanstalk thinning
Like the mischief all the time,
Till it took me rocking, spinning,
In a dizzy, sunny circle,
Making angles with the root,
Far and out above the cackle
Of the city I was born in;
Till the little dirty city,
In the light so sheer and sunny,
Shone as dazzling bright and pretty
As the money that you find
In a dream of finding money—
What a wind! What a morning!—
Till the tiny, shiny city,
When I shot a glance below
Shaken with a giddy laughter
Sick and blissfully afraid,
Was a dewdrop on a blade,
And a pair of moments after
Was the whirling guess I made;
And the wind was like a whip
Cracking past my icy ears,
And my hair stood out behind,
And my eyes were full of tears,
Wide-open and cold,
More tears than they could hold;
The wind was blowing so,
And my teeth were in a row,
Dry and grinning
And I felt my foot slip
And I scratched the wind and whined,
And I clutched the stalk and jabbered
With my eyes shut blind—
What a wind: what a wind!
Your broad sky, Giant,
Is the shelf of a cupboard.
I make beanstalks—I'm
A builder like yourself;
But beanstalks is my trade—
I couldn't make a shelf,
Don't know how they're made.
Now, a beanstalk is more pliant—
La, what a climb!

Perhaps the campaign has brought the truth of the following poem to many a listener, or it may have been imprest by a lecture, a church service. Here at least is pointed a way of escape from unwinged words, and the London *Athenæum* prints it:

THE MEETING

By Laurence Binyon

Faces of blank decorum, and bald heads,
And the drone of a voice saying what none denies:

Words like cobwebs, scarcely stirred by a breath,
Loosely hanging, gray in an unswept corner;
Thoughts belonging to nobody, like old coats
Cheaply borrowed out of a dead man's wardrobe.

Over his spectacles looks the Chairman, blandly
Solemn, exacting attention, nodding approval.

I look on the floor, and ponder the shaven planks—
Tall trees once, tossing aloft in the wild air.

I watch the sun that falls upon oaken carvings,
A gentle beam from millions of miles away:

Hands and a chisel carved them—at night the lips
Of the carver blew the dust from his work and
smiled.

The chairs, so silent under the ponderous flesh—
Pleasure shaped them out of a brain's designing.

The brass of the chandelier, the molten metal,
Streamed in the mold, conspired to friendly uses.

I feel the spring of the trees and their old rejoicing,
The touch of the warmth of hands that felt for
beauty.

Near and neighborly are these shapes about me,
Taking the light sweetly and saying nothing.

Why is a voice, the only human assertion,
Farther away than the suns of the astronomers?

The Irish poet taken up his abode among us reveals here in *The New Republic* (New York) that sensitiveness to the conditions of primitive life that he showed in dealing with the tinkers and minstrels of his native Ireland:

AN INDIAN SHOWING FEATS

By Padraic Colum

The quickness that he won in the death-chase
Out on the plains five hundred moons ago;
The hardness wrought with hungers, and the skill
That notched that hardness, arrow to that bow:

He shows them these, while these depart from him
Like warriors softly shod, with bodies bent:
They pass the mesa bluff; around it howl
The coyotes in long, lonely discontent.

It shows that England is not the confirmed enemy of Ireland when *The Outlook* (London) publishes this strong appeal. Patriotic verse is sometimes real poetry:

TO MY COUNTRY

By Agnes Stirling Paterson

Ireland! Belovèd Isle, what aileth thee?
What foreign influence hath crept within thy
shores
And poisoned thee
And tarnished unity
And courtly hospitality within thy doors
And left thee surging like an angry sea?
What aileth thee?
Ireland! Belovèd Isle, wake from thy dream,
Such garb doth ill become a land so fair;
Rise, haste thy steps,
Thou hast no debts
To players in so foul a game.
Proud home of heroes, crowned with laurels rare,
Wake from thy dream!

Ireland! Fair home of eloquence and grace,
Where beauty thrives unaided by pretense,
Upheave the foreign yoke,
Whose weeds have tried to choke
Thy charm, thy loyalty, thy love, thy peace,
And steal from Irish hearts their common sense.
Ireland awake!

"G. S. B." turns from his study of country types to inculcate lessons in morals from legends of a Chinese poet. As usual, the Conning Tower of the New York *Tribune* is the purveyor:

LESSONS FROM LI-PO

By G. S. B.

In China, centuries ago,
There lived a poet named Li-Po,
Who, when well primed with Chinese wine,
Wrote verses that were judged divine.

"The Banished Angel" was the name
By which Li-Po was known to fame
(The Chinese are more flattering, far,
Than Occidental peoples are!)

At night Li-Po just loved to float
In a fantastic Chinese boat,
And make a complicated din
Upon a Chinese mandolin.

The moonglade on the Hoang-ho
Gave keen enjoyment to Li-Po,
And many quatrains he'd indite
Expressive of his deep delight.

Alas, fair Luna proved his fate,
So Chinese works of reference state;
To kiss her image in the wave,
He leaned—and found a watery grave!

Ye bards, these morals briefly note:
Eschew the cup and trim the boat;
And treat romance with circumspection;
And, oh, steer clear of all reflection.

"Between two worlds, one dead, the other struggling to be born," so Matthew Arnold once imaged one of his religious doubters in the mid-season of the last century. It is civic life that troubles men's minds to-day, and *The New Witness* (London) presents the vision of these mute witnesses of the struggle:

OLD HOUSES: MARBLE ARCH

By Adrian Bury

Silent they stand and proudly desolate,
Brooding upon the pomps of yesterday,
That quiet time when Church and King and State
Over the hearts of men held certain sway;
Before the dignity of life was lost
And time meant more than money in men's eyes,
When courtesy was worth the moment's cost,
And honor an unpurchasable prize:
Now from all sides the motor-juggernaut
Shatters the beauty of the twilit peace,
Electric signs upon the brain are wrought,
And crowds about the cinemas increase;
While in the park, fierce men with bleary eyes
Stutter of blood, revolt, and liberties.

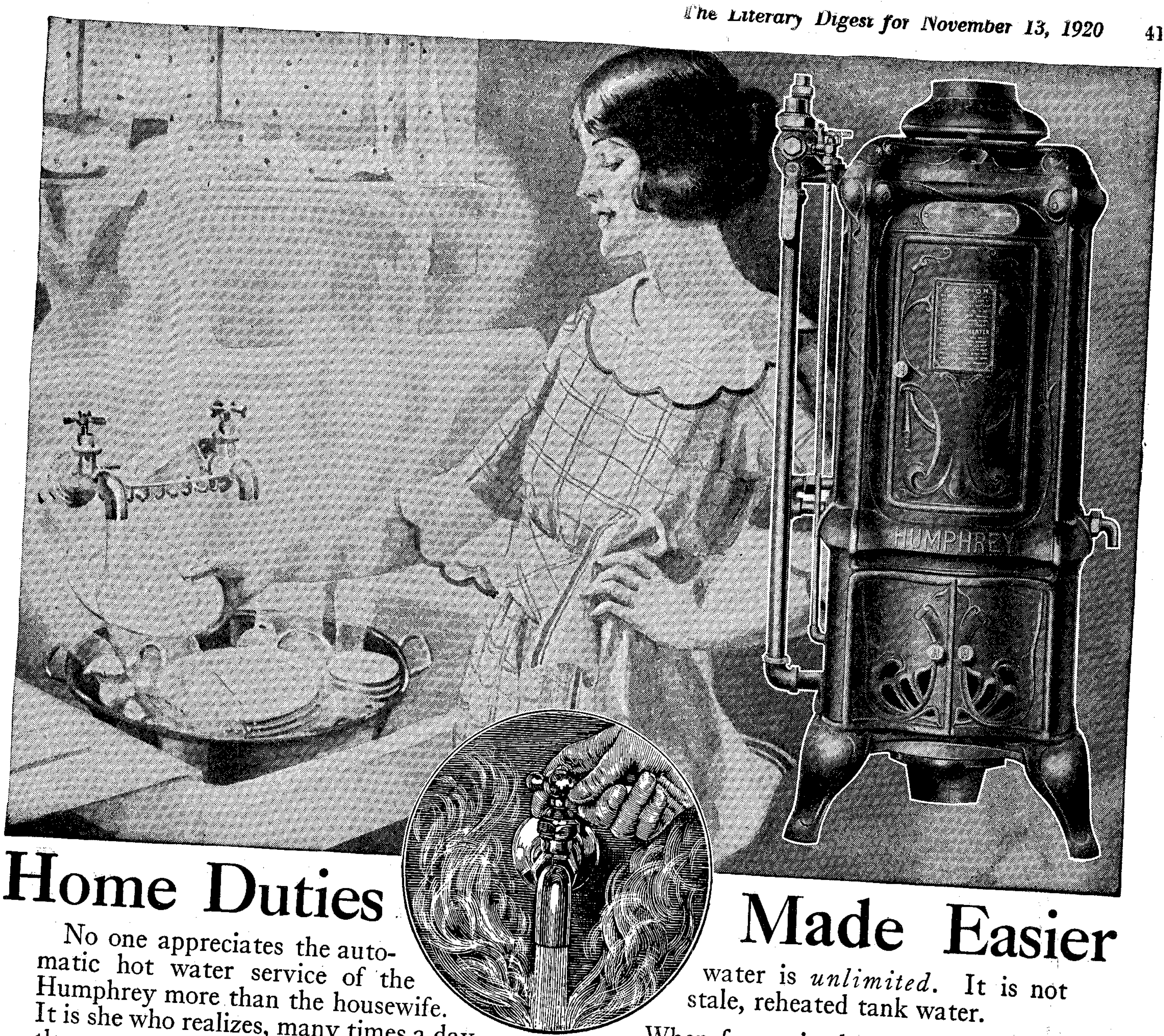
In addition to last week's quotations from Mr. Robinson's volume, "The Three Taverns, we select this:

THE RAT

By Edwin Arlington Robinson

As often as he let himself be seen
We pitied him, or scorned him, or deplored
The inscrutable profusion of the Lord
Who shaped as one of us a thing so mean—
Who made him human when he might have bee
A rat, and so been wholly in accord
With any other creature we abhorred
As always useless and not always clean.

Now he is hiding all alone somewhere,
And in a final hole not ready then;
For now he is among those over there
Who are not coming back to us again.
And we who do the fiction of our share
Say less of rats and rather more of men.



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PROBLEMS · OF · DEMOCRACY

Prepared for THE LITERARY DIGEST *and especially designed for School use*

THE LABOR PROBLEM

AN AMUSING OLD CHRONICLE, dating from Cromwell's time and enlivened with marvelous spelling, informs us that one day in the year 1535 a crowd of English shoemakers sat on a hill outside Wisbech, waiting while their committee in the town dickered with the master shoemakers about wages. Too low by far the wages had been. Growled the fellows on the hilltop, "There shall none come into the town to serve for that wages within a twelvemonth and a day, but we woll have an harme or a legge of hym, except they woll take an othe, as we have doon."

By this we see that the problem of labor is a very old problem. Away back in 1535, behold, a full-blown strike, with its demand for better pay, its vow of fealty to the union, its threats against strike-breakers, its faith in violence—precisely the sort of thing that has been going on, here and there, ever since! If modern trades-unionism works upon a grander scale (the Wisbech strikers numbered only twenty-one) it is by no means certain that it has improved its effectiveness, for to-day a union is sometimes controlled by quite the wrong type of leader.

In his admirable new book, "Principles of Sociology," Prof. Edward Alsworth Ross, of the University of Wisconsin, tells us that "once a labor-union is in smooth water, with a loyal dues-paying membership willing to maintain salaried officials, the leader of its storm-and-stress period is often succeeded by the canny schemer who prefers a salary to a wage. Altho willing to sell out his fellows to their political enemies—as from the Mulhall lobby investigation we know that thousands of union officials actually did—he is pat with the talk and pose of class loyalty. His first concern is by fair means or foul to keep himself in office. Thanks to his methods, labor-hall contests are sometimes worse then the politics of the lowest slum wards. While voicing roundly labor sentiments and getting what he can for his constituents, he is too shrewd to risk his job by attacking a formidable abuse or calling a hazardous strike unless he is driven to it. His counsels of narrow self-interest chill his people to the cause of labor; so that when his ilk control a labor organization 'the fight is out of it.' By the fiery crusaders who rouse and organize unskilled labor, such union officials are styled 'labor grafters.'"

Moreover, it appears that time has not greatly improved the type of politician with whom labor must deal in its efforts to secure beneficial legislation. "When wage-earners are enfranchised or organize themselves," remarks Professor Ross, "political parties officered and run by the propertied class vie with each other in wooing them. Whether they shall gain anything from this competition depends upon their intelligence. The politicians run their man as the 'log-cabin' candidate, court labor with genial hand-shaking and barbecue, appease labor leaders with political jobs, scatter promises they do not intend to fulfil, give their policies a labor flavor (high tariff as the 'protection of American workingmen'), pass measures which they know the courts will annul as unconstitutional, throw labor a few sops, or offer substantial benefits while at the same time providing capitalists with new benefits along other lines. Only in case all this does not avail is it necessary for the party to lend itself seriously to realizing a working-class program."

So there develops in the workingman a sense of grim oppression. "The difference between old-time slavery and present-day slavery is this," cried Eugene V. Debs in Faneuil Hall, Boston. "The old-time slaves were worth $1,500 a head, but you duffers down there on the floor aren't worth fifty cents a car-load!" And on the Lower East Side of New York City, any night, you will hear soap-box orators ranting about "slavery," telling workmen they are "exploited," and urging them to overturn the entire wage system—oust their employers, seize the mills, and run them themselves.

This is, of course, extremely wild and rabid talk, but back of it all there have been real grievances. Only a few years ago, so we are informed by Lauck and Sydenstricker, the authors of "Conditions of Labor in American Industry," "Fully one-fourth of the adult male workers in the principal industries and trades who are heads of families earned less than $400, one-half less than $600, four-fifths less than $800, and less than one-tenth earned as much as $1,000 a year." Reporting on cases it had dealt with, the New York Society for Improving the Conditions of the Poor declared, "The result of the low wage, insufficient to supply the food, clothing, and shelter necessary to healthful existence, undoubtedly meant that the bodies of men, women, and children were exposed to diseases that especially prey on underfed, poorly clothed, and badly housed people; tuberculosis cut short the lives of 40 per cent. of these men."

Wages have risen enormously since then. It is doubful if they will ever again drop to the old level. Meanwhile, the hours of labor have shortened very generally. As Lauck and Sydenstricker remind us, "The judgment of American society as to the length of the work day is indicated by the fact that all States of the Union, besides the Federal Government, with the exception of six, have some sort of legislation limiting the hours of labor. Oregon in its law of 1913 declared that 'no person shall be hired nor permitted to work for wages, under any condition or terms, for longer hours or days of service than is consistent with his health and physical well-being and ability to promote the general welfare by his increasing usefulness as a healthy and intelligent citizen.'"

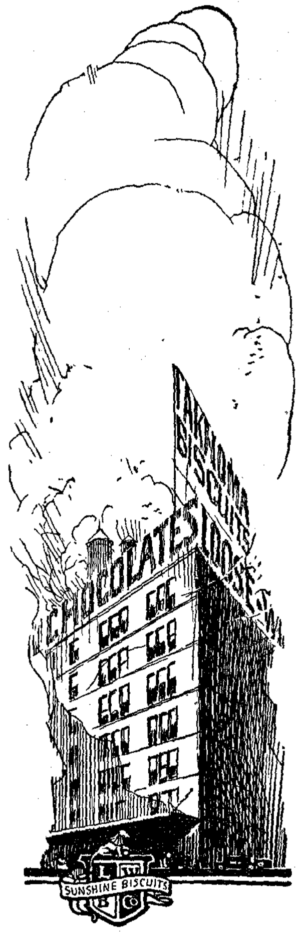
Still, the workingman's sense of grim oppression seems rather to have increased, and for this you will find here and there a good enough reason. Certain old abuses become more and more obnoxious as time goes on—for example, the sort of thing Professor Ross complains of when he observes that "The appearance of very large employers in places remote from the centers of population, monopolizing employment of a certain kind or within a certain district, as also the more and more cunningly concerted action of employers, through their associations, are creating in some parts of the United States a half-feudal dependence of the wage-earner. Workmen are herded together in company towns, lodged in company houses, forced to trade at company stores, paid in company money, and hampered in their comings, goings, and meetings by armed company underlings. In some cases even churches and schools are built and controlled by the company. Moreover, a hundred lumber companies united in an association may confront the applicant for labor with a printed form to sign, in which he declares that he is competent to do the work required and is familiar with all its duties, and furthermore requests his previous employers to furnish the company information as to his character and record. This means that as condition of obtaining employment the applicant must waive his right to sue under the law for injuries received in the course of his work and to sue under the law for defamation of character."

It is to be remembered that conditions such as those just described are extreme instances, yet they exist in rare cases, and their existence seems to the workingman a proof of what he calls "slavery." Then why, one is tempted to ask, does he not step out of the working-class and become an employer? With economy, may he not accumulate sufficient funds to set up as a capitalist in a small way and let his business grow until he, in his turn, is on the high road to wealth and power? Once in the world this was possible. To-day, with industry dependent upon costly "plants" filled with costly machines, practically no chance remains for the workingman to start in "on his own." As Adams and Sumner observe in "Labor Problems," "For the masses, indeed, it is true, and increasingly true, that once a wage-earner always a wage-earner. This permanency of status makes the labor problem in one respect a class struggle. The laborer feels that he is permanently held within a class whose interests are, in part, antagonistic to those of the employers with whom he bargains and higgles over wages. Fortunately or unfortunately, too, industry becomes more highly capitalized as time passes, making it increasingly difficult to acquire industrial independence. Whatever the explanation, there can be no doubt of the fact that the ultimate control of industry is passing into relatively fewer and fewer hands, with the result that the power and wealth of the few who do reach the top are so enormously swelled that they would threaten—if misused—the purity and stability of the government itself. The labor problem is thus intensified by a grave social problem, arising from the strikingly unequal distribution of wealth."

However, democracy permits agitation. It permits organization. It permits strikes. It permits a fight for new laws.

(Continued on page 89)

The Advertising Value of CLEAN FLOORS in American Business



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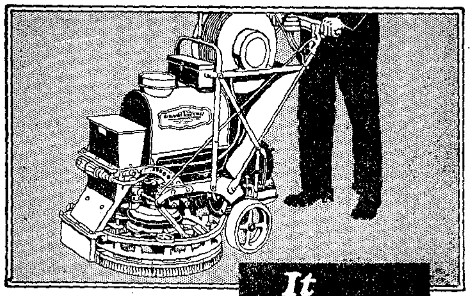

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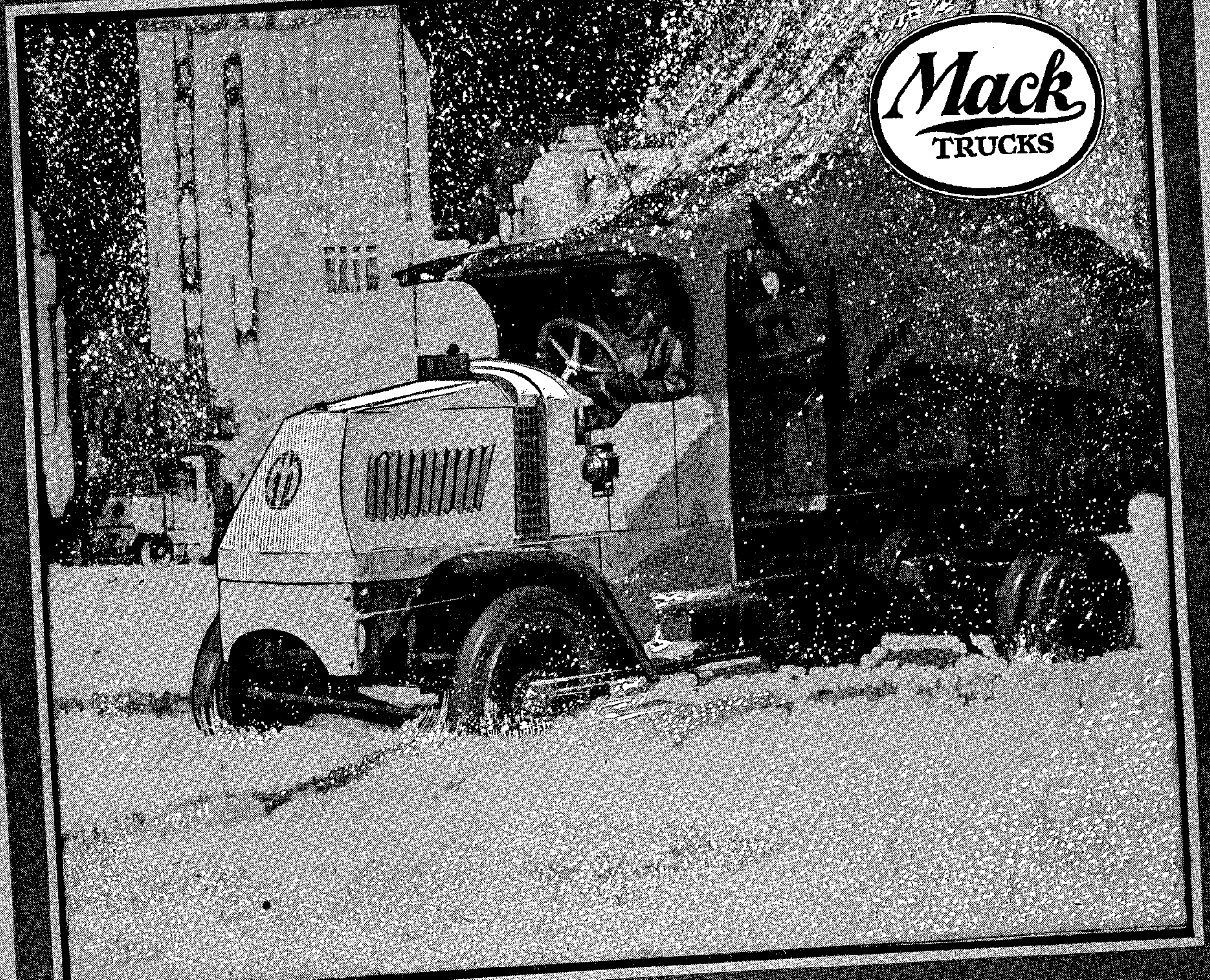

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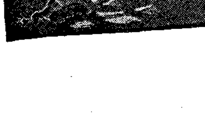
INTERNATIONAL MOTOR COMPANY, NEW YORK

"PERFORMANCE COUNTS"



WORLD-WIDE - TRADE - FACTS

WORLD'S WOOL PRODUCTION

"THE TOTAL annual world-production of wool is variously estimated at from 2,800,000,000 to 3,000,000,000 pounds," says *The Market Reporter*. "One estimate divides the merino, crossbred, and low wools as follows:

	Pounds
Merino	869,000,000
Crossbred	1,135,000,000
Low wool	890,000,000
Total	2,894,000,000

"Of the merino wools, more than half, perhaps 60 per cent., is produced in countries of the British Empire and less than 10 per cent. in South America. North America is estimated to produce from 15 to 20 per cent. of the world's crop of merino wools.

"Of the crossbreds, South America produces more than 30 per cent. and the countries of the British Empire about 40 per cent.

"The low wools come largely from Russia, China, and other eastern countries.

"Some idea of the relative production of the various countries may be obtained from the following summary of the world's sheep:

United Kingdom	29,000,000
Other European countries	151,000,000
Total Europe	180,000,000
Australasia	103,000,000
Asia	93,000,000
North America	55,000,000
South America	96,000,000
Africa	65,000,000
Total world	592,000,000

In 1895 there was an estimated total of 522,000,000 sheep.

SUMMARY OF THE WORLD'S WOOL PRODUCTION

	Pounds
Australasia	742,000,000
South America	470,000,000
North America	318,000,000
Europe—	
United Kingdom	125,000,000
Russia in Europe	320,000,000
France	65,000,000
Germany	26,000,000
Italy	22,000,000
All other	240,000,000
Total	798,000,000
Asia	273,000,000
Africa	208,000,000
World's total	2,809,000,000

UNITED STATES

Year	*No. of Sheep*	*Production, Pounds*	*Imports, Pounds*	*Total Production and Imports, Pounds*
1910	52,448,000	321,000,000	180,000,000	501,000,000
1911	53,633,000	319,000,000	156,000,000	475,000,000
1912	52,362,000	304,000,000	238,000,000	542,000,000
1913	51,482,000	296,000,000	152,000,000	448,000,000
1914	49,719,000	290,000,000	260,000,000	550,000,000
1915	49,956,000	286,000,000	413,000,000	699,000,000
1916	48,625,000	288,000,000	449,000,000	737,000,000
1917	47,616,000	282,000,000	421,000,000	703,000,000
1918	48,603,000	299,000,000	454,000,000	753,000,000
1919	48,866,000	314,000,000	446,000,000	760,000,000
1920	48,615,000	....	....	....

"The number of sheep in this country has decreased by about 4,000,000 during the last ten years. Imports of wool for the five-year period from 1910 to 1914 were less than half of the five-year period following. The total of production and imports has been fairly steady since 1915. The above table shows that the production of wool has not increased in this country during the last decade.

ARGENTINA—NUMBER OF SHEEP AND EXPORTS OF WOOL

Year	*Number of Sheep*	*Exports of Wool, Pounds*
1895	74,000,000	....
1908	67,000,000	387,200,000
1910	....	332,000,000
1914	43,000,000	258,500,000
1915	44,000,000	259,400,000
1917	45,000,000	298,773,000
1918	....	256,613,000

"Argentina seems to show a decrease, or at least a stationary condition similar to that existing in the United States.

AUSTRALIA—NUMBER OF SHEEP, PRODUCTION OF WOOL, AND EXPORTS TO UNITED STATES

Year	*Number of Sheep*	*Production, Pounds*	*Exports to U. S., Pounds*
1910	91,700,000	....	28,000,000
1912	92,900,000	663,000,000	14,000,000
1914	85,100,000	711,000,000	29,000,000
1916	69,700,000	551,000,000	115,000,000
1918	79,900,000	573,000,000	65,000,000
1919	86,700,000	652,000,000	46,000,000

WHAT WE BOUGHT AND SOLD

The record-breaking proportions of our foreign trade in 1919–20 lend special interest to the detailed returns made by the Department of Commerce as to the year recently ended. The following table, compiled therefrom by *Bradstreet's*, shows the value of the imports of leading articles in the last fiscal year, the thirty-seven articles enumerated covering all products whose import value exceeded $20,000,000 for the twelve months:

Imports	*1919–20*	*1918–19*
Animals, live	$49,136,672	$40,924,766
Articles returned	69,150,382	32,634,281
Art works	30,479,428	6,947,363
Breadstuffs	59,977,601	47,850,655
Chemicals, drugs, and dyes	177,969,526	150,225,186
Cocoa, crude	72,946,064	35,953,990
Coffee	310,701,872	143,089,619
Copper, crude	24,902,792	29,642,979
Copper, manufactured	65,106,842	84,931,967
Cotton, raw	156,918,719	37,633,612
Cotton, manufactured	111,874,821	34,762,723
Fertilizers	38,578,063	5,883,376
Fibers, cured	86,630,841	103,874,757
Fibers, manufactured	141,389,218	98,824,770
Fish	38,773,551	28,058,506
Fruits and nuts	124,773,197	68,234,657
Furs, undrest	103,772,044	37,965,713
Hides and skins	376,892,462	149,288,544
Rubber, crude	280,358,788	161,837,031
Iron and steel	37,423,289	24,306,839
Leather and manufactures	40,327,091	15,423,184
Meats and dairy products	42,424,105	60,445,083
Oils	195,141,567	144,621,251
Paper	63,407,279	46,551,731
Precious stones	114,019,472	52,367,057
Seeds	113,032,112	35,212,664
Silk, raw	454,573,638	217,517,484
Silk manufactures	87,728,181	29,349,198
Sugar	688,127,380	309,403,314
Tea	25,800,742	24,390,722
Tin, ore and pig	92,799,236	73,559,534
Tobacco, unmanufactured	78,164,290	66,329,689
Tobacco manufactures	13,274,307	9,983,622
Vegetables	46,569,851	33,687,305
Wood and manufactures	157,367,368	92,289,532
Wool, raw	212,848,568	224,414,983
Wool, manufactured	43,537,552	13,279,481
All imports	5,238,621,668	3,095,720,068

The leading items of export trade in the past two fiscal years are presented in the following table:

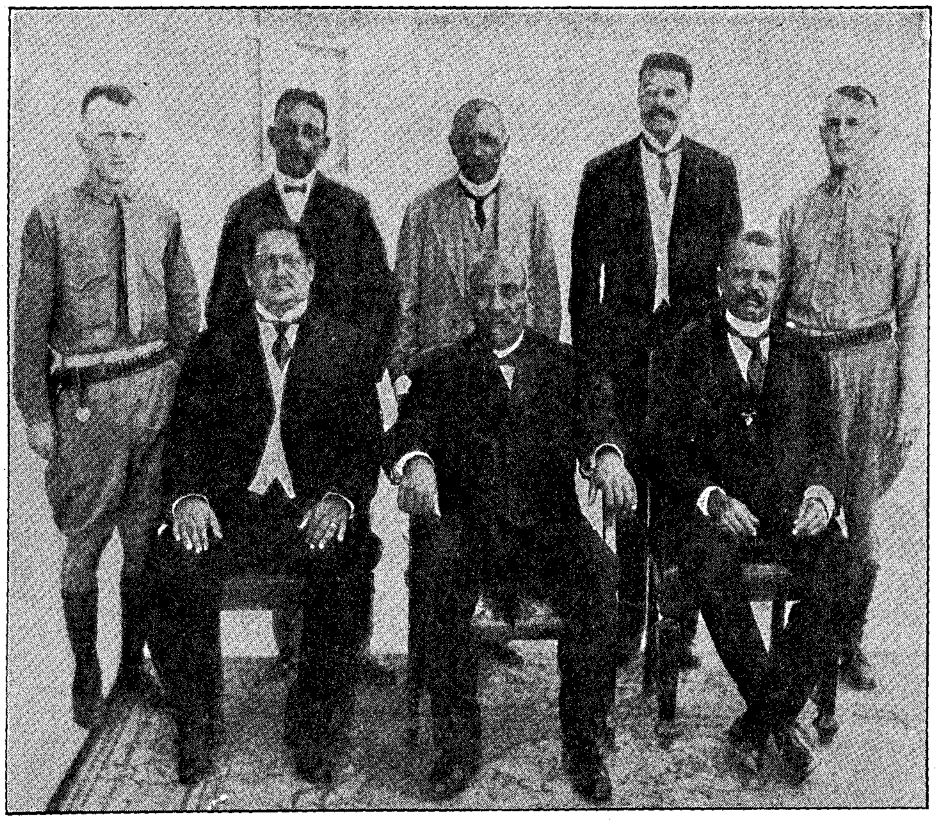
Exports	*1919–20*	*1918–19*
Agricultural implements	$36,724,902	$42,662,724
Animals	19,291,197	10,718,851
Breadstuffs	808,471,226	954,647,337
Automobiles	233,252,376	116,304,973
Cars	53,111,368	30,419,889
Chemicals and dyes	159,009,927	148,053,531
Coal, anthracite	40,667,538	30,927,815
Coal, bituminous	132,299,978	75,826,696
Coal, bunker	58,245,950	38,282,697
Cotton, raw	1,381,707,502	873,579,669
Cotton, manufactures of	364,036,786	232,206,566
Electric machinery	87,208,413	80,714,124
Explosives	28,215,657	122,730,877
Fertilizers	32,925,408	9,405,242
Fibers, manufactures of	28,720,545	35,014,942
Fish	42,178,071	37,219,828
Fruits and nuts	118,326,019	71,292,813
Furs and skins	38,883,097	14,612,015
Glass and glassware	25,906,621	21,898,185
Hops	17,716,222	2,333,850
Rubber manufactures	69,226,716	43,856,782
Iron and steel and manufactures	932,675,866	1,065,021,193
Leather	199,772,357	126,525,495
Shoes	78,064,947	50,506,986
Meats and dairy products	771,006,760	1,166,110,958
Naval stores	36,504,797	17,777,497
Oil cake	30,611,141	16,668,763
Oil, mineral	426,497,967	344,233,216
Oil, vegetable	96,225,582	59,057,820
Paper and manufactures	73,717,425	84,080,312
Paraffin	31,403,933	24,557,386
Photographic goods	23,707,316	16,943,127
Silk, manufactures of	26,945,293	22,354,895
Spirits and wines	30,224,313	12,911,178
Sugar, refined	131,771,308	81,569,660
Tobacco, leaf	271,940,888	189,894,417
Tobacco, manufactured	51,551,794	35,297,692
Vegetables	36,517,381	53,143,012
Wood and manufactures of	168,574,578	104,557,896
Wool manufactures	56,223,360	31,191,387
Zinc manufactures	26,984,162	24,526,166
All exports	7,950,429,180	7,081,461,938

Some forty-one articles of trade are shown above, of which eight showed declines from 1918–19, these including agricultural implements, breadstuffs, explosives, fibers, iron and steel, meats and dairy products, paper and vegetables. Raw cotton was the most important export, making up over 17 per cent. of all exports and accounting for $508,000,000 of the $869,000,000 gain in all exports. Iron and steel and manufactures thereof were second in importance, breadstuffs, meats and dairy products and mineral oils following in the order named.

PERSONAL · GLIMPSES

AMERICAN MILITARY GOVERNMENT IN HAITI

HAS THE UNITED STATES been ruling conquered Haiti somewhat in the spirit of the Japs in Korea, the Germans in Belgium, the Belgians in the Kongo, or the British in India? When Brigadier-General George Barnett, formerly commander of the marines, accused certain members of the marine corps of "indiscriminate killing of natives," his report aroused indignant denials, but now comes a defender of the corps, with material from the official court-martial records, and incidentally admits the killing of prisoners, without trial or other formality, in a way which aroused wide-spread protests against "Prussian barbarity" when it was practised by the Germans in the European War. General Barnett's report, made public only recently altho it was completed a year ago, brings out the fact that, since the United States took possession of Haiti, our losses consisted of one marine officer killed in action, two officers wounded in action, twelve enlisted men killed in action, and twenty-six wounded, a total of forty-one casualties. At the same time there had been 2,250 natives slain. The one-sidedness of the war, as well as the ugly reports about its conduct that came back to this country from time to time, have resulted in a Board of Inquiry, recently invoked by Secretary Daniels of the Navy Department. In the meantime, Clifford A. Tinker, writing in *The Stars and Stripes*, a soldier weekly published in Washington, presents the story of the case which particularly inspired General Barnett's report. A man who afterward went insane, says the writer, was responsible for the killing of two Haitians, Leonard Placide and Destine Jean, under particularly inhuman circumstances. The killing of other prisoners, "on the field," is justified on the ground that otherwise the marines would have been "handicapped by their prisoners." As for the particular case of Placide and Jean, says the writer, the facts are as follows:



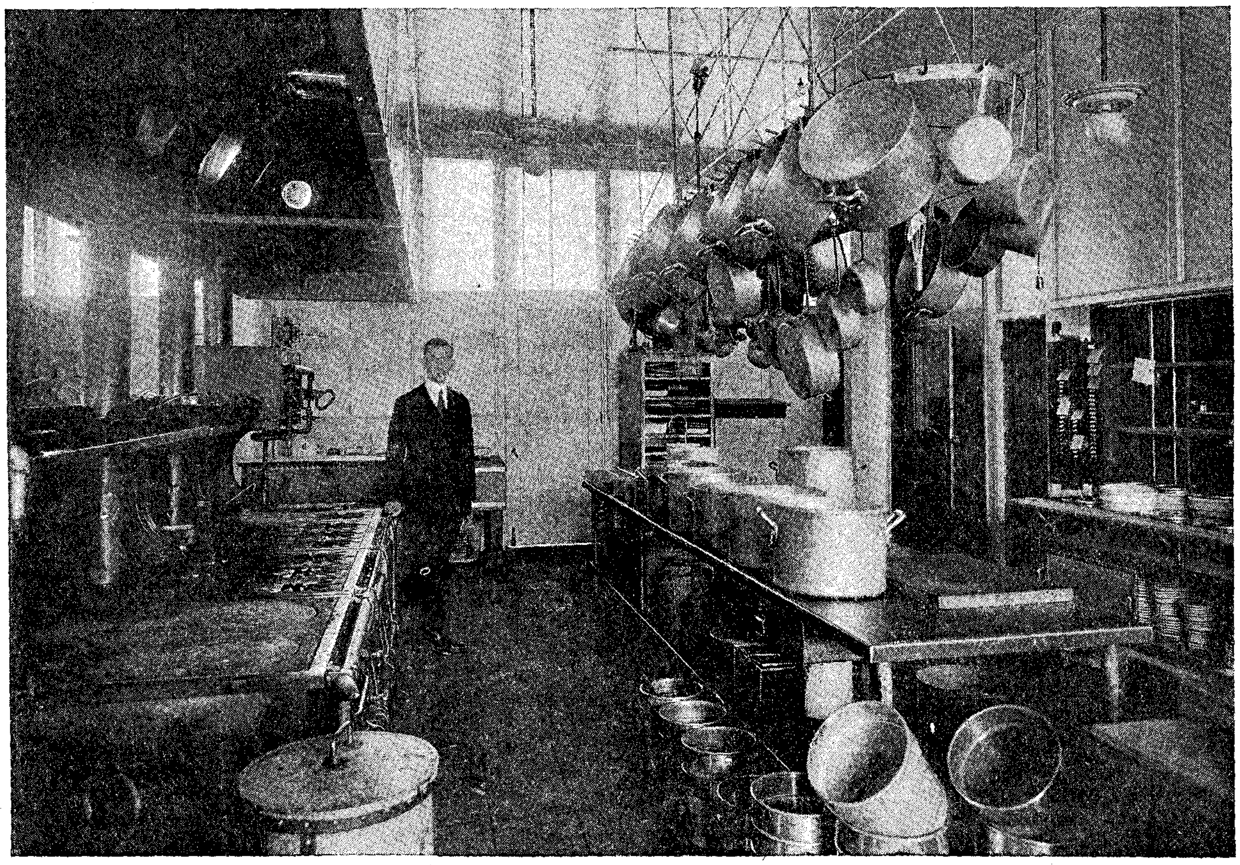
FLANKED BY AMERICAN MARINES.

President Dartiguenave is shown seated in the center. His cabinet, grouped around him, includes Lieutenant Wallace (left) and Lieutenant Freeman (right) of the Haitian Gendarmerie, both non-commissioned officers in the United States Marine Corps. They represent the American military authorities, who are admitted to be the real rulers of the so-called "Republic."

> On the night mentioned, Placide, arrested for having worked "magic," and Jean, for being a common thief, were taken from the jail by Lieutenant of *Gendarmerie* L. A. Brokaw, a sergeant of marines, maltreated and shot. The evidence submitted at the court martial of the two marine privates who were present at the affair shows that Brokaw assumed the responsibility and ordered the marines and three *gendarmes*, together with Albert Duchabellier, a mechanic from Port-au-Prince, to beat up the prisoners and then "crap them out."
>
> The prisoners were charged with being *cacos* (bandits), taken to the cafés of Bertrand and Racine, where they were beaten up, and, in the case of Placide, kerosene was poured over the man's head and only a high wind which blew out the lighted matches saved him from torture by fire. Shovels and picks were then obtained, the men were marched down the road and made to dig a grave, after which the prisoners were lined up and the *gendarmes* and marines ordered to "fall in" as a firing-squad. Duchabellier was made to count from one to six, and at the word "six" the firing-squad shot the two Haitians. Not being killed at the first fire, Brokaw shot both of them with his revolver, after which the *gendarmes* buried the bodies.
>
> The court martial on these cases was held at Port-au-Prince on June 25, 1919, a month after the Haitians were shot. At this court it was found that Lieutenant Brokaw, who ordered the killing and the preliminary "beating up" of the two victims, was insane, and had been in the hospital ever since the affair. He was not able to testify at the court because his dementia had reached a stage where his mind was entirely gone; in fact, he could not even speak. Thus this atrocity was the act of a lunatic, and in no sense the habitual practise of marine corps officers and men.

The reference to killing prisoners without trial, made by Lieutenant Spear in his summary, referred to killings in the field. According to the writer:

> It appears that during the winter months of 1918–19 a number of *caco* prisoners who were taken in the field by the marines when suppressing the active bandit raids were shot without trials. This was a military necessity; the prisoners could not be released, for they would inform their companions of the number and location of the marines, always in small detachments and greatly outnumbered by the *cacos*; then, again, the prisoners could not be taken to the rear, for the marines were either entirely surrounded or operating at a distance from their bases; finally, for protection's sake, the prisoners were shot, otherwise the marines would have been handicapped by their presence.
>
> This method of ridding themselves of danger was indulged in by the marines only on rare occasions, and was justified by the exigencies of the peculiar type of warfare forced upon them by the banditry. The *cacos* took no prisoners. The case of Lieutenant Muth, of the *Gendarmerie*, a marine corps sergeant, will illustrate the type of warfare carried on by the *cacos*.
>
> Muth with a small patrol of marines and *gendarmes* was ambushed by a large force of bandits led by the principal bandit chief of the country, Benoit Batraville, a fight ensued, and Muth



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This "**Wear-Ever**" equipped kitchen reveals one of the reasons back of the efficiency and success of the Burroughs Adding Machine Company.

Nothing less than the best equipment is considered good enough for their employees.

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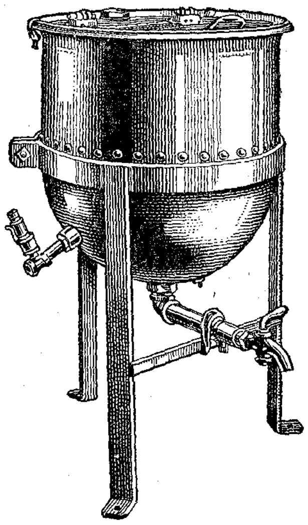

Replace utensils that wear out
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fell at the first fire, shot through the stomach. Benoit, finding that Muth was still living, chopped his head nearly off with a *machete*, calling on a Dominican chief named Francique to finish the job. This done, the brain of the dead officer was removed and rubbed on the gun-barrels of the bandits with the expectation of making the bandits as sure marksmen as the marines, and enabling them to hit marines when they fired at them.

A large amount of first-hand information on conditions in Haiti is contained in two chapters of Harry A. Franck's new volume, "Roaming Through the West Indies," which was published by the Century Company just in time to contribute to the present discussions. His testimony is the more valuable, notes Wilbur Forrest in the New York *Tribune*, because it was written without prejudice and without knowledge that an investigation would grow out of conditions in the Black Republic. Mr. Franck says in effect that, despite the native Government which exists, the Government of Haiti distinctly is an American political and military proposition. He comments that our "advisory" share in the civil government of Haiti is in too many cases being administered by men "chosen for their political standing rather than for their ability or experience in such tasks as they are facing." As for the military side, says Mr. Franck:

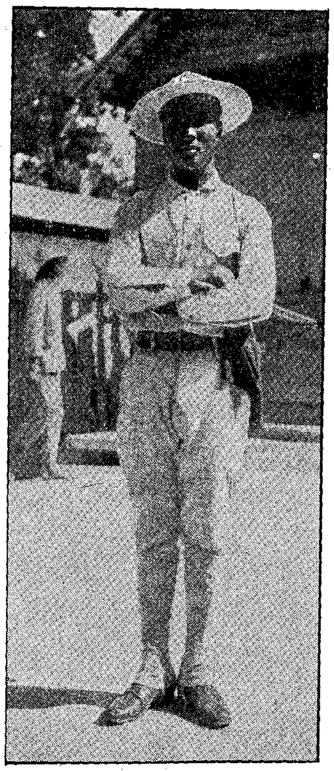


Illustration from "Roaming Through the West Indies," by Harry A. Franck. © The Century Co.

A HAITI-AMERICAN *GENDARME*.

Upstanding natives, like this sample, trained by the American Marines, are rapidly making the Republic unsafe for *cacos*.

> The navy and marine officers, between whom a rift now and then shows itself, have the characteristics of the military calling the world over. They are by nature direct and autocratic, rather than persuasive and tactful.

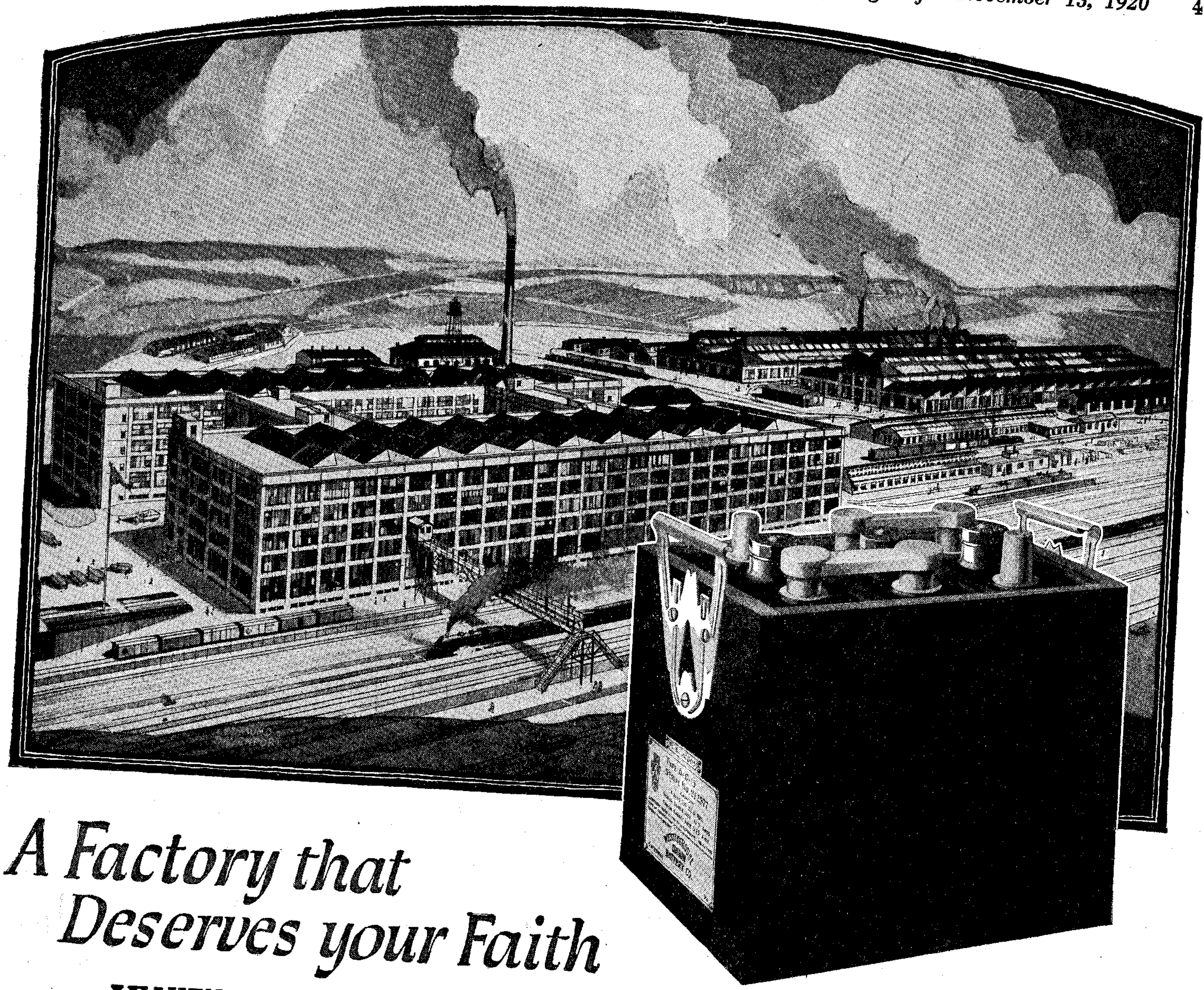
On the other hand, the author comments on the difficulties of the job that the marines in Haiti have been called upon to handle, and their general success in handling it. Mr. Tinker, in *The Stars and Stripes*, emphasizes this side of the matter by producing some facts and figures. Until Secretary Daniels's Board reports, says the writer—

> It will be well to give the marine corps the benefit of the doubt, for their work has brought the most whole-hearted praise from the Haitians themselves, and for the first time in four centuries the citizens of that distracted country are able to carry on their business, educate their children, attend to public affairs, reap for themselves the benefits of their personal efforts in industry, and walk in security throughout the length and breadth of the land.
>
> This condition has been brought about by a mere handful of marines in a country of over 2,000,000 inhabitants, very few of whom are able to read and write, for the great bulk of the population of Haiti speak Creole, a dialect not yet possest of written characters, thus the news and details of life are passed along by word of mouth and the biggest liar or the man who possesses the most lively imagination becomes the leader in his vicinity. The superstitious natives are led like children by these spellbinders, and the problems of maintaining order and reducing the banditry to useful members of Haitian society consist in ridding the country of the eloquent cutthroats who have terrorized the law-abiding citizens since the days of Diego Columbus and Davila the Contador of Español. This last duty has been done by the marine corps with laudable restraint and humanitarian methods, those in authority say, and the acts of a few individuals should not be used to besmirch the record of the corps as a whole.
>
> Haiti has an area of 10,200 square miles, and with 2,000,000 population there are 196 inhabitants for each square mile. Consequently, as there has been, on an average, about 1,500 marines on duty in Haiti since July, 1915, each marine has had to pacify about seven square miles of territory with a population of 1,372 natives. During this time the marines have killed 2,250 natives, or one-thirtieth of 1 per cent. of the population per year, while in the city of Washington, D. C., the capital of a highly civilized nation, over six times as high a percentage of the population is yearly done to death by automobile accidents alone!
>
> Peaceful and cultured automobile-drivers are six times as dangerous to life as the so-called "hard-boiled" marine, even when the marine is in the field hunting down bandits.

A thumb-nail sketch of Haitian history reveals that when Columbus wrecked his flag-ship on the island's coast in 1492, the natives were Indians of the purest blood. Then came the Spaniards with their penchant for exterminating Indians. Eventually, the Haitian portion of the island passed to the French, who imported African slaves to work great plantations. The island became, in Mr. Forrest's words, "a veritable garden of French architecture, extensive cane-fields and sugar-mills, which are still found to-day amid jungle growths or reduced to rubble. Haiti was once France's most productive possession. Then came the slave insurrection, the expulsion of the French, and the Haitian Republic. Mr. Franck writes that, during their century of freedom, "the negroes have done nothing but destroy. They have not even exercised their one faculty—that of imitation—for they have been too much shut off from the rest of the world to find anything to imitate. Tho the sugar-cane was introduced into Cuba by the French refugees from Haiti, the entire country can not at present compete with the largest single sugar-mill in the prosperous island to the west."

As for the natives, says Mr. Franck, they may roughly be divided into Haitians and *cacos*. *Cacos* are revolutionists, insurrectionists, or plain bandits, such as have become familiar in Mexico. The depredations of the *cacos* have been the largest single factor, says the writer, in the backwardness and poverty of Haiti. "Travel has often entirely disappeared from many a trail; more than one fertile region has been left uncultivated, and virtually uninhabited because of marauding *cacos*." Cattle, once plentiful, have almost wholly disappeared, thanks to the fact that their flesh furnishes the chief means of livelihood and their hides the one sure source of income for the bandits. The depredations of the *cacos* have cost the Black Republic most of its wealth and caused the greatest share of its worldly troubles. Some two years after the American occupation in 1915, caco-ism took on a new lease of life. To quote Mr. Franck:

> In perfect frankness it must be admitted that this was partly the fault of the Americans. Next to the cleaning up of Port-au-Prince the most important job on hand was the building of roads. If Haiti is to take her place even at the tail end of civilization, she must become self-supporting—in other words, able to pay her foreign debts, both public and commercial. The prosperity of French days, when the island exported large quantities of coffee, sugar, and cotton, has as completely disappeared under the anarchy of the blacks as have the old plantations. What little the country might still export, consisting mainly of coffee, could not get down to tide-water for lack of highways, those which the French built having been wholly overgrown by the militant jungle.
>
> In their eagerness to furnish the country with this first obvious step to advancement, the forces of occupation resurrected an old French law called the *corvée*. We still have something of the sort in many of our own rural districts—the requirement that every citizen shall work a certain number of days a year on the roads. But there is a wide difference between the public-spirited Americans and the wild black men into which the mass of Haitians has degenerated. Neither they nor their ancestors for several generations have seen the need of roads, at least anything more than trails wide enough along which to chase their donkeys. But they probably would have endured the resurrected *corvée* had it been applied in strict legality, a few days' labor in their own locality, instead of being carried out with too energetic a hand. When they were driven from their huts at the point of a *gendarme* rifle, transported, on their own bare feet, to distant parts of the country, and forced to labor for weeks under armed guards, it is natural that they should have concluded that these new-coming foreigners with white skins were planning to reduce them again to the slavery they had thrown off more than a



A Factory that Deserves your Faith

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This great factory was equipped from the very beginning for the sole purpose of making the Westinghouse Battery a better storage battery. It is a wonderfully complete factory. Resources were available, through the connection of this Company with the Union Switch and Signal Company and other Westinghouse interests, to install everything that was scientifically right to insure the highest standard of production.

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century before. The result was that a certain percentage of the forced laborers caught up any weapon at hand and took to the hills as *cacos*. If they have any definite policy, it is to imitate their forefathers and drive the white men from the island. One chief announced the program of killing off the American men and carrying their women off to the hills. The mass of Haitians believe that the world's supply of white men is very limited; it is beyond their conception that there are many fold more of them where these came from.

American methods of conquering and pacifying the country have been much the same as those used in the Philippines. The analogy goes as far as a Haitian leader much resembling Aguinaldo, of Philippine fame, who was killed by an American captain who employed somewhat the same methods which Funston used in that famous adventure of some years ago. As Mr. Franck tells the story:

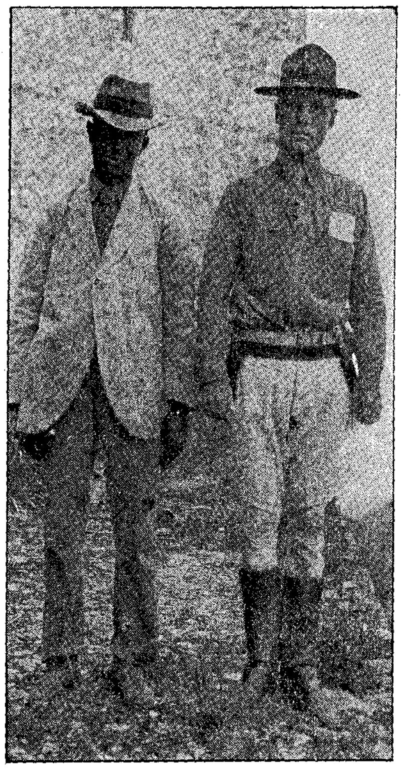


Illustration from "Roaming Through the West Indies," by Harry A. Franck. Copyrighted by the Century Co.

THE AMERICAN CAPTAIN WHO "GOT" HAITI'S BANDIT CHIEF.

Captain Hanneken (at the right) assisted by the native, "General" Jean Conzé, succeeded in killing the leader of the "Revolutionists" by methods suggesting General Funston's famous pursuit and capture of Aguinaldo.

Charlemagne Masena Peralte was a member of one of the two families that have long predominated in the village of Hinche. He was what the Haitians call a *griffe*, a three-fourths negro. He gathered a band of *cacos* about him and marched against the capital. The Government bought Charlemagne off by appointing him commandant of an important district. A few years later a new turn of the political wheel left him among the "outs," and he took to the bush again.

When the American occupation came he set out to work his little scheme once more—it did not seem to occur to him that conditions had changed. Captured and convicted of cacoism in 1917 by an American court martial, he was sentenced to five years at hard labor. A year later he eluded the *gendarme* guards and escaped. Taking to the bush, he organized a new band of *cacos*. Within a few months he was signing himself "chief of the revolutionary forces against the American nation on the soil of Haiti," and had gathered several thousand *cacos* about him. The magic name of General Charlemagne spread throughout the land. He appointed more generals than ever did a European sovereign. He assassinated and punished until his word became law to any one out of reach of *gendarme* protection. Before the end of 1918 he attacked his native town with several thousand followers and was not easily repulsed. It was decided to put the marines in the field against him, and for eight months they pursued him in vain. If anything, the *caco* situation was becoming worse instead of better. It became apparent that the pacification of Haiti depended chiefly on the elimination of Charlemagne.

Herman H. Hanneken was a typical young American who had joined the marine corps soon after finishing at the preparatory school in his native town of St. Louis, Mo. After taking part in the Vera Cruz demonstration, he was sent to Haiti with the first forces of occupation, in August, 1915. In June, 1919, Captain Hanneken was appointed district commander, with headquarters in the old town of Grande Rivière, famous in Haitian military and political annals. A powerful fellow of more than six feet, who had reached the advanced age of twenty-five, he was ideal material for the making of a successful *caco* hunter. Having familiarized himself in a month with the routine of the district, he turned his attention to the then most pressing duty in Haiti, the elimination of Charlemagne. Unfortunately for his plans, there were almost no *cacos* in the district of Grande Rivière. He could not encroach upon the territory of his fellow officers; the only chance of "getting a crack" at the bandits was to import some of them into his own region.

Jean Batiste Conzé, a native of Grande Rivière, was a *griffe*, like Charlemagne. He had always been a law-abiding citizen and had once been chief of police on his native heath. Moreover, he was at a low financial ebb. A reward of $2,000 had been offered for Charlemagne, dead or alive. One night Captain Hanneken asked Conzé to call upon him at his residence. When he was certain that the walls had been shorn of their ears, he addrest his visitor in the Haitian "creole," and unfolded his plan.

"Conzé, I want you to go and join the *cacos*. I want you to become a *caco* chief. I will furnish you whatever is necessary to gather a good band of them about you and you can take to the hills and establish a camp of your own."

Conzé consented. A few days later he disappeared from town, carrying with him in all secrecy fifteen rifles that had once been captured from the *cacos*, 150 rounds of ammunition, several swords, and a showy pearl-handled revolver that belonged to Hanneken. Specially favored by his rifles, rum, and apparently unlimited funds, Conzé soon gathered a large band of real *cacos* about him.

General Charlemagne, stationed far off in the district of Mirebalais, had been warned to look out for him. In vain Conzé sent letters, written by his secretary in proper *caco* style, to the big chief, offering the assistance of his growing band. Charlemagne would have nothing to do with him beyond the exchange of non-committal notes. Finally, Charlemagne sent one of his generals, Pappilon, on a secret mission to arrest Conzé and bring him to his own camp. It was merely a lucky coincidence that Hanneken had decided on that very night to "attack" Fort Capois, Conzé's stronghold, as he had already done, to make the play good, several times before. Conzé was instructed how to conduct the affair to avoid personal injury.

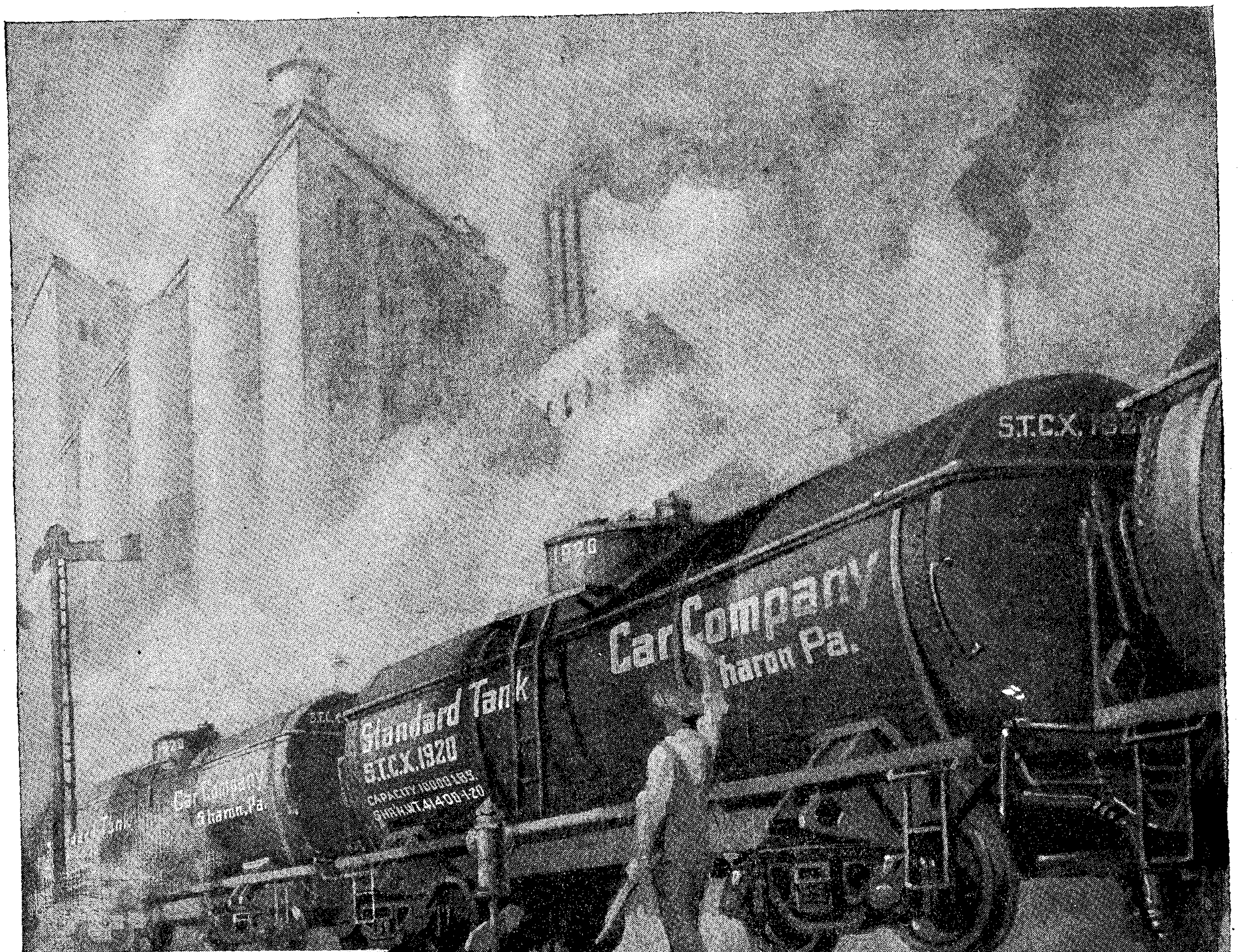
In the midst of the "fighting" Hanneken slipt aside in the bushes and, smearing his left arm with red ink, wrapt it in a bandage generously covered with the same liquid. Then he sounded a "retreat" and the *gendarmes* fell back pell-mell on Grande Rivière. The next morning the market-place was agog with the astonishing news. The *cacos* of Fort Capois had repulsed the Americans, and, moreover, the great Conzé himself had wounded the redoubtable American captain! The reports won the confidence of Charlemagne — with reservations, of course. He invited Conzé to his headquarters, commissioned him as "General Jean," and promised to cooperate with him at Fort Capois, in a general attack on Grande Rivière. Conzé kept Hanneken fully advised of the situation.

On the night set for the attack, Captain Hanneken ordered ten picked *gendarmes* to report at his residence. With them was his subordinate, Lieut. William R. Button, who had just been let into the secret. Hanneken told the *gendarmes* to lay aside their uniforms and put on *caco*-like rags that had been gathered for the occasion. The two American officers drest themselves in similar garments and rubbed their faces and hands with cold-cream and lampblack. Then the detail sallied forth one by one to meet at a designated place where rifles had been secretly conveyed.

The pretended *cacos* took up their post at Mazaire behind a bushy hedge along which Charlemagne must pass if he kept his rendezvous. While they lay there Conzé and his following of real *cacos*, some seven hundred in number, passed close by them on their way to attack Grande Rivière. Conzé gave the preconcerted signal and Charlemagne's army dashed out of the foothills toward the stream. It was only the overeagerness of the barricaded force, which failed to hold its fire long enough that made the *cacos'* casualties number merely by the dozen, instead of by the hundreds.

At the height of the battle Charlemagne's secretary crawled up to Hanneken and informed him that the *caco*-in-chief had changed his mind. He had smelled a rat. He would not come down to Mazaire until the actual winner of the battle came to him to announce the capture of Grande Rivière. To say that Captain Hanneken received the news quietly is merely another way of stating that he is not a profane man. Here he had planned and toiled for four months to do away with the arch *caco* and break the back of the rebellion only to have his plans fall through from the oversuspicion of the outlaw politician. He acted quickly. "Button," he whispered to his lieutenant, "we will be the successful *caco* detachment that brings the news of the capture of Grande Rivière to Charlemagne."

Led by the *caco*-in-chief's secretary, the little group set out into the mountains. The disguised *gendarmes* mingled with the *caco* outposts and announced the capture of Grande Rivière.



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Shouts of triumph rose and spread away into the night. Four outposts were successfully passed. At the fifth, the leader was a huge, bulking negro as large as Hanneken, and he stood on the alert, revolver half raised, as the detail approached. He looked Hanneken up and down suspiciously, and asked him a question. Hanneken, pretending to be out of breath, mumbled an answer and stalked on. The sixth outpost was the immediate guard over Charlemagne. The Americans advanced to within fifteen feet of a faintly blazing camp-fire. On the opposite side of it stood a man erect, his silk shirt gleaming in the flickering light. He was peering suspiciously over the fire, trying to recognize the newcomers. A woman was kneeling beside the heap of fagots, coaxing it to blaze. A hundred or more *cacos* were lined up to the right, at a respectful distance from the peering chief.

Two negroes, armed with rifles, halted the Americans, at the same time cocking their pieces. Hanneken raised his black, invisible automatic, and fired at the chief beyond the fire, at the same time shouting, "Let her go, Button." In an instant the kneeling woman scattered the fire with a sweeping gesture and plunged the spot in darkness. Button was spraying the line of *cacos* with his machine gun. The disguised *gendarmes* came racing up and lent new legs to the fleeing bandits. Hanneken placed his handful of soldiers in a position to offset a counter-attack and began groping about the extinguished fire. His hands encountered a dead body drest in a silk shirt. . . . The *caco*-in-chief had been shot squarely through the heart. When daylight came, the hilltop was found strewn with the bodies of the bandits, while trails of blood showed that many more had dragged themselves off into the bushes.

After the affair, Captain Hanneken, Lieutenant Button, and the *gendarmes* who accompanied them were ordered to Port-au-Prince to be personally thanked by the President of Haiti and decorated with the Haitian *médaille d'honneur*. The death of Charlemagne has probably broken the back of cacoism, tho it is by no means wiped out. One of the chief problems of the pacifiers at present is to convince the ignorant *caco* rank and file that the great Charlemagne is really dead.

FARM WOMEN WHO COUNT THEMSELVES BLEST BY FATE

HIGH IDEALS, sane living, and blessings beyond those enjoyed by women who live in cities are claimed for the women of the American farmlands by a farm journal which has gone to some trouble to find how farmers' wives live and what they think about their lives. A good deal of sympathy, even of pity, has been extended to farmwives by some recent investigators and newspaper writers. Adeline O. Goessling, home editor of *Farm and Home* (Springfield, Mass.), asked the women among the paper's subscribers to write letters telling frankly what they thought about reports that the "poor farm woman on lonely farms toils wearily with scant reward and grows old and gray before her youth has gone." Nearly ten thousand farmers' wives and daughters from all over the country, writes Miss Goessling, took the trouble to deny the charge. Their optimistic letters, a number of which are reprinted by *Farm and Home*, seem especially appropriate in view of the approaching Thanksgiving season. "How many women living in crowded quarters in cities, with scarcely room to breathe and no real freedom, would exchange places with me and many others situated as I am?" asked Mrs. C. E. Plummer, a farmer's wife of Oklahoma. "As I write, my bonny baby of fourteen months lies asleep in his crib on the screened porch free from noise and dust. The older children are playing in the yard with their dog, kitten, and dolls. They have oceans of fresh air to breathe and unlimited freedom. Providing meals is no problem, for I have fresh vegetables growing right at hand, a tender young chicken prepared from my own flock (no cold-storage products for us!) We have plenty of fresh milk and butter, and many other good things to eat and grow on. I can look out on fields of ripening grain and beautiful flowers and thank God for his blessings."

Another farmer's wife, Mrs. H. F. Woodrich, of Illinois, writes in an equally enthusiastic vein:

> Why compare the shortage of hired help in the farm kitchen with the factory? Why not compare it with the city kitchen help problem? The truth is that it is kitchen work and not farm kitchen work that the girls are shunning.
>
> Lonely? Where is there such an abundance of life as in the country? There may not be crowds of people, but nature makes a grander showing. The trees, the grass, the flowers, the birds, the horses, and cattle—even the crickets, locusts, katydids, and frogs—all add to the grand symphony of nature. And then there are the beautiful bright moon and the shining stars at night, when God seems so near.
>
> Where are the members of the family nearer and dearer to each other than on the farm? Where do they understand each other better? How many wonderful evenings are spent together with neighbors around the piano and victrola, singing and dancing! How many pleasant hours are spent driving through the country, going to band-concerts or picnics or to church on Sunday! And then there are the telephone and the daily visits of the letter-carrier with magazines and newspapers.
>
> It is city life that is lonely, where one may travel all day through crowded streets and be among strangers; where one may see so many sad-eyed women, and dirty children playing in dirty streets!
>
> Work hard? Of course we work hard, but honest work is praise and prayer. No other woman on the face of the earth is so much a partner and chum to her husband as the farm woman, and nowhere is there such clean, wholesome family life as on the farm.

The unfavorable view of farm life which moved *Farm and Home* to collect these letters was contained in an article called "The Wife of the Farmer—The Woman God Forgot." It appeared in the Boston *Herald* and contained such statements as:

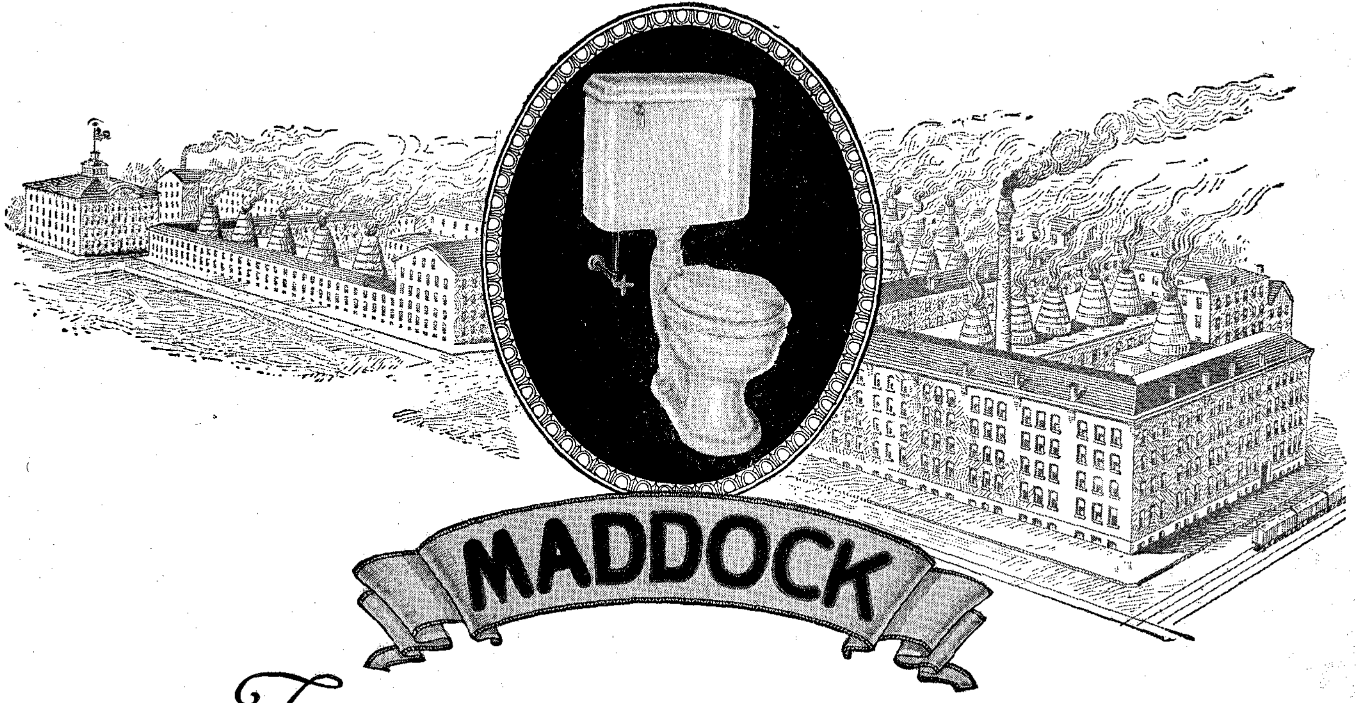
> Knock at the door of the house at the crossroads here with me and see what the farmer's wife says about it. She will talk, for farmers' wives are the most lonesome people in this world to-day. They look out of the window hour after hour and see only the same familiar landscape, and when they do get a chance to talk to the husband for a few minutes he is so tired that the only thing he can think of is bed. . . . "Oh, yes," she says, "I am always working. That's all that the women ever do on the farm. My day begins at four-thirty in the morning, and some nights when I am lucky I get through by ten o'clock."

It is in answer to these allegations that Mrs. Arthur Hewins, a Massachusetts farmwife, writes:

> Believe me, there are no farm women around here who work from 4:30 A.M. until 10 P.M. I rarely ever get up before six o'clock and am usually through before eight at night, even tho I do all my own housework, make all my own clothes, even underwear and coats, and very often hats, too.
>
> I have four in the family all the time and sometimes more, also have quite a lot of company. I do lots of canning of fruits and vegetables. In our "Lizzie" I carry the milk three miles to the creamery every morning, Sundays included. I do not consider myself overworked in the least, neither am I bent or faded, neither are my hands reddened or work-worn. I have time to go for pleasure rides, and once or twice a week we go to the "movies" in the nearest town, which is nine miles away. Occasionally we spend a day at the lake. Fully 75 per cent. of the farmers in this locality own their own motor-cars. We nearly all have telephones and almost without exception are great readers, and when weather permits we have weekly club meetings all winter. There is no such word as lonesomeness in our vocabulary.
>
> I am sick and tired of being pitied as a farm woman, when I don't need it, because I truly think we are happier than any other class of women in the whole United States. We have work enough so that we can appreciate our pleasures, and we have pleasures enough so that the work never becomes drudgery. Personally, I would rather be hanged than to have to wear some of the "latest fads and fancies of fashion." Neither would I change the "same familiar landscape" for the side of some one else's house, as people living in city houses have to do, if they look out of their windows at all.

A school-teacher who worked and lived among farmers adds her testimony as follows:

> I am an unmarried woman, a teacher in the public schools. Last year I taught a rural school, and I never had a happier year. The children were good and kind and sincere and intelligent. In fact, the school as a whole was the finest class of children that I ever taught. I went there to get experience that I had never had teaching in city and village schools. I am in a position to compare the children in the country with those in the city. What I think is proved by this fact is that I will



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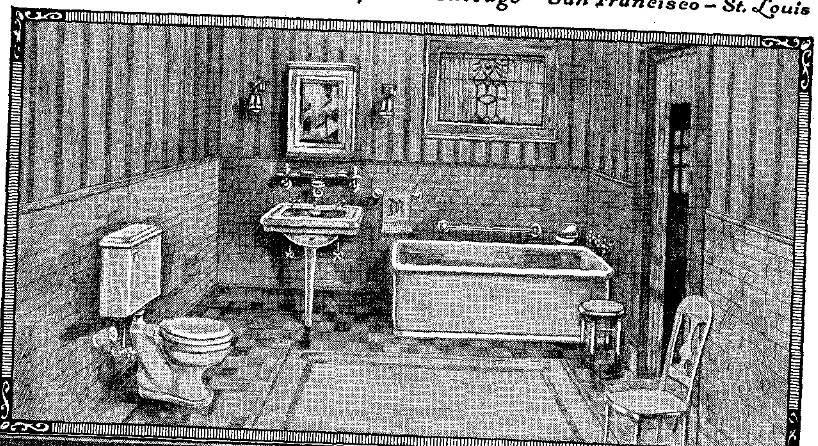

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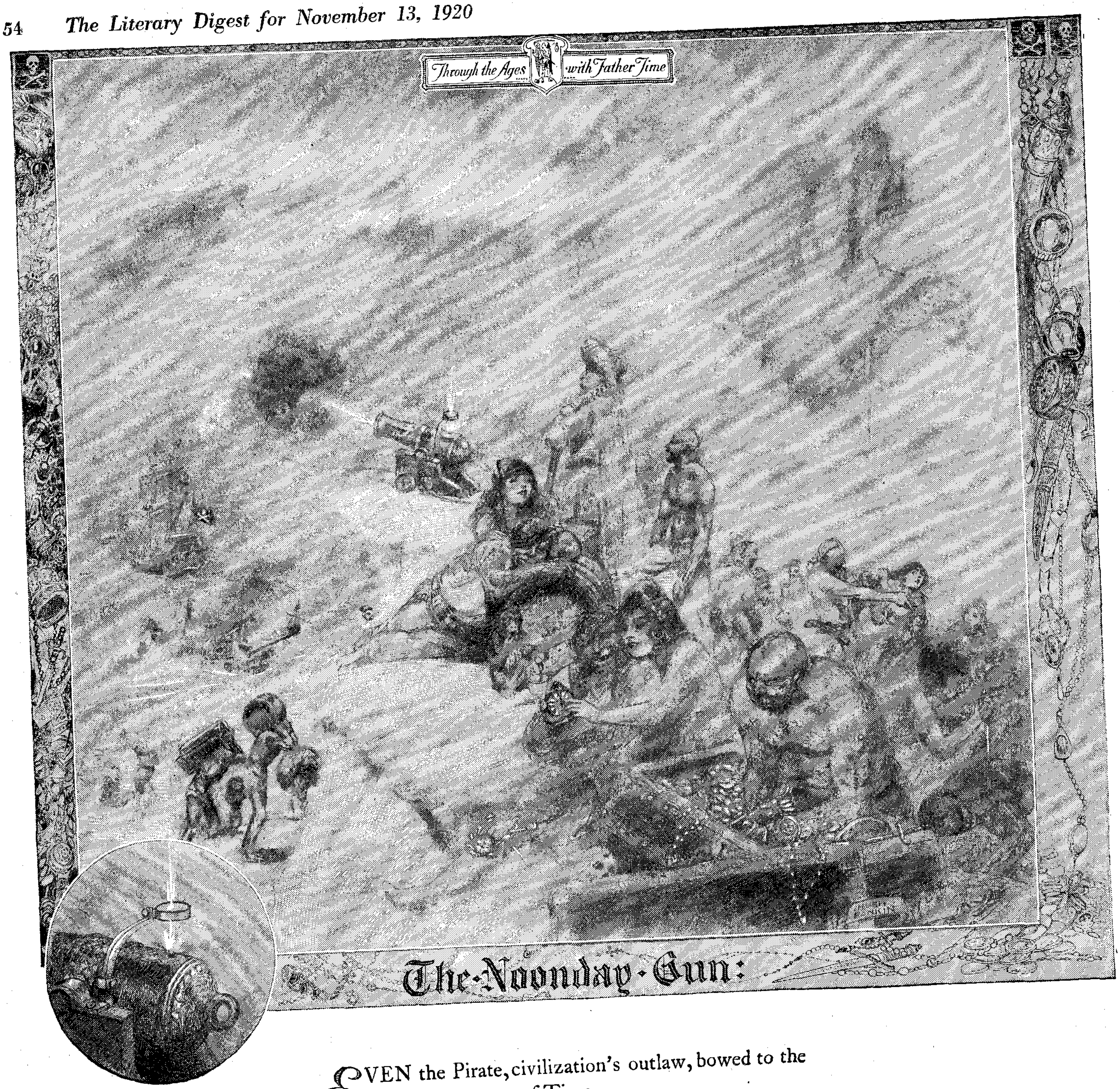
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Inventions run in cycles. Alfred's Time-Candle recalled the cave man's burning rope: the Pirate's Noonday Gun harks back to the Sun-Dial of Babylon. Gradually, as Father Time fled down through the ages, emerged that realization of *the value of Time* which inspired those timekeeping marvels of our world today—

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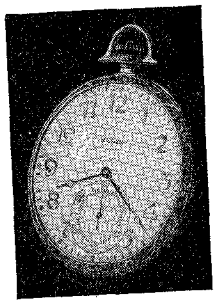

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> never willingly teach in the city again. In the country we have parties, community sings, community picnics, and other community social affairs, and I never met with such hearty cooperation as I received from the parents of my country pupils.
>
> I remember one home distinctly. One of my pupils, a bright little girl in the fifth grade, invited me to her home to spend the night. It was as beautiful a home as I have ever been permitted to visit—a home, not a house only. It was lighted by electric lights, and when I looked out of the windows it was upon a beautiful orchard. The mother was a graduate of the Ohio State University, the father had been one of the professors of agriculture there, and the children were well trained. The father is now raising registered Guernsey cattle.
>
> I venture to say that there are few city homes that could compare with this country home in culture, refinement, and happiness. However, that was not the only happy home. Happy children can not come from unhappy homes. The boys and girls were all happy and contented. Of course, I realize that it was an unusually beautiful and rich farming region, but I will always remember my first year there as one of the happiest of my school-teaching years.

Perhaps these pleasant testimonials do not altogether contradict the results of a farm-home survey recently made in thirty-three Northern and Western States by the United States Department of Agriculture, the State Colleges of Agriculture, and the Farm Bureaus, for even if ten thousand women have shown by their letters that they find happiness and contentment in their farm homes, few of them, in all probability, would say that the farm wife's condition, the country over, could not be improved. *The Banker-Farmer*, of Champaign, Ill., tells the story of this report under the heading, "The Farm Woman's Own Story—How Woman Power Is Wasted in Rural America." The moral of this article, it may be noted, is not that farm women are, as a class, less fortunate than the women who live in cities, but merely that their happiness might be improved by an increase of the conveniences that city women enjoy. "Compared with even ten years ago," writes Florence E. Ward, "the returns of the survey show a big change for the better in the conditions existing in the farm homes of this country." Specifically:

> Thirty-two per cent. now have running water in the house, 22 per cent. have power to use in lightening their household tasks, 95 per cent. have screened windows and doors, 95 per cent. have sewing-machines, 72 per cent. have telephones, 62 per cent. have automobiles, 24 per cent. have vacuum cleaners, 47 per cent. have carpet-sweepers, 21 per cent. have some kind of a lighting system, and 26 per cent. have gas or electric irons. Many women are still without any or all of these conveniences, and when their duties as producers of garden, dairy, and poultry products are added to the housework the burden is more than the strength of the average woman can bear long.
>
> The following description of the working schedule of a large percentage of farm women, altho true to the statements of the survey, may give a somewhat exaggerated impression of hardship, unless one keeps in mind the motive back of the work of wife and mother and the compensations that come to every home-maker in her round of activities for the happiness and comfort of her family. It should be noted also that the various duties mentioned as a possible part of the day's work would not all be included in any one day.
>
> It is sunrise on a summer morning and a full day's work is facing the farm woman. Of those who answered the questionnaire about 50 per cent. are up at five o'clock. All must rise early, as the average working day is 13:12 hours at this season of the year. The men are on their way to the barn to feed the stock. Sixty-one per cent. of the women after lighting the kitchen fire must go to the pump or spring, an average of forty feet distant, to bring water for the morning meal. The tea-kettle filled, the fire burning, and the hearth brushed, 81 per cent. may enter the poultry yard to feed the birds that are lustily calling for their breakfast. About 14 per cent. of the women report hired help for about three and one-half months in the year. They may delegate the poultry feeding to the helper or, while 36 per cent. of the women take their pails and go to the barn to assist in milking the half-dozen cows (the average number), the helper may be setting the breakfast-table. This meal is enjoyed by a family averaging five persons.

The account follows the farm wife's long, busy day through in detail, and concludes:

> Small wonder is it when this is done if the average farm woman leaves the tempting new book or magazine unopened, postpones writing the long-delayed letter, or even forgets the bedtime story or confidence of small son or daughter as she calls this day finished, in which labor has been so sparingly balanced with leisure and recreation.
>
> The loss to family and community by the waste of woman's energy here described could be prevented by a seasonable amount of planning and well-directed investment in modern equipment. There is much talk nowadays of the economic importance of a contented rural population willing to stay on the land and help to build it up. Perhaps the greatest factor in bringing this about will be the healthy, alert, and expert home maker, who will see to it that a part of the increased income from the farm is directed toward the improvement of the home as a means of contentment and stimuli for farm-work. Economists of our country, seeing the steady migration cityward, recognizing the dearth of farm labor as a limiting factor in production, and connecting this with the isolation and inconvenience of rural living conditions, are pointing out that where these exist it is doubtful business policy to use increased income to buy more land with heavy interest charges against it rather than to spend part of that income in raising standards of living so that farm women may find contentment in comfortable, efficient houses, and young people will not necessarily go to the cities in search of attractive living conditions and amusement.

However much farm life may need improvement along the lines suggested, it is "wonderfully inspiring," as the editor of *Farm and Home* observes, to read such a letter as that written by a farmer's wife of Wisconsin, who has made a rich success of her life under present conditions. She writes:

> I voluntarily entered the class of farm women four years ago, my husband having entered the ranks of farmers one year previous. We were both city-bred and went onto a rented farm, with a cash balance of only ten dollars after buying some stock, seeds, etc., and handing the minister ten dollars for entering me in the farm class. Husband and I decided that we could afford to be poor a few years and that if we took proper care of our land and stock during the early years they would take care of us later.
>
> My husband and I are now and always have been partners. We buy and sell together and my check is honored the same as his. Husband even went one step further in sharing the responsibility of the firm by giving me the power of attorney, so that in his absence I can handle any business deal—even to sell the farm.
>
> During the first year we spent no money for furnishings beyond the barest necessities. These, however, included a new up-to-date kitchen cabinet. The year after our marriage our boy was born and a few months later we bought the place we were renting. We paid part cash and arranged for semiannual payments for the balance. We still have four years to make these payments, but expect to complete them in twelve months.
>
> When we decided that a new house was necessary, we built a small cottage with hardwood floors and so many windows that it is the envy of my city sister. We are building a big porch this fall and will screen it next summer. I am able to do my own work because of the convenient arrangement of the home and the labor-saving devices that I use, among which I count as most helpful the oil-stove, gasoline iron, mop-wringer, cream-separator, and fireless cooker. My kitchen utensils are almost entirely of aluminum. I use a vacuum hand-washer and good ball-bearing wringer for laundry work now, but we have decided that by the new year we want a power washer and a small gasoline engine equipped with pump jack.
>
> "Daddy" further plans to dam the creek and install a ram to lift the soft water to the barn and to a cistern at the house. But that is next year's work—something to look forward to.
>
> I have already filled twenty dozen jars and only bought one crate of berries—the rest is from my garden and orchard—and there are still tomatoes, apples, plums, pumpkins, squash, soup vegetables, and late corn, besides beef, pork, and poultry to can. I expect to have forty dozen jars full by the first of November, to say nothing of kraut, pickles, salted beans, dried corn, sausages, ham, bacon, etc.
>
> I do work hard, but I seldom get up before six o'clock and always rest between one and three in the afternoon, sometimes longer. We subscribe to a daily paper and good farm papers, also a church paper, and for pure amusement some of the story papers.
>
> We dress well and respectably. Some of our clothes we buy ready-made and others I make with the aid of good patterns and my sewing-machine. When we go abroad we feel as well drest as our city relatives who have larger cash incomes than we have.
>
> Husband and I have time for companionship, and we aim to make little son's life broad and rich and deep in the things that count. And so, despite the ups and downs and the hard times that have come due to mistakes and failures which are the lot of all beginners, we have gained financially, physically, and spiritually.

KING CHRISTIAN OF DENMARK MAKES HIS TRIUMPHAL ENTRY INTO SOUTH JUTLAND

IT WAS A GREAT DAY FOR THE DANES when their King, on his white horse, rode over the old boundary line into the South-Jutland territory that Denmark recovered from Germany as a result of the upheaval of the world-war. Ever since the Teutonic hordes invaded Denmark and wrested from her these southern provinces, over fifty-six years ago, the Danes had been looking forward to the day when this territory would be reunited with the mother country. Now the day had come, the restoration was actually a fact, South Jutland was once more a part of Denmark, and there was rejoicing throughout the land. The occasion of the King's entrance into the restored territory as its ruler was made a gala day such as Denmark has seldom witnessed. The royal party made its entry near Christiansfeld, where a great triumphal arch had been erected in the place of the posts marking the former boundary line, which had been broken down. Here from every part of the Danish Kingdom, north and south, thousands of countrymen had gathered to bid the King and his house welcome to South Jutland. A description of the scene is given in *The American-Scandinavian Review* (New York) by Asmus Diemer, a Danish newspaper man who accompanied King Christian on his trip through South Jutland. Mr. Diemer writes:

> The night has been showery. A light mist hung over the land in the early morning, but now that the great moment is here it has been dispelled by soft sunlight filtering through the air. The King has left his automobile and, in a field by the roadside, has mounted his white charger. At half-past nine the notes of the "King's Song" ring out, and thousands join in. And then the event place takes which generations of South-Jutlanders, for fifty-six long, dreary years, have hoped for and dreamed about. The King on his white horse rides under the triumphal arch into the recovered land. The dream has become a reality.
>
> No eye is dry; the sound of sobbing is heard round about, but it is the subdued weeping of joy and thankfulness. The white head of the horse is seen advancing between the two rows of people. Hats and caps fly off, and the cheers ring out. High above the crowd the erect figure of the King, in his gray infantry uniform, is visible to every one present. His features are working with deep emotion, and the tears, which he makes no attempt to hide, are running down his cheeks.
>
> A platform has been raised by the roadside, and the King reins in his horse before it. Farmer Refshauge from Haderslev, a member of the county council, stands on the platform. While he speaks, a deep stillness falls over the crowd, broken only by the pawing of the horse and the rattling of the silver rings of its bridle. Refshauge is a typical South-Jutland farmer. With a bearing at once confident and respectful, without cringing or false submission, he addresses the King: "Our people have kept the faith, waiting and hoping for this day. In the popular imagination fair images of the King's trip through South Jutland have taken shape. . . . Love of our old mother country has deep roots in our hearts. We have voted, and we have chosen Denmark. Our choice was free, and, come shame or glory, come sorrow or joy, we wish to share it with our people. We wish to help to carry our country onward toward a new day."
>
> When the cheers and the "three times three hurrah" have died away, the King replies: "My first greeting to the South-Jutlanders shall be a 'Welcome Home.' Mr. Refshauge has reminded us of my grandfather's time and of the generation of his day. I, too, remember my grandfather and also my father. I wish that he had been here now in my place. God bless you all! And let us all work to strengthen and preserve our land. Long live Denmark!"
>
> The King rides on, and his cortège follows him, the Crown Prince and Prince Knud riding, the Queen and other members of the royal family in automobiles. Everywhere the King is greeted with enthusiasm. It is the King to whom the South-Jutlanders do homage. It is he whom they press forward to see, his hand they want to shake. In this wise the kings of Denmark were wont of old to go to the uttermost ends of their realm and their people flocked to meet them.
>
> Again a wonderful thing happens, an incident that may seem slight to those who only hear about it, but which we who were present will enshrine in our hearts. A little girl in a white dress has some flowers she wants to give the King, and her mother lifts her up. The King takes not only the flowers but the child, and sets her before him on the saddle. So they ride on, while the enthusiasm of the crowd bursts out in endless cheering. It is as tho the King, in the person of the little girl, had gathered the recovered land to his heart.

As the King passes through Christiansfeld an old veteran upon catching sight of him is about to run forward with outstretched hands, but the emotional excitement is too much for the old man: he falls back into the arms of the bystanders—dead. In the old Danish town of Haderslev the King has a slight mishap. His horse shies as he is about to mount, and throws him. Another horse is brought and the royal party continues on its way. They spend the night at Aabenraa and proceed with the trip the next day—Sunday. The account continues:

> Sunday is given to Dybböl. In the morning the royal ship sails into Sönderborg Harbor. The city is tremulous with life, warmth, enthusiasm. All through the morning hours a continuous stream of people is pouring out over the pontoon-bridge to Dybböl Hill. The festivities are to be held on barricades 5 and 6. They form as it were a green crater, in which the bottom and the grassy slopes are covered with a dense mass of people, standing row above row—veritable terraces of humanity. Thunder-clouds are gathering over the Broager horizon and cast flickering deep shadows over the crowds, alternating with gleaming light.
>
> Count Schack of Schackenborg rises to speak. Never has an orator found words that were better attuned to the mood of his listeners or in better harmony with the events. The very spirit of the King's trip is chiseled in this speech. He said: "On the barricades of Dybböl, on the most precious spot that Denmark possesses, where past and present speak a language far stronger than anything human tongue can utter, bearing witness that the Lord has done great things for us, there Denmark's royal house, government, and Rigsdag—nay, Denmark herself—meets the people of South Jutland. . . . The great message which the reunion brings to us South-Jutlanders is that we are no longer to bear this name, that we are to become Danes not only in heart but in name. It is with a feeling of sadness that we renounce this name under which we have loved Denmark and all that is Danish with a tenderness and devotion that could not be surpassed even in the mother country. It is with sorrow we part with this name, because it is a badge of honor that must still be worn by those whom we can not forget in this hour, whom we shall remember faithfully so long as a Danish heart beats down there. With deep thankfulness and joy we accept the name of Danes. To-day we take a vow that we will be good and faithful sons and daughters to thee, Denmark, and in token of this we give thee our hand, King Christian. Around the King we all rally in this hour—the greatest hour our generation has known."

The King responds with a speech, and songs and more speeches follow. A venerable citizen of Aabenraa comes forward and presents the King a pair of golden horns, exact copies of a famous pair of antique horns found in South Jutland many years ago and since stolen. Further:

> When the music intones "*Slumrer södt i Slesvigs Jord*" it almost seems as if the fallen heroes have risen from their graves and are present, tho invisible. Their spirit hovers over the beautiful and touching apotheosis of the reunion which follows, as a gray-haired man steps forward accompanied by five young girls in white carrying a Dannebrog from 1864. Its white cross is yellowed, its red cloth is faded. Hush! It is Denmark doing homage to those whose blood has made the soil of Slesvig so precious. The girls present the flag to the King, while the old man, Private Hans Thomsen of 1864, tells the meaning of the gift in the words of the poet, Axel Juel. The King bends down over the old bunting and presses it to his lips. He shakes hands with the girls, and, taking the old man in his arms, kisses his cheek. The great moment of the day is past. More songs and speeches follow, all excellent, but the pent-up emotions of the day have been liberated. The crowds return to Sönderborg. In the evening all the ships are illuminated, while fireworks turn night into day between the high banks of the narrow Alssund.
>
> On Monday the King rides on to Tönder. Our way lies along the little river Krusaa, where we very nearly touch the new boundary line. There a little group of Flensborgers have posted themselves with flags and banners, while thousands more have assembled just south of the line, unable to cross because the Germans refused them passes. This meeting between the Flensborg Danes and the King of Denmark is deeply moving. "The vanguard is still hoping," and "Flensborg Danes greet the King of Denmark"—are some of the inscriptions on their banners.

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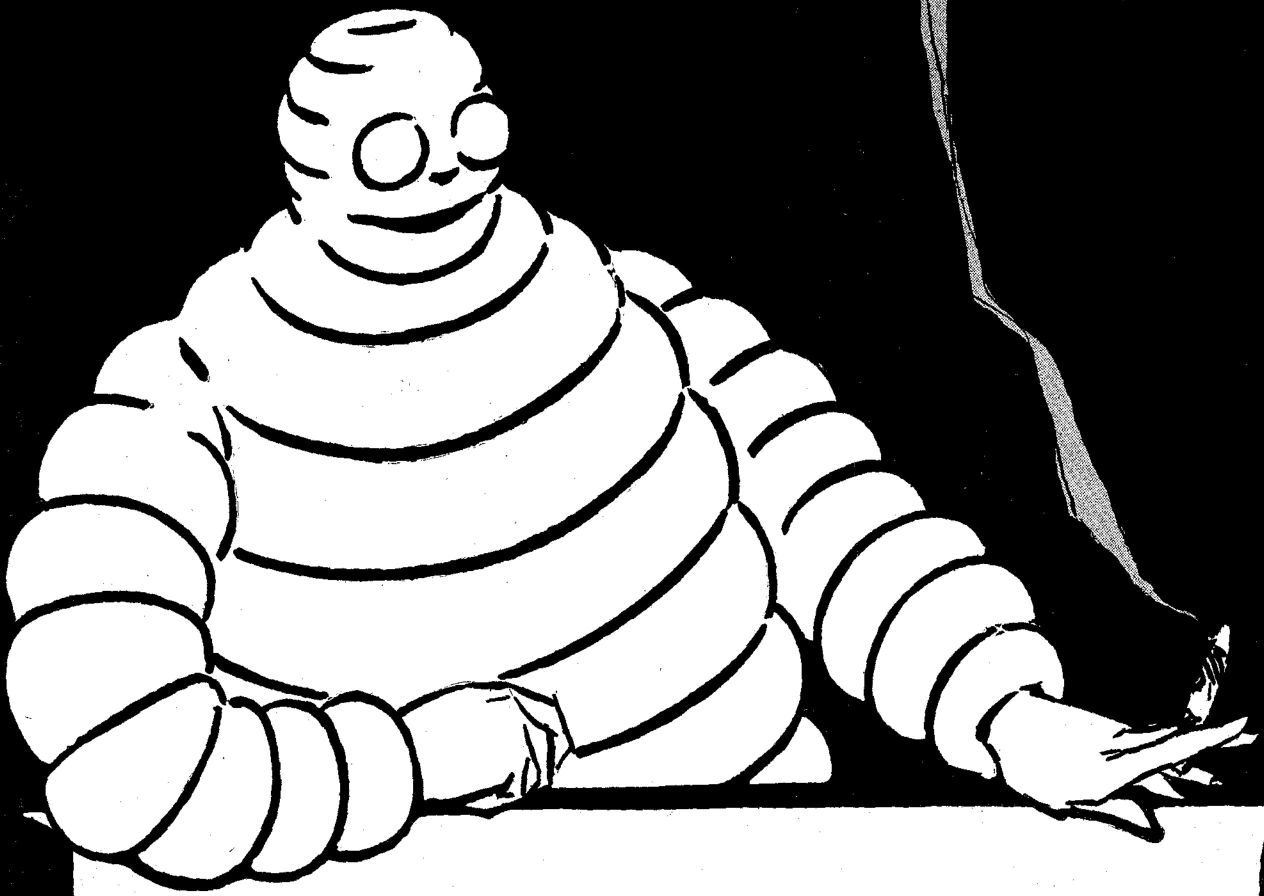

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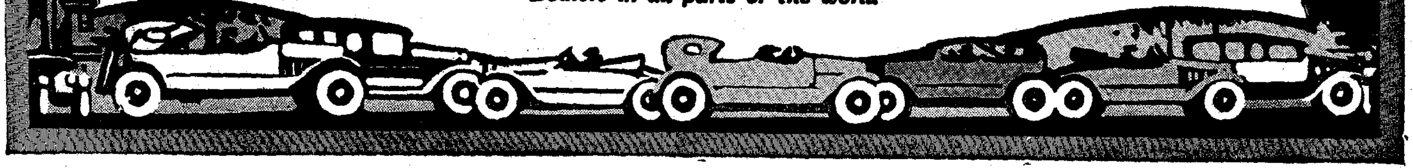
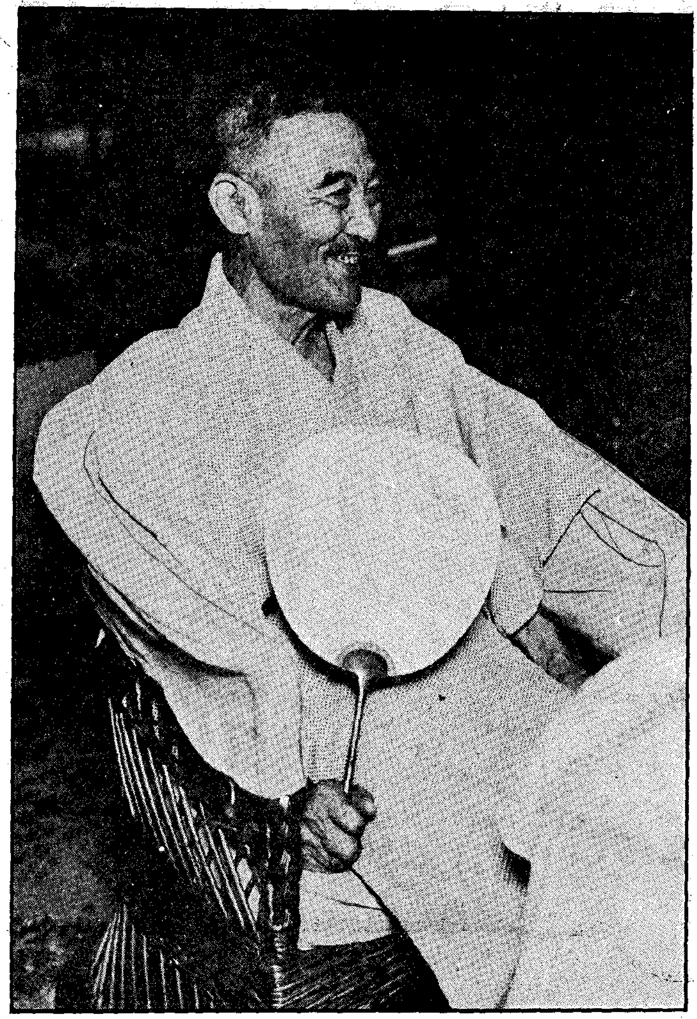


LIVELY TIMES IN THE JAPANESE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

HARD MUSCLES LIKE JACK JOHNSON'S, oratorical endurance surpassing that of Bill Bryan, and a loud, booming voice that would make a mule's bray sound like a whisper, appear to an English correspondent to be the chief qualifications of a member of the Japanese House of Representatives. The Englishman received this impression after attending a session of that body recently, when a question came up for discussion involving alleged speculations in stocks by certain ministers who were accused of having taken improper advantage of state secrets in order to feather their own nests. After what he saw there, the correspondent opines, in *The North China Standard* (Peking), that the Chamber of the Lower House of Japan can no longer justify the claim, made by its members, that the Diet is a sacred place. One gets the impression from what this man writes that it is just the reverse. When the correspondent attended the session he says he saw one new member who stood on the rostrum, "soused to the neck, empty a carafe twice inside fifteen minutes, and pat the head of a boy who brought it full for the third time." The climax of disorderliness came, however, when Mr. Saburo Shimada, an influential leader of the Kenseikai, a former Speaker of the House, and a veteran politician, brought accusations against the alleged speculators. As we read:



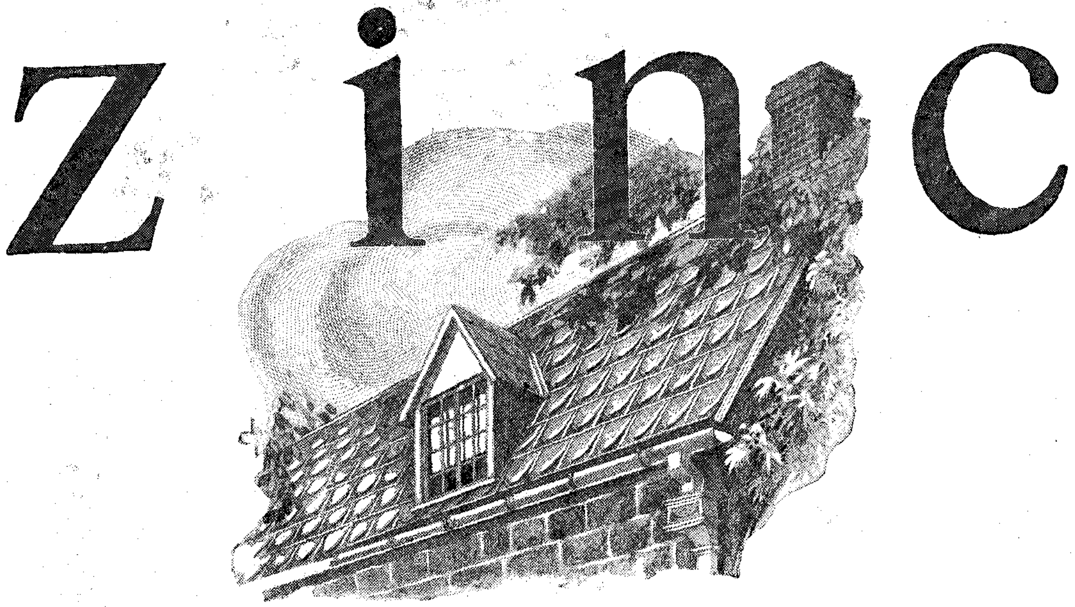
A SOURCE OF TROUBLE AND AMUSEMENT.

This cheerful member of the Japanese Parliament inspired an uproar, equaling those for which our own Congress is occasionally celebrated, by declaring that Jap legislators were combining stock-market gambling with politics.

> The Ministers, of course, denied the charge and filed written replies. Mr. Shimada refused to accept the replies as being ambiguous and asked for a second chance to renew his interpellation. This was denied him, and, instead, the Seiyukai, the Government party, attempted to give Shimada a chance to resign, and, on failing in that, to offer a motion to punish him for disturbing the House by making false accusations.
>
> Mr. Ogawa, president of the National Census Department and one of the leaders of the Seiyukai, obtained the floor to make a speech to urge Mr. Shimada to decide while he had the chance. Mr. Ogawa just opened his mouth when the opposition members suddenly burst into loud, incoherent shouting so that nothing could be heard. In order to restore order in the chamber, Ogawa was requested to descend from the rostrum. When he stept up again, the same boisterous shouting prevented him obtaining a hearing. He tried for a third time with no better result. Then a recess was taken, but the storm was still there, so that when Ogawa mounted the rostrum for the fifth time he addrest not the chamber, but the shorthand men below. Nobody in the chamber except these shorthand men succeeded in hearing what Ogawa had said.
>
> Ogawa is understood to have aimed his attack at Shimada alone, and Koizumi, who had signed the written interpellation with Shimada, wanted to know why Shimada only was made the target. To this Ogawa shouted back:
>
> "Oh, we are magnanimous with other 'also rans.'"
>
> "What do you mean by an 'also ran'?" bellowed Koizumi, and, jumping out of his seat, he tried to get hold of Ogawa, who, just descending from the rostrum, was returning to his seat. Ogawa looked back, showed his disapproval of any "direct action," and made a hurried retreat. Koizumi, in order to prove that he was not an "also ran" but "a placed horse," chased Ogawa and caught him by the sleeve. Then broke forth a storm.
>
> Several members, plus strong brutal force, minus brain and dignity, multiplied by ju-jutsu, popped out of their seats, ostensibly to separate the two, but, in fact, to lick other fellows. It was a fight *de luxe*, for they were drest in fine summer garments, and nothing of the kind could be seen for any amount of cash outside the Diet. The sergeant-at-arms rushed to the scene to separate them, but they simply got themselves mixed up and swelled the commotion. One member shot his arm straight up and shook it like a weathercock. Sasaki, popularly known as "King of Mongolia," by virtue of his once having taught a Mongolian prince, had meanwhile obtained the floor, and from above the rostrum waved a folding fan and ordered his fellow members to be quiet, altho he appeared as if he were cheering the contending members below to "go to it."
>
> Shimada told Ogawa that he did not wait for others to tell him what to do, and that he would not listen to what had been said by Ogawa. The opposition members shook the chamber cheering him, while the Government members jeered at him with equal vehemence. The opposition members one after another censured the Speaker for behaving favorably to the Seiyukai. The shouts of "Down with the unfair Speaker," "Put him out," and other similar or worse cries were continually heard from the opposition camp. The Speaker, however, would not yield. He repeatedly declared that he had acted fairly, which seems correct, since he said so himself.

THOSE VIOLENT POLICEMEN.—Being a policeman, criticized on one side for apathy and on the other for undue zeal, appears to be just as thankless a job in Japan as it is in our own beloved land, to judge by a set of instructions issued to the guardians of the peace in Toyko recently, admonishing them, in effect, to "lay off on the rough stuff" when maintaining order during demonstrations at the capital. It seems that the Japanese police have been using strong-arm methods to a somewhat greater extent than the authorities thought necessary of late. "More violence by the police against the people than violence by the people against the police" was reported, in the language of *Jiji* (Tokyo), which comments further:

> There are sometimes unmanageable hooligans among the agitators, and it may in some cases be necessary for the police to use force, but it can not be denied that some policemen have unnecessarily resorted to violence. Indeed, the present instructions to the policemen may be regarded as an admission of the charge.
>
> In this connection it is worthy of note that violence is used more by policemen in plain clothes than those in uniform. When a policeman is in plain clothes he is less keen to the sense of his responsibility than when he is in uniform, and does things which, when uniformed, he will not stoop to do. As a matter of fact, the recent demonstrations were controlled more by plain-clothes men than by uniformed policemen.



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FEEDING THE ANIMALS, HUMAN AND URSINE, IS THE WILDEST DIVERSION IN BERN

NOBODY EVER HEARD of the naughty night life of Bern, the capital of Switzerland, for the simple reason that there isn't any. All the people there retire early and every light is out before midnight. This is not saying that the Swiss capital is entirely without excitement, however. Among other things, there are bears in the parks that we are told will stand for hours on their hind legs and let you squeeze orange-juice into their upturned mouths. Also there are restaurants where they serve a dish called a *fondue*, of which Karl K. Kitchen writes enthusiastically in the New York *World Magazine* as follows:

A *fondue*, if you don't happen to know, is a glorified Welsh rabbit. That is, its foundation is melted cheese. However, with this melted cheese, which is served in a chafing-dish, is Neufchatel wine and kirsch—the latter being a cheery cordial.

Do you follow me? Perhaps you are ahead of me and are dipping pieces of crisp toast into this delightful concoction at Daetwyler's restaurant in the Kramgasse. If so, I don't blame you. For a *fondue*, as served at Daetwyler's is both food and drink—to me, at any rate. There are many other restaurants in Bern where they are served—at the Café Rudolf, for instance, they are not half bad. But at Daetwyler's—sweet patootie!

The first time I dined at this little second-floor restaurant in the shadow of the great clock tower, I noticed a youthful-looking chap at the next table who was inhaling one *fondue* after another.

I asked one of the *Tochters*—for all the waitresses in Bernese restaurants are called "daughters"—about him, for I admired his technique with his fork.

"That's the Archduke Max, brother of the former Emperor Charles," said the young woman. "He comes here for *fondue* every day."

I will not attempt to set forth the conversation which I overheard between the young Archduke and his *Tochter*. I will merely give the gist of it, so to speak—the gist of the jest.

The first *fondue* that was served to him was not to his liking.

"There's not enough kirsch in it, but I'll eat it," he said, as the waitress hurried away to get another order for him.

"There's too much kirsch in this, but I'll eat it," he said a moment after he had tasted the second *fondue*. "Bring me another."

"There's just enough kirsch in this," he said when the third *fondue* was placed before him. "Keep on bringing them like this until I tell you to stop."

Of course, every one does not become a *fondue* fiend, but the Bernese *bons vivants* who gather at Daetwyler's are rarely satisfied with one or two of the wonderful dishes. The bouquet of the Neufchatel—as the melting cheese bubbles up in the chafing-dish—is enough to make an enforced prohibitionist gangrenous with envy. And, unlike the ordinary Welsh rabbit, a *fondue* tastes as good as it looks.

Bern is not a large city, the population, even including the bears, being less than seventy-five thousand, according to Mr. Kitchen. As was the case with most other European cities, the even tenor of its existence was disturbed by the war, from which disturbance it has not yet fully recovered. We read:

During the war this capital was a very busy place. It was the center of the various espionage organizations, and the legations were as crowded as a five-and-ten-cent store on a Saturday night. The German Legation alone had one thousand two hundred people attached to it—and spies were so numerous that it was impossible to walk across the terrace of the Bellevue or the Bernehof Hotel without stepping on one of them. And you can imagine what an awful thing a spy is to step on. But to-day Bern has resumed its prewar existence, which is only enlivened on Tuesdays and Thursdays when the public market is held on the Bundesplatz. In fact, it is reported that the capital is losing in population every month.

There are very few tourists in Switzerland this year. The Swiss franc is so high that only Americans can really afford to spend much time here. As it takes two and a half French francs and not less than eight German marks or thirty-five Austrian crowns to buy one Swiss franc, it will be seen that Switzerland is a very exclusive place at the present time. While several European countries have been ruined because the exchange rate of their money is so low, Switzerland is suffering because its money is so high. Its hotels are more or less empty—and since the Swiss are a nation of hotel-keepers, the situation is really serious.

Of course, Bern feels this condition less than the cities which are purely resorts. Its watch and chocolate factories are running, and the business of being the capital keeps a large number of people employed. But if tourists don't come pretty soon some of the near-by resort hotels will have to close their doors.

It is amazing how many non-paying guests there are among the relatively small number who add a touch of life to leading hostelries of this capital. At the Bernehof I met a Russian Grand Duchess who has not paid her weekly bill for more than three years. When she first arrived her high rank gave her all the credit she needed, and she soon succeeded in owing so much that the proprietor didn't dare put her out for fear that he'd never get a penny.

Of course, there are other refugees who are well supplied with money. The Swiss banks are literally bursting with the billions of marks wise Germans have deposited with them. Equally wise Austrians and Hungarians are prepared for rainy days—which are almost consecutive in this part of Switzerland.

PERPETUAL MOTION AS DISCOVERED BY A MOVIE-PLAY WRITER

WHEN A DISTINGUISHED AUTHOR permits his works to be filmed, that process seldom adds to his glory. What it does do in most cases is to sour the distinguished author's disposition and incline him to deeds of violence. Nevertheless, getting a movie play across is not without its rewards, if we are to believe William C. Lengell, who, apparently speaking from experience, informs us in the New York *Evening Post* that a man who has produced a successful motion-picture play has thereby acquired a perpetual meal-ticket, something by no means to be sneezed at in these high-priced times, even tho unaccompanied by glory. This doesn't mean, it seems, that the same play will keep on paying a revenue forever. It will not, excellent tho it may be. But Mr. Lengell explains that when an author for the first time has submitted a story which an enterprising film engineer has been able to torture into a screen production, said author begins to look around for material for another picture as soon as his wild grief over the outrage to his first offering has subsided. Presently, in a trunk full of dead hopes in the form of rejected manuscripts, he finds a carbon copy of the yarn used in the former picture. He reads this and it dawns on him that it is totally unlike the story depicted by that picture. Why not submit the plot to another film company? Quickly he changes the title from "Should a Woman, or Shouldn't She?" to "Once a Husband, Always a Husband," changes the names of the characters, takes a number of carbon copies, and fires it into a picture-factory. Again and again he sells the story that way. He has discovered a perpetual meal-ticket. By way of further explanation as to how such things may be, Mr. Lengell tells just what happens to a story when it is submitted to a film-producing company; how it is cut and otherwise mutilated, twisted around, added to and subtracted from; how everybody in the organization has a whack at it, including the star, the president, the vice-president, the general manager, and such of the directors as may be hanging around; in short, how the whole production is so altered that it looks no more like the original than a butterfly looks like the caterpillar from which it sprang. Negotiations for the purchase of a film play begin with the film editor, who, we are told, is a keen, level-headed fellow with no patience for such foolishness as literature, but possessing in full measure what is known as "a box-office nose." We read further:

The chief qualification for a scenario editor's post lies in being a shrewd bargainer. No doubt you have read of our uncle at the sign of the three gilt balls and of the depreciating eye with which he appraises collateral offered for a temporary tide-over in the way of cash. The story has it that he finally throws up his hands and wails that he couldn't give his own grandmother a cent more.

But the keenest bargaining pawnbroker can not be colder nor more contemptuous of an article than is a scenario editor

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negotiating for a story. He assures the author that the money offered is purely a gift; that the picture value of the story is so slight as hardly to be worth while. That is before the innocent, unbusinesslike author parts company with his literary ware. For once having obtained the rights to the "property" (every story bought and owned is called a "property"), the editor becomes even unduly enthusiastic about it, as do all of the other members of the big family.

The first step in adapting the story for the screen devolves upon a cog in the movie wheel called the "continuity writer." Ostensibly his job is to write the sequence of scenes for the director's guidance. He reads the story; then he has a spasm of hysterics. Search as he will, there is not a single motion-picture dramatic idea in the entire yarn. In his opinion, the scenario editor, vice-president, general manager, president, director, and star all must have had mental lapses when they exchanged good money for the worthless "property." But, as the continuity writer feels the same about all original works given him, he grits his teeth and reads the alleged story again. Hidden away in an obscure corner of the yarn is a minor character. He shrieks with joy. This minor character gives him an idea. He forthwith throws the original story into the waste-basket and proceeds to develop his idea and write the sequence. It takes him about a week, and when he delivers the finished effort to the powers above it is with an air of "See what I did with that mess of words you handed me!"

Now the director steps in to shoot the scenes. Early does he show his hand. To uphold the dignity of his position and demonstrate his own high mental attainments, he follows the script for not more than three days. He appears to be on the verge of insanity when he hurls the typed sheets from the window and proceeds to make the picture extempore. Truth must out. That confounded C. W. had not put in a single rain-storm scene in the whole 240 scenes! And what is a picture without a rain-storm effect?

But now, however, the star begins to pout because he or she is not in every scene. So the story must be altered to remedy this ludicrous defect. But finally the camera man grinds out his last foot; the film is roughly assembled, and the wag who writes the titles sets to work. He holds his head in dismay. It would have been impossible to make a worse picture. It is up to him to save the good name of the company. His clever titles alone will cause the audience to forget the awful story, the horrible direction, the inadequacy of the star's performance, the poor camera work. After which the experts in the cutting-room demonstrate their wisdom and skill by dropping out all the director's pet rain-storm effects and omitting a few scenes which serve to introduce important characters.

All is set for the first showing in the private projection-rooms. If the author of the original story is at hand he is invited to view the remains. With him is the head cutter, the title writer, the camera man, and the star, the director, the continuity man, the scenario editor, the vice-president, the general manager, the president, and the bootblack from the ground floor. A jolly little wake it is.

The title flashes! The original author sees his name. In this fleeting moment he receives that thrill that comes once in a movie author's lifetime.

There is silence!

There are groans!

Everybody groans. For be it known this showing of the picture principally is for the establishment of alibis. There is unanimous agreement that the picture is the worst ever projected and that if booking had not already been accepted, the film should be cast into the furnace or locked in a safe-deposit box to be preserved as the rankest specimen extant.

It is a gentle session of passing the buck. All diplomatic negotiations are abruptly broken off. The star weeps that his or her public will be lost, and vows never again to break bread with the unsympathetic director who refused to permit more than ten close-ups each reel; the director bemoans having been given such a poor continuity; the continuity writer rages because his brilliant work has been mutilated; the scenario editor declares that the vice-president, general manager, president, director, and star forced him into buying the original story against his better judgment. The author has swooned, and when he recovers demands that his name be removed forthwith from the film. That exhibition of inanities is not his story! Ah, it is a wise author who knows his own story in these days of movie eugenics!

The drama is shown at the leading picture palaces. The newspaper reviewers resort to Mr. Roget's unmatched collection of superlatives in their description. The scenario editor now buttonholes all and sundry to tell of the battle he waged against the combined forces of the vice-president, general manager, president, director, and star to force the purchase of the "property." The continuity writer in his modest way says it proves that a good continuity writer can create a winner from any old kind of story. The director declares that he saved the situation by throwing the continuity away. The star is certain that his or her own charming, magnetic personality carried the picture to success, while the title writer and cutter both know that had not the titles been so breezy and the cutting so judicious, the picture would have been canceled by the exhibition on the first showing. Of course, the camera man has certain ideas of his own about the part the artistic photography played, but, in the final analysis, take it from the publicity man, the picture would never have got within a mile of a Broadway house had not the exploitation been so craftily conceived and executed.

NAPOLEONS OF FINANCE IN THE NEW YORK BUILDING-TRADES UNIONS

AN "INITIATION FEE" OF $500 was once imposed by a New York labor-leader upon a firm of New York contractors.

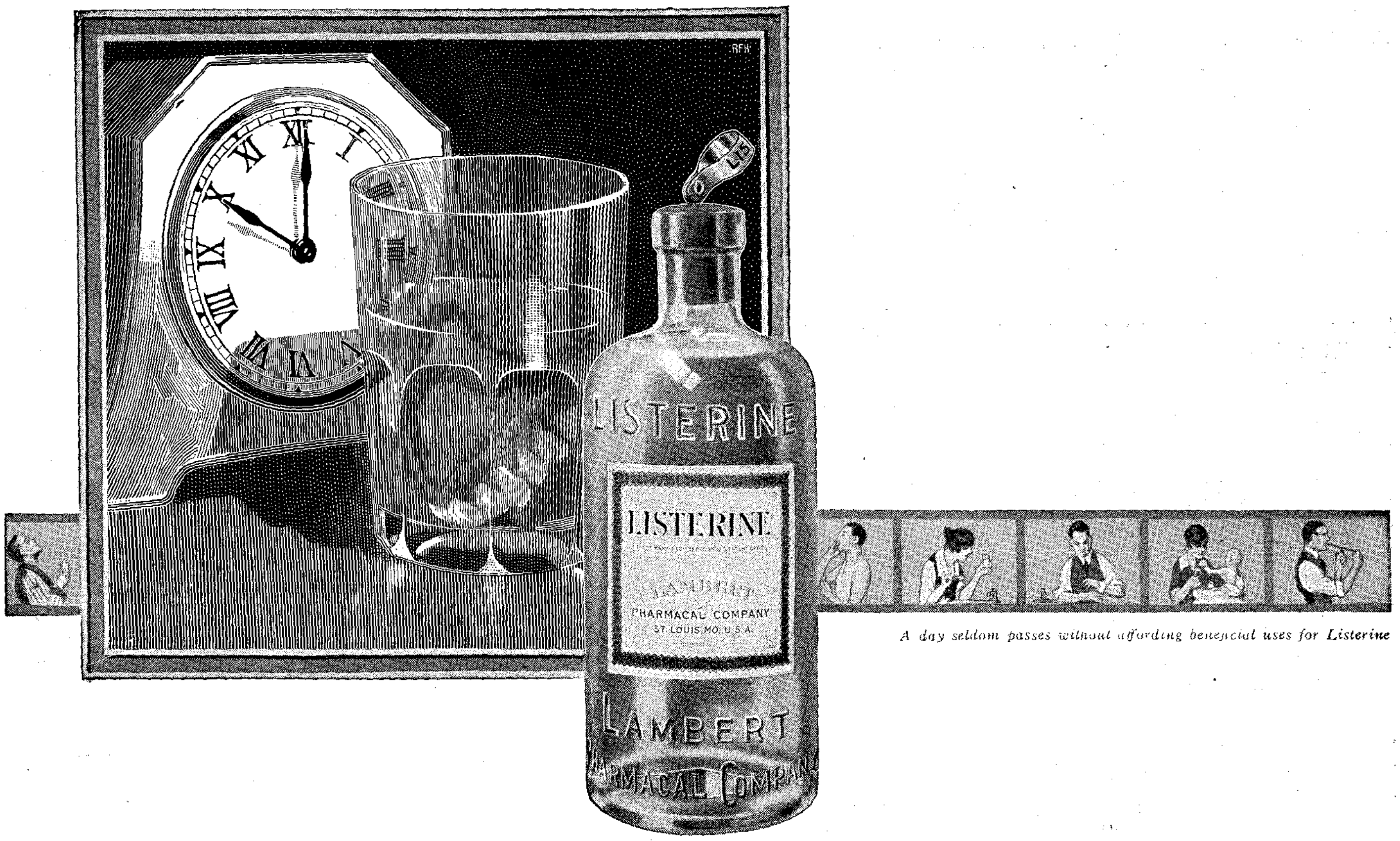
"Initiation into what?" asked a member of the firm.

"Into doing business," replied the union-labor representative, and the company paid rather than face the flock of troubles which the leader had the power to call down upon any contractor who refused to pay. Sam Parks, "the famous Sam Parks" of twenty years ago, was the labor-leader involved in this case, and his ability to collect "initiation fees" was one of the graft scandals of the day. He died in Sing Sing Prison, but his soul went marching on, and newspaper editors see evidences of his bright ideas, improved by time, in the building trades' scandal which is being probed in New York to-day. One man is said to have accumulated a fortune through clever handling of the financial side of his job. According to sworn testimony, a man erecting a building at Thirty-first Street and Seventh Avenue paid $25,000 to have a strike "lifted." But even this sizeable "initiation fee" pales into comparative insignificance, says the New York *World*, beside the material now in the hands of Samuel Untermyer, counsel for the investigating committee. In addition to the money from contractors, thousands of dollars are collected every week from members of an "outlaw" local of the union. This money, according to charges made, is the price which these men have to pay, at the rate of $10 a week each, for the privilege of working at their trade. A mysterious collector comes around every pay day and gets the money. As for the basis of force on which these regulations are founded, says *The World*—

> No contractor engaged on a housewrecking job dare employ men who do not carry "permits," and if any man does venture to work without such a permit he is likely to find himself very quickly in a hospital. The same fate awaits any man who dares dispute the $10 toll on this weekly wage of $44.
>
> On this same business of housewrecking, which is a very extensive industry in New York City, and especially in Manhattan, there is collected still another species of toll. Every housewrecking contractor is compelled to pay a tribute of one dollar for every truck-load of material which he carts away from the job. Failure to do so involves immediate suspension of the work and indefinite trouble for any one who tries to build on the wrecked site until the truck-load tribute has been paid. This source of graft amounts to thousands upon thousands of dollars.

Compared with this alleged graft, says the New York *Herald*, "the famous Sam Parks was a piker and a rough worker." Sam, the dictator of the construction unions in New York twenty years ago, committed no murders, so far as the records show. But, says the writer:

> For various sums ranging from $100 to $500 he called strikes and called them off, made contractors rich or ruined them, forced union and non-union workmen to starve or obey. He was a rough worker. If the workingman became curious concerning the reason for a strike he was told that it was none of his business; if he persisted it was quite likely he would have his skull cracked or be driven out of town.
>
> Sam Parks was not only the economic boss of the building-trades unions in his day, but he was the political dictator. He voted his followers *en bloc* and collected a per capita tax therefor. To his few lieutenants he gave commissions for their aid. The rank and file received nothing. Sam was a big, bullet-headed,



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This mucus is a natural culture bed for bacteria.

A Listerine mouthwash removes the distasteful mucus and tends to prevent the development of bacteria.

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dog-jawed chap with unbounded strength and physical courage. He had the temperament of a loan sharp, and spent much of his time laughing at the spineless efforts of frightened contractors and timorous reformers to transfer him from his headquarters in Maennerchor Hall to Sing Sing.

Big Bill Devery stuck to Sam from the beginning to the end of his troubles. Big Bill made no bones about his allegiance to Sam, and took occasion in District Attorney Jerome's offices to announce that just so long as he had a hand to lift that hand would be raised in behalf of Sam Parks.

But Sam Parks was, judged from the high standards of to-day, a piker. He called strikes and then called them off. But the records do not show that any jealous contractor had ever paid Sam more than $500 to accomplish the embarrassment and possible ruin of a rival by calling the men off. And neither do the records show that it ever cost any contractor more than $500 to get his men back to work. More often Sam exacted fees not exceeding $100 and $150. He worked fast and his victims were many. His downfall was accomplished by one Josephus Plenty, a maker of skylights in Jersey City, who told the grand jury in the summer of 1903 that he had in the preceding December paid Sam Parks $200 to call off a strike on a job Plenty had in Hoboken.

Parks was convicted after trial before Recorder Goff and sentenced to Sing Sing for a term of from two and a half to three and a half years. Parks, who is now dead, laughed when sentenced, saying that he never would serve out the court's sentence. He didn't. Before going into the details of Parks's trial, which will explain his methods, it must be understood that not in the turbulent history of Manhattan's labor troubles has there ever been a demagog in any line of endeavor who held such absolute sway over the fortunes of his followers. He worked alone, arrogant in his power. Prior to his indictment in 1903 fear of him protected him from interruption.

If a contractor, apparently making much money, failed to bestow weekly tribute upon Parks he paid for his independence by seeing his men throw down their tools and walk off the job at the most critical periods in the progress of the work. The men would present demands; acknowledge they had no complaint to make, but invariably would say to their perplexed employer.

"You'll have to see Parks. He's our boss now."

If the employer did not bother to see Parks, and neglected to meet the financial demand, "he was pretty sure to wake up at a hospital or find that thousands of dollars' worth of his material mysteriously had caught fire. Sometimes a foundation would be blasted quite as mysteriously, or if the building were a small structure, it would collapse when half completed." Finally he ran into trouble, as is related:

> Josephus Plenty was doing some skylight work at the Hamburg-American pier in Hoboken. At Parks's trial in General Sessions Plenty testified that work on his contract had not stopt more than an hour or so before Parks came to him and told him that $200 would suffice to get the men back again. Plenty testified that he refused at first to pay the $200, then went to the headquarters of the Housesmiths and Bridgemen's Union and saw an official, who laughed at him and said, "See Parks."
>
> He went on to say that he saw Parks the next day and proffered a check for $200, whereupon Parks asked him whether he, Plenty, thought Parks was a fool; that nothing but cash would do.
>
> Parks was convicted of extorting money from Plenty and actually got to Sing Sing, but soon afterward was released on bail and never went to trial again on this count. In October, 1903, however, he was again brought to court on the charge of extorting $500 from Louis Schmitt, treasurer of the Tiffany Studios. In his address to the jury at that trial Assistant District Attorney Hand outlined the case, saying:
>
> "Some years ago Tiffany & Co. obtained the rights to the invention of a certain kind of beautiful glass. A corporation was organized called the Tiffany Studios Company, and to do the interior work they employed housesmiths and bridgemen, members of Sam Parks's union. Parks was the walking delegate. In December, 1902, the studio company was executing three contracts. By their own admission the men on the job were quite satisfied with their conditions. They got union wages, four dollars a day, and worked union hours, eight hours a day. On December 31 they struck. The Tiffany people could not find out why and none of the strikers could tell. So they sent a young man to the headquarters of the union in Maennerchor Hall, and there he saw the secretary.
>
> "The secretary told him to see Parks, and he found Parks sitting in the bootblack chair in the International Hotel, a saloon on Third Avenue. This young man, Benjamin Thackara, said to Parks:
>
> "I am from Tiffany & Co. and I'm trying to find out what the strike was about."
>
> "Who the hell are you?" responded Parks.
>
> "I'm the outside superintendent."
>
> Then, according to the testimony, the following conversation ensued:
>
> "Have you authority to settle this matter?" asked Parks.
>
> "No," said Thackara.
>
> "Well, I will tell you what it's about," replied Parks. "You are fined $500."
>
> "Why?"
>
> "Now, don't ask too many qeustions."
>
> "But I'd like to find out what we are fined for," persisted Thackara. "I want to make a report to my employers."
>
> "You have no authority to settle this matter," said Parks. "Tell Tiffany & Co. to come up here or send the main guy. I'm not doing business with peanuts."
>
> "Whereupon," the prosecutor continued, "Tiffany sent a Mr. Frazee, a factory superintendent, who found Parks at the same saloon. Parks told Frazee to send up some one who could "do business." Then Louis Schmitt, treasurer of the company, went to Parks. Schmitt repeated the demand for the reason of the strike.
>
> Then Parks explained to Schmitt that the "fine" was an initiation fee.
>
> "Initiation into what?" demanded the outraged Schmitt.
>
> "Into doing business," replied Parks, "All the others have paid and by rights I ought to charge you guys $1,000."
>
> "But if we pay this money," asked Schmitt, "who'll send the men back to work? What reason will be given?"
>
> "Say, those men—I've got those muzzled," replied Parks. "If one of them should kick I'd fine him $50 and see to it that he never got another job in town."
>
> "Is this money for the union or for you?"
>
> "This money is for Sam Parks. I've done a lot for those ungrateful dogs and now, in the future, I'm looking out for Sam Parks. See?"
>
> "We haven't the money with us," said Schmitt. "Guess I'll have to give you a check."
>
> "If I'd known you didn't have the coin," snarled Parks, "I'd never have wasted time talking to you guys. You ought to know better than to offer a check, and, anyway, I don't like two of you to come here together. Send the coin by one man."
>
> Subsequently Schmitt obtained the cash and gave it to Parks. At Schmitt's request Parks counted it.
>
> "What guaranty do I get that the men will go back to work?" demanded Schmitt when Parks had shoved the wad into his pocket.
>
> "Ah, they'll go back all right. All you have is my word. Go to the Fuller Company and others I've done business with if you want to and ask them if it goes. I'm boss of this game. You don't do nothing if I say so, and you do something if I say so. See?"
>
> The men went back to work next day—January 7.
>
> Of course the Plenty and the Tiffany cases are only two of many in which Sam Parks was involved. However, they are typical. Before Parks was brought to trial on the Plenty charges certain persons proceeded from Tammany Hall to the Criminal Courts building and advised District Attorney Jerome to forget the Parks indictments. Mr. Jerome courageously refused to quash the indictments.
>
> "All right," he was told, "you go ahead and convict Sam Parks and we'll get you. There won't be any rough stuff maybe, but we'll kill you politically."
>
> "Maybe," replied Jerome. "But tell your friends this, I might lose out by convicting this rat, but he's going to lose out with me."
>
> Four indictments were found against Parks. The same grand jury found similar indictments against Tim McCarthy, of the Housesmiths' and Bridgemen's Union, and against Richard Carvel, of the Riggers', Pointers', and Derrickmen's Union. "Big Bill" Devery at once sent Dick Butler to the Criminal Courts Building to let it be known that "Big Bill" was ready to produce bonds for Sam Parks.
>
> The indictments, which, by the way, marked the decline of the high-handed Sam, charged him with extorting $2,000 from Niels Poulsen, president of the Hecla Iron Works; $400 from Herman Lobel, of the Lobel-Andrews Company; $300 from the construction firm of L. & J. Brandt, and $200 from Mr. Plenty. Sam was never tried in the Poulsen, Lobel, or Brandt charges, but it was shown, incidental to other trials, that he received only two or three hundred dollars of the Poulsen graft.
>
> Sam was convicted on the Tiffany charge and, as in the Plenty case, left the court-room sneering that there "ain't a jail big enough to hold me." But his luck had changed. He went to Sing Sing again and stayed there. He died there after a year of it, and nobody except his family seemed to care.

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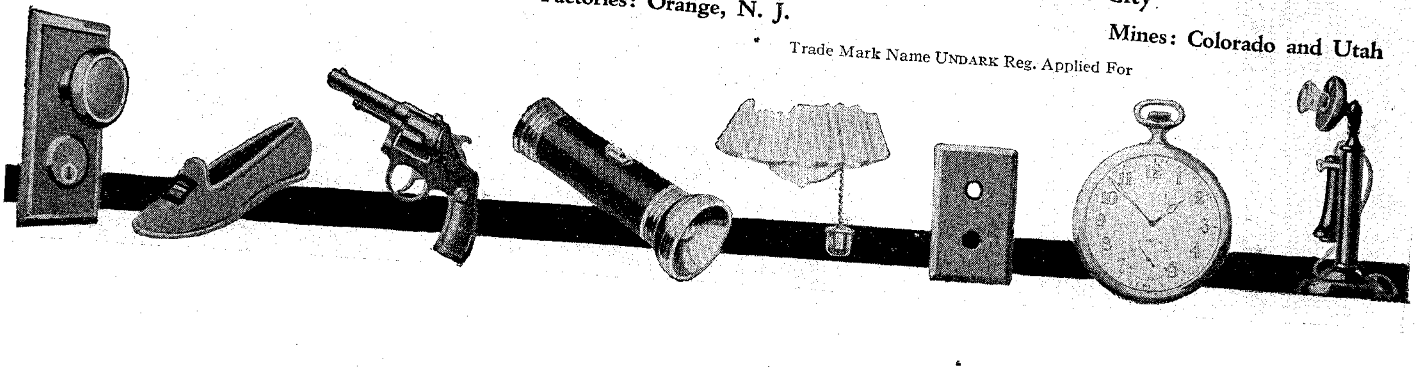

SOME "OVERPRIVILEGED BOYS" WHO ENTERTAINED A BUNCH OF "TOUGH GUYS"

THE SCIENTIFIC SOCIAL WORKERS CALL them the "underprivileged boy" and the "overprivileged boy." One of them is born with a silver spoon in his mouth and the other, says Ben Hecht, special correspondent of the Chicago *Daily News*, "with a splinter in his big toe." One of them grows up carefully protected, perhaps too carefully protected, from all the shocks and tribulations that boyhood is heir to. At six he begins to find automobiles a bore, at ten he throws the miniature electric railway out of the window and refuses to waste any time on the silly old Christmas-tree. The scientific workers have him tabulated as the overprivileged boy, and he is likely to develop into a bad sort of a citizen if nothing happens to reduce his idea of his own importance. At the other extreme is the curbstone gamin, yelling "cheese it" when the cop heaves into sight, fighting, swearing, and hunting cats in the alleys. He is the hard little egg, the tough guy, quite as likely to come to some bad end as the boy at the other extreme of the economic scale. He is put down as the underprivileged boy, and the story that Mr. Hecht found at the expensive and exclusive Northwestern Military Academy, at Lake Geneva, near Chicago, deals with both sorts of boys. Mr. Hecht writes:

It began when Col. R. P. Davidson addrest the cadets at the Academy one spring day on the subject of the Boys' Club that the Union League had established in the heart of Chicago's congested district—West Nineteenth and South Leavitt streets. The several hundred overprivileged young men—sleek-haired, well-mannered, clear-eyed heirs to estates, factories, and incomes—were informed of the fact that there were hundreds of boys at the club in Chicago who had never been on a vacation further away than the neighborhood poolroom in their lives.

The result of the Colonel's lecture was something new in the way of philanthropy. The cadets dug down into their allowances and came across with enough to transport and house some one hundred and ten members of the Boys' Club. The reporter found the last contingent of the one hundred and ten at Lake Geneva. They were "paling" with the "overprivileged boys." No scientific charity-workers were on hand to remold their gamin souls and tack new labels onto them. They were being put through a summer course at the exclusive prep school—minus the academic end of it—and were lining up for inspection, playing baseball, running races, riding in the military tanks alongside the somewhat bored pick and flower of the nation's youth. De gang from the West Side were guests of our best social set.

"The thing has turned out amazingly," said Robert Klees, director of the Boys' Club. "Contact with the boys at the prep school has done more for the kids from my district than years of discipline and education could work. This thing is only a starter. But it already beats all the summer-camp ideas for underprivileged boys yet put into practise. Here are two groups representing totally different aspects of our nation's life. They can help each other. It isn't a one-sided charity. The gang has done as much for Colonel Davidson's kids as they've done for them."

The thirty West-siders clamored around Mr. Klees with shouts of joy when he appeared. There were wild stories for him to hear. Mike and Jimmie had fallen out of trees. Fatty had waked up scared to death of ghosts.

"It was the birds and grasshoppers makin' a noise in the mornin', Mr. Klees, and he thought it was ghosts," explained one of the gang.

Tent No. 5 had won the honor flag for the day, but if Tent No. 6 didn't get it to-morrow, somebody was going to get his nose punched. Throughout the day the thirty kids raced, leapt, and shouted over the landscape.

Colonel Davidson gave his side of the story:

"Giving kids like that two weeks in the country is nothing new," he said. "The thing we're tickled about is that we've started something. Klees here is pleased, of course, at the changes that have been made in his kids. They've learned manners, they've got new ideas about right and wrong, they've seen our boys, and, after two weeks, have gone away almost metamorphosed. Nobody told them to do anything. There aren't any rules. They've just hung around with our boys and got to trying to emulate them. But that's Klees's side of it.

"I'm tickled to death on account of the things they've done for the school. I feel that we've gained the most. The fellows who dug down into their pockets for the money to keep the kids had a hazy idea of what they were doing at first. But it started them off on a service mission. Later a number of them volunteered to give up their vacations and spend the summer at the Academy taking care of the kids that came up. And they have. And the summer-course cadets have had their eyes opened.

"Klees's kids are a new type to them. They're a live bunch. Tough, hard, and fighting. Nothing has ever come soft to them. And the way they've gone after things up here has been an inspiration to our fellows.

"We're in hopes that we've started something that'll take all over the country. It's not charity, because one side's doing no more for the other than the other's doing for it. But if the prep schools up and down could haul several thousand of the so-called underprivileged boys out of the congested city districts every summer and rub elbows, we'd get somewhere in the leavening process necessary for the welfare of our nation. Something would rub off on both sides and leave both sides improved."

The reporter obtained two other interviews. One was with Mickey from the Leavitt Street gang.

"Dey ain't so bad," said Mickey. "I was goin' to punch one of dem in the nose at first, but dey're all right now. And say, we'se had a swell time. We caught a snake wid a frog in his mout' one day."

The other interview was with a sailor-suited cadet aged fourteen.

"Lively little fellows," said the cadet. "A little rough, of course, but gee—I've had a fine time this summer. Those kids certainly know how to have fun."

THREE UNIVERSITY FRESHMEN IN KNICKERBOCKERS

A BOY WITH AN INTELLECTUAL WALLOP that quickly subdues any hard study he tackles is Fred Santee, of Wapwallopen, Pa., who has just been admitted to the freshman class at Harvard at the ripe age of fourteen. Tho a prodigy in erudition, this youngster is far from being a freak. On the contrary, he is described as an ordinary, fun-loving lad who likes the outdoors as well as he likes books, and can hand as effective a smash to a baseball as to a problem in higher mathematics. He takes a keen interest in natural history and biology and has an aversion to killing. It is said that when quite young he brought a potato-bug to his grandfather, who promptly killed it. Fred burst into tears and thereafter planted a patch of potatoes of his own so he could have more bugs. Young Santee began to spell and read at the age of eighteen months, learning his first letters from a yardstick given out to advertise a cooking range. At six he entered school in the fifth grade and at twelve he had read two hundred famous classics. He graduated from high school at thirteen and shortly thereafter took his entrance "exams" for Harvard. A representative of the Boston *Globe* who called to see the young freshman found him a serious-looking youth with deep-sunken eyes, an intelligent head, and knee-breeches. "When I get through my course here I'm not sure what I want to do," he told the newspaper man. "I might like to become a doctor like my father." Further:

When we talked baseball Fred was on equally familiar ground, but he hasn't any false notions about making the Harvard team.

"I love baseball," said he. "That and running are my favorite sports. I usually play center field, and I guess I'm pretty fast on the bases. I can hit some. I just love to play, anyway. Yes, I follow league ball. Yes, I follow the averages of Sisler and Speaker and Ty Cobb.

"I have to elect some sport for the compulsory athletic system, so I think I'll pick baseball. But I shall not go out for the baseball team. I'm not old enough to play up to the standard of those boys, but I like to play all the same."

Fred Santee may not be strictly a Babe Ruth on the baseball field, but he's a "Doctor Eliot" in the intellectual field. Besides the famous five-foot shelf there is Fred Santee's fifteen-foot shelf, which is more commanding of attention for the moment.

"I've got a list of two hundred classics that I have read,"

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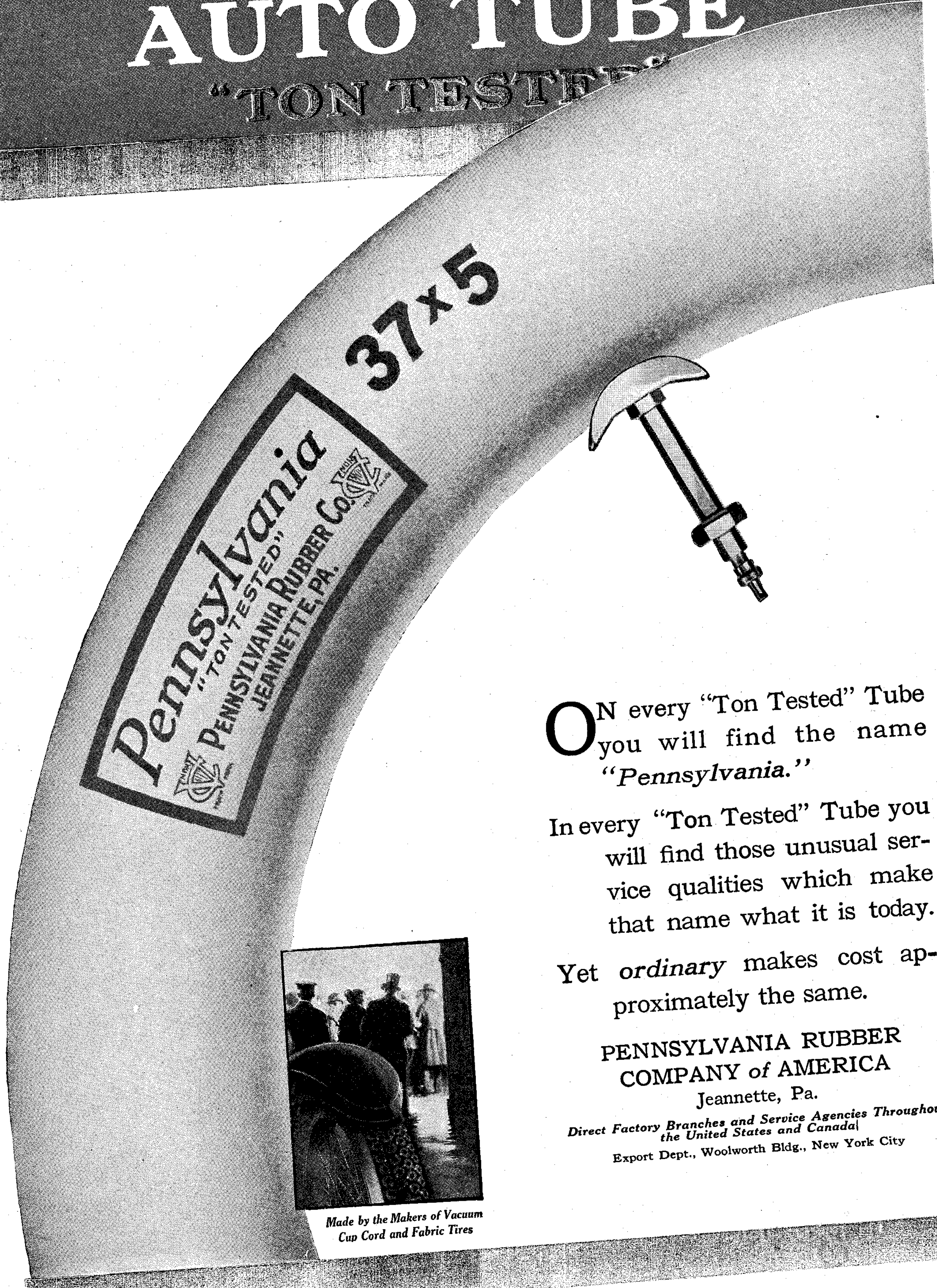
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Export Dept., Woolworth Bldg., New York City said he. "I've read most of the English classics, about all of Dickens and Thackeray, some of Cervantes in English, and Hugo, Dumas, Molière in French. I like 'Esmond' and 'Vanity Fair' best in Thackeray. Pope's 'Essay on Man' I've read several times—Pope is great reading. I've had ancient, medieval, modern, English, and American history—yes, I've read Macaulay's 'History of England.' I have my own library at home. I've been through the six books of Vergil, and scanned them all, but it was some going—one hundred lines a day. Here at Harvard I shall specialize on science and language.

"I prefer these—Latin and chemistry first, French and physics next. I can read French easily. When I get tired playing baseball I like to come in and read a French book. I love books best of all."

Fred has his own chemistry laboratory at home. Prof. Gregory Baxter, after talking with him at Harvard, excused him from chemistry A and B, so much did he know. Prof. E. K. Rand, his adviser, then induced him to take Greek, so he will be eligible for distinction in Romance languages.

The Harvard freshman class contains another advanced young man this year in the person of Herbert Hoffleit, aged fifteen, of whom the writer in *The Globe* says:

He was born July 16, 1905, so he was fourteen when he passed his examinations. He entered school at six, skipt two grammar grades, and took four years of the Newcastle High School course in three, yet finished as a Commencement speaker and second distinguished scholar in a class of 189. He took six subjects a year at high school.

Hoffleit is even a more versatile lad than young Santee, and his account of past accomplishments promises a busy and serviceable life at Harvard.

"The first thing I want to do is to go out for the Pierian Sodality Orchestra," said he. "I've played the violin for six years, and have played in Y. M. C. A., church and school orchestras all that time.

"Music is one thing I love—it's a wonderful experience. A man's life won't be complete without it—it teaches the value of things we encounter in life. Of course I mean classical music—I don't care much for jazz and ragtime."

Which proves that Herbert is something of a philosopher; as again when he spoke of Dickens:

"Yes, I've read most of the classics, too. Thackeray and George Eliot and Dickens. My mother was very fond of Dickens and used to read his books to me. He is so human and has such a shrewd outlook on life—yes, very funny. I enjoy Dickens.

"I think I'd like to try and make the *Crimson*, too, if I can find time for it. I'm going to specialize on literature and I like composition. On our school magazine, *The Monitor*, I was editor of the mathematics department."

Hoffleit carries his shoulders high, and shakes your hand like an older man. He knows nothing of athletics, but the freshman compulsory system will take care of that.

Harvard by no means has a corner on erudite youths of tender years among its freshmen, however. A twelve-year-old enrolled at Columbia the other day, named Edward Roche Hardy, Jr., who is the youngest freshman ever admitted at that institution. He is said to be proficient in twelve languages, besides being versed in history, music, higher mathematics, and sundry sciences. He passed his entrance exams with higher grades than any other of the thousand or so freshmen at Columbia. Like the two Harvard prodigies, young Hardy is a normal boy, who plays baseball, swims, and likes rice pudding and raisin cake. Unlike the Harvard boys, however, who are both slight, Edward Jr. is something of a prodigy not only mentally but also physically, weighing 143 pounds. He informed a representative of the New York *World* that he was going to help in the tug of war between the freshmen and the sophomores. "They need weight," said he sagely. *The World* furnishes the following additional information about Edward's scholastic career:

At three Edward started his cometlike dash through the spaces of learning in the kindergarten of Horace Mann School. He shot through elementary and high schools, taking three and sometimes four scholastic years of instruction in one. His father, professor of insurance in New York University and business man of No. 123 William Street, selected Harvard for the boy. The mother favored New York University. But the boy was born in the shadow of the Morningside Heights school, lived on and loved its campus, and it was his desire to enter Columbia, which finally prevailed. He has his Harvard entrance papers, obtained last spring when his father sent him to Cambridge for examination.

His mother takes a number of Edward's courses with him. The pair are already familiar figures on the campus. She relates that they often go to the Metropolitan Museum together, where the boy astounds curators and the public by reading legends on Persian and Indian rugs readily. He also amuses himself by buying packets of Oriental tobaccos, silks, and fruits, and reading the legends printed thereon.

His parents give him many extraordinary advantages. In 1918, when his interest in astronomy was lively, they took him to Denver to witness a solar eclipse. He once took up industrial engineering for a few days and they took him to Detroit to see the manufacture of Ford automobiles. Next summer, says Mrs. Hardy, they will take the boy to Cairo, Egypt, to get his first glimpse of the actual labors of archeologists.

CLYDE FITCH, A "SISSY" BOY WHO BECAME A $250,000 A YEAR DRAMATIST

WHAT FITTING END might have been predicted for a boy who, at fourteen years old, remained in the schoolroom during recess periods in order to write notes on pale-blue perfumed stationery to "the girls"? The ultra-fashionable clothes of this boy, and his "affected" way of using only the purest English while all the "regular fellows" spoke pure American slang, also marked him as a "mollycoddle" and got him disliked. To the end of his short life he kept his dandified air, his affectations, and his great interest in the ladies. Incidentally, he wrote thirty-three original plays, twenty-three dramatizations of other pieces or stories, and left three original plays in manuscript. Some of the most substantial American dramatic critics are beginning to proclaim him the greatest American playwright of his generation. William C. Fitch was his name in the days when he attended the Hartford Public High School, but it was as Clyde Fitch that he later won wealth and fame. Walter Prichard Eaton says that if we took Fitch's works and correctly illustrated them, they would give the future generations a better idea of American life from 1890 to 1909 than newspapers or historical records, and Prof. William Lyon Phelps, of Yale, author and critic, writes in a recent issue of *The Literary Review* of the New York *Evening Post:* "Clyde Fitch went to New York a young man with no money, no influence, no powerful friends; by sheer brains and pluck he raised himself to the heights of fame. . . . Clyde Fitch, single-handed, conquered New York even as O. Henry conquered it."

Under the heading of "The Clyde Fitch I Knew," Professor Phelps gives these glimpses of his classmate, years ago, in the Hartford Public High School:

Of all the students he was the most peculiar, the most eccentric. He was unlike the normal boy in clothes, appearance, gait, manners, tastes, language, and voice. No other youth would ever have dared to wear such clothes; they were indeed clean, without spot or blemish, looked as if they were being worn for the first time, which in itself fills the ordinary wearer with terror as he enters the school-grounds; but the radiance of these glossy garments almost hurt the unprotected eye, and they were cut in a manner that we should now call futurist.

People dress in the fashion, as everybody knows, not to attract attention, but to avoid it; this boy seemed at once to court publicity and to be indifferent to it. His gait was strange, the motive-power seeming to dwell exclusively in the hips; if you can imagine a gay side-wheel excursion-steamer, with the port and starboard wheels moving in turn instead of together, you will obtain a fair idea of the approach of William C. Fitch. His face was impressively pale, looking as if it had never been exposed to the sun; this pallor was accentuated by hair both black and copious. His manners seemed absurdly affected until we found they were invariable; he was never caught off his guard. His language, judged by schoolboy standards, was ridiculously mature; instead of speaking the universal dialect of slang, he talked English. His voice was very high, frequently breaking into falsetto, and even in ordinary conversation it sounded like that of an hysterical woman who had just missed the train. He had not the faintest interest in any form of outdoor sport, and never pretended to have any. When the bell rang for "long recess" every other one of us rushed into the

A NEW NAME

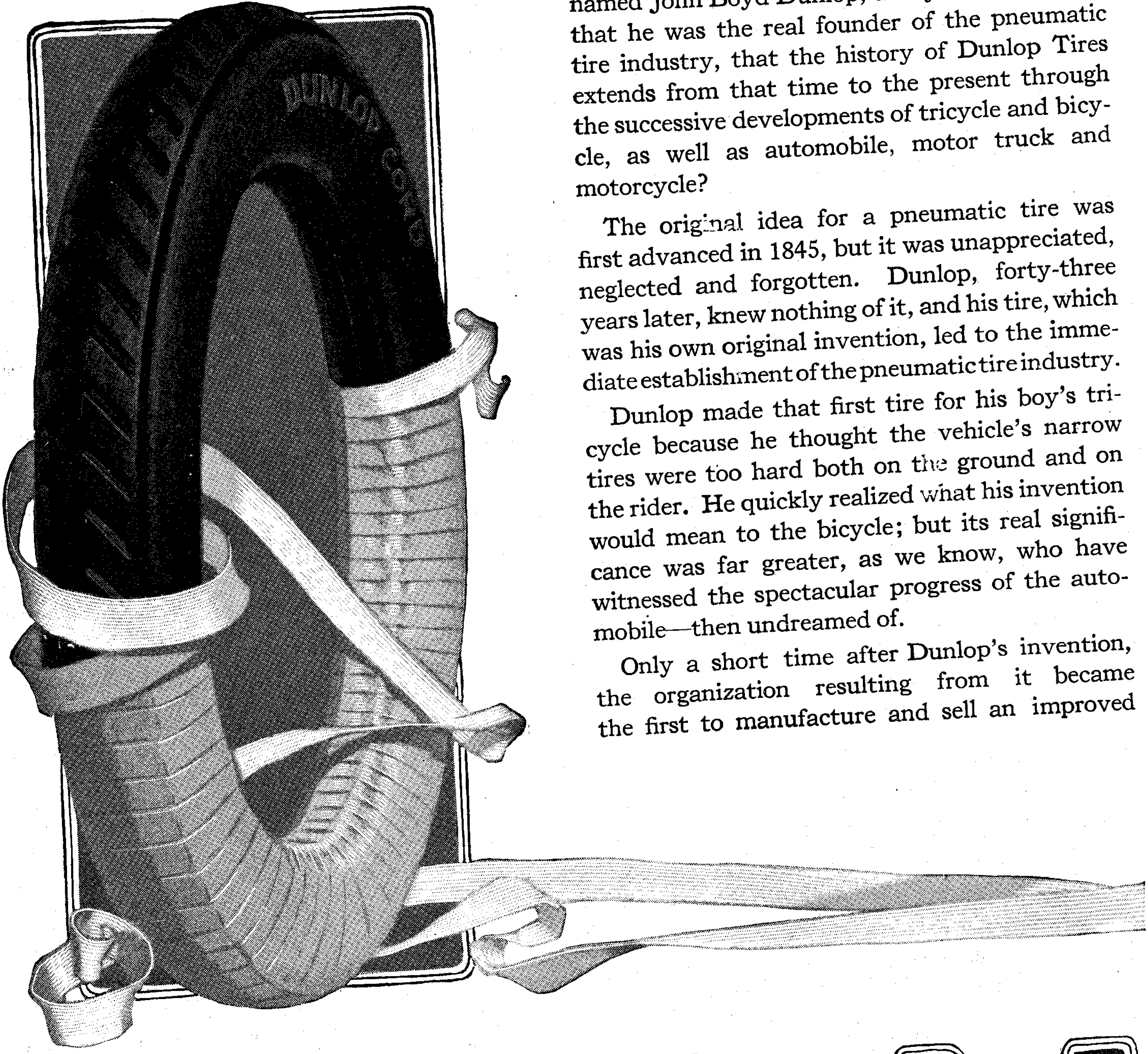
The name Dunlop is new as the name of an American-built automobile tire, but in almost every other sense it is the oldest name in pneumatic tire history.

Do you know, for example, that the first successful pneumatic tire was invented by a man named John Boyd Dunlop, thirty-two years ago; that he was the real founder of the pneumatic tire industry, that the history of Dunlop Tires extends from that time to the present through the successive developments of tricycle and bicycle, as well as automobile, motor truck and motorcycle?

The original idea for a pneumatic tire was first advanced in 1845, but it was unappreciated, neglected and forgotten. Dunlop, forty-three years later, knew nothing of it, and his tire, which was his own original invention, led to the immediate establishment of the pneumatic tire industry.

Dunlop made that first tire for his boy's tricycle because he thought the vehicle's narrow tires were too hard both on the ground and on the rider. He quickly realized what his invention would mean to the bicycle; but its real significance was far greater, as we know, who have witnessed the spectacular progress of the automobile—then undreamed of.

Only a short time after Dunlop's invention, the organization resulting from it became the first to manufacture and sell an improved



DUN

THAT IS OLD

type of tire, involving the principle of inner tube and open casing in both well-known forms—the "clincher" type, as well as the one with wire reinforcement in the bead—long known as the "Dunlop" type. It was that principle of inner tube and open casing which made the pneumatic tire practical for the automobile.

The way in which the Dunlop idea and the Dunlop tire have circled the globe parallels in rapidity and intense interest the extraordinary industrial achievements of the builders of the American automotive industry.

Few Americans realize just how great has been the growth of this Dunlop institution. Over in England there is, near Birmingham, a great tire-building city which in its size and output ranks among the large tire-building plants of the world.

Dunlop Tires are manufactured in England, France, Germany, Japan, Australia and Canada. There are Dunlop factory branches in Belgium, Holland, Italy, Denmark, Sweden, Spain, South America, South Africa and India. Dunlop has great rubber plantations in Ceylon and the Malay Peninsula, and the Dunlop cotton mills of two continents add to Dunlop's assurance of raw material supply and quality. These varied interests already employ the labor of nearly fifty thousand individuals, and within a few years that number will probably be doubled.

The Dunlop Tire and Rubber Corporation of America, therefore, begins business as an American corporation in a somewhat unusual way—in that it has an established name to uphold and a clear title to its place in one of America's greatest industries—which Dunlop has, in fact, served from the beginning by the invention, improvement and production of the pneumatic tire.

Dunlop has also begun manufacture with a complete equipment of modern buildings and machinery, equal to the task of turning out over 12,000 tires a day, with land and resources for great expansion and with all the major assets of adequate facilities, modern machines, proven methods and ample finances.

The Dunlop factories are rapidly nearing completion and will be producing tires soon after the first of the New Year. They will be Dunlop Cord Tires—the best we can build and worthy of their name—the new name in America that is old in tire history.

* * *

Dunlop distribution will be through retail channels. It will be national in scope and effected as rapidly as is consistent with the best interests of tire users and Dunlop dealers. We will welcome the opportunity to discuss distribution plans with retail tire merchants who are interested.

DUNLOP TIRE AND RUBBER CORPORATION OF AMERICA
BUFFALO, NEW YORK

L O P

AN OLD POLICY

Dunlop, at the outset of its career as an American tire builder, recognizes an obligation to declare its policy to the public which it will soon be serving.

The corner-stone of that policy may be defined as mutual interest. No commercial enterprise of such size as that which Dunlop has undertaken can fail to affect for good or ill a great number of persons in and outside of its own industry.

Our policy, then, begins with a definition of obligation. There is probably no single element in it that is entirely new or revolutionary, because mutual interest is as old as human history; but it is a new combination—taken from thirty-two years of Dunlop experience and from tire history in America—which seems to best fit your needs and our obligation to meet them.

Our first obligation is to build a good product. We interpret that to mean only a high-grade product—and so far as pneumatics are concerned that means to us cord tires only, and the very best cord tires we know how to build.

It also means adequate manufacturing facilities. That is one reason why Dunlop began on such a large scale, why the plan and type of construction of its factories differ from previous tire practice, why the units for testing and engineering research were the first to be completed. It also means that the tires which will in a few months be distributed from Buffalo are typical Dunlop Cords, of a construction already proven by years of service to be one of the most reliable and successful in use.

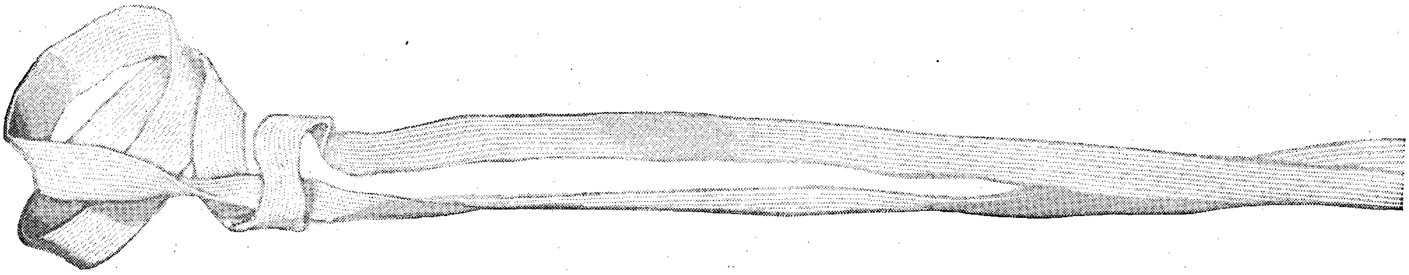
Dunlop intends also to make its products accessible to car and truck owners. This is impossible without large production and the Dunlop factories will have a capacity to turn out over 12,000 tires a day.

Accessibility also implies nation wide distribution, and this will be effected as rapidly as is consistent with your best interests.

Each Dunlop dealer will be a man who has selected us as much as we have selected him—a man who really believes in Dunlop product and Dunlop policy, and is thoroughly in accord with a cardinal point in that policy—that he and we are selling a means of continuous transportation rather than merely merchandise.

We recognize an obligation to make it possible for him to conduct a successful growing business, just as we expect him to represent us in feeling a definite responsibility for each Dunlop Tire—a responsibility which does not terminate with some stated mileage limit, but endures as long as the tire is on the rim, and as long as its owner seeks his advice and cooperation.

It is Dunlop policy to see that no complaints and criticisms are side-tracked but have a clear road to a just and fair settlement—and Dunlop



DUN

THAT IS NEW

dealers will represent our public to us just as they represent us to the public.

Dunlop will devote continuous effort to the improvement of automobile and truck tires, will seek to aid others in the industry as it can, and regards other manufacturers as men worthy of respect—its partners in public service.

Frankly, Dunlop desires to sell its products as soon as those products are ready for delivery. It desires the patronage of American car and truck owners and American builders of automotive vehicles.

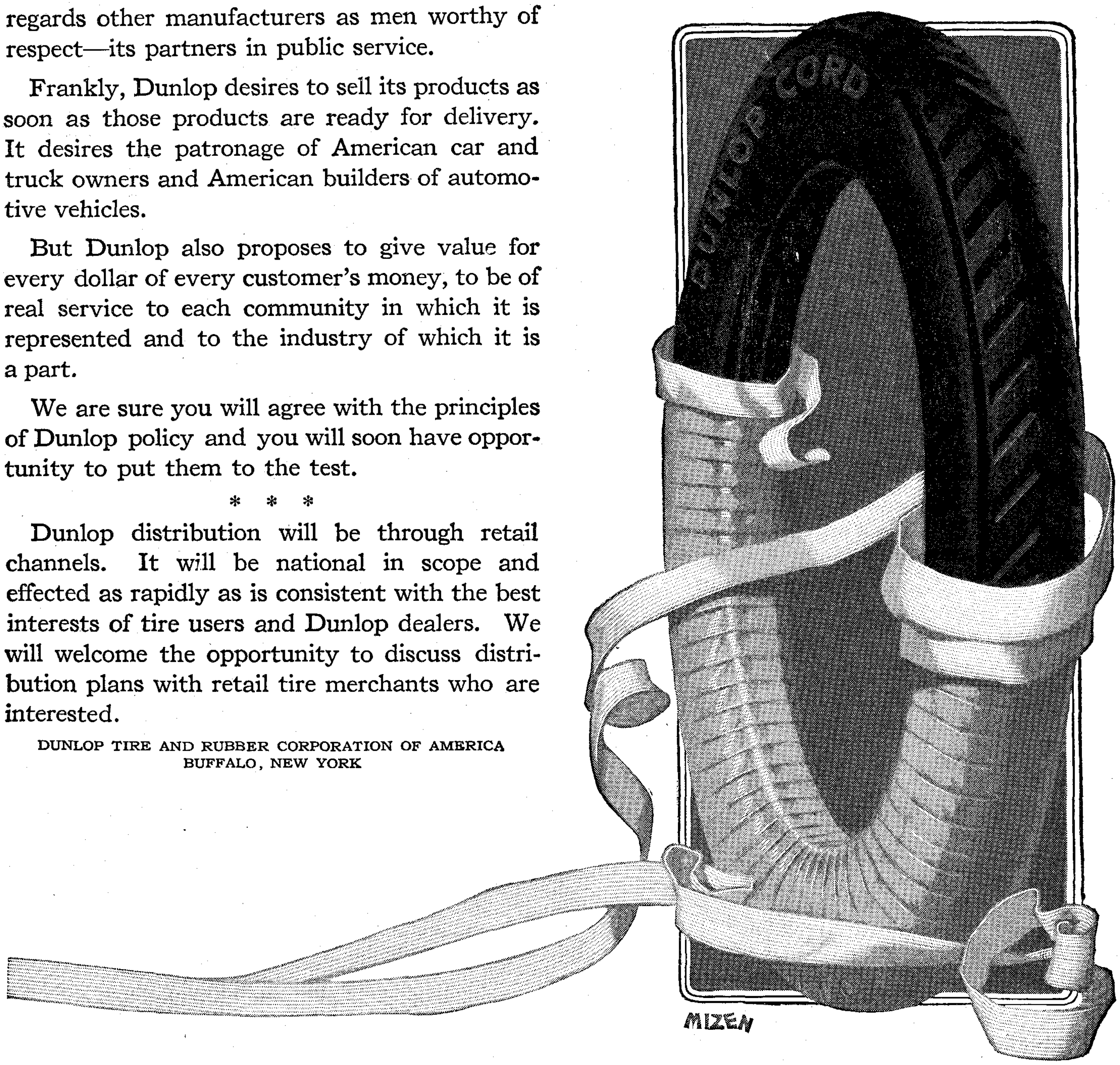
But Dunlop also proposes to give value for every dollar of every customer's money, to be of real service to each community in which it is represented and to the industry of which it is a part.

We are sure you will agree with the principles of Dunlop policy and you will soon have opportunity to put them to the test.

* * *

Dunlop distribution will be through retail channels. It will be national in scope and effected as rapidly as is consistent with the best interests of tire users and Dunlop dealers. We will welcome the opportunity to discuss distribution plans with retail tire merchants who are interested.

DUNLOP TIRE AND RUBBER CORPORATION OF AMERICA
BUFFALO, NEW YORK



L O P

school-yard and played furiously for twenty minutes; he remained in the schoolroom, writing notes on perfumed paper and tossing them to the girls, some of whom were unreservedly interested both in these missives and in their author. Nor did he confine his epistolary endeavors to recess; he seemed to be deep in correspondence during most of the school-hours. I remember sitting next to him in the class in "Cæsar," and despite the ever imminent danger of being suddenly called upon to recite—which he did easily and well—I observed he was engaged in the rapid composition of a letter on light-blue paper; when he had finished it to his satisfaction he tossed it with surprizing accuracy to a maiden who was waiting to receive it. He was fourteen years old.

To us he seemed quite impossible; but none of us then guessed how offensive we must have seemed to him. When we came in from football, streaming with sweat, stewing in our own juice, and sat down beside this immaculate person, whose very hair looked clean, what inner repugnance he felt we never knew; he never betrayed his soul to boys.

What did we do to him? It would be better to ask, What didn't we do to him? So far as we could we made his life a burden. Imagine any boy such as I have described trying to order his life in his own way among ruthless barbarians! In school life—as, indeed, in most communities—conformity is king. Those who will not run with the herd and think with the herd and bellow with the herd commit the unpardonable sin. But small boys, on regarding an original specimen, do not shrug their shoulders like Frenchmen, and mutter, "*Après tout, c'est son affaire*"; they insist on an attempt to remake the oddity after their own image. I remember one morning a boy opened a window, while several others picked up the future dramatist and threw him through the aperture without waiting to see whither he went or where he landed. So far as I can remember, he never made much show of resistance, nor did he protest too much; but he never changed in one iota; so that we finally gave him up as hopeless, and let him alone, which he perhaps foresaw that we should ultimately have to do.

We thought he was effeminate, a mollycoddle, a sissy; we did not know that he had the courage of his convictions and was thus the bravest boy in school. When he went to Amherst he exhibited the same singular independence. I can remember to this day the flaring bright blue suit he wore in Hartford; he affected the same brilliant color as a freshman in college. I learn this from the Memorial Introduction to his Plays. One of his professors said, "When Clyde first appeared upon the campus he wore a suit of a peculiar blue—sufficiently blue and peculiar to call down upon him the ruthless gibing of the upper classmen. For days he persisted in his attire and faced the music. So I was not surprized when, one evening, he put in his appearance at my house. He explained the situation and asked my advice. I felt that whatever decision he might make must come from him, and I told him so. Then in a perfectly quiet voice he said, as he turned to go, 'I guess I'll stick it out.'"

Many years later, when he came to New Haven to superintend the first performance of a new play, we walked together from my house to the theater. He had an extraordinary suit, only partially concealed by a gorgeous overcoat, and on his head was the most amazing hat ever worn by a male creature. Every one we met stopt to stare; so far as I could make out, he was quite unaware of the sensation he produced.

Once, while talking with him in his house in New York, he went back of his own accord to our school days. "I knew, of course, that everybody regarded me as a sissy; but I would rather be misunderstood than lose my independence. The only concession I ever made was this: on stormy days, my mother forced me to wear overshoes to school, which I hated, and I knew it would not do to appear rubber-shod before the other boys. So I always hid these offensive things before reaching school, and put them on again on my way home. I hated football, baseball, was bored to death by all sports; and I did not see why I should do things I hated to do merely to conform to public opinion."

Judged by the standards most people use in estimating success, he was right and all the rest of us were wrong; for in later years we are credibly informed that his annual income was $250,000 a year; and none of us hard-headed, practical men ever earned as much as that. So you see he finally won the respect of the Philistines. The wife of Andrea del Sarto thought her husband was an ass because he spent his time painting pictures instead of acting like a man; but other people, she must have reflected, were even greater asses, because they paid real money for these things.

It is reported of him, Professor Phelps recalls, that Elsie De Wolfe, the actress, "once exprest her amazement that Clyde Fitch should know more about women than they knew about themselves." The writer presents this illuminating incident:

She said that at a rehearsal her cue was to walk upon the stage in high emotion; she did so; but her inner complacency was jarred by the voice of the playwright coming out of the dark auditorium: "That isn't the way to walk in in order to express your feelings in this scene; I'll show you." He did; he walked on, and she saw immediately that he was right and she was wrong. She could not understand his insight; but I could, for I went to school with him. During the long recesses when we were playing football he was spending those moments with the girls, for he instinctively knew that they had more to teach him than we. That is where he laid the foundation of his success as a dramatist, even as Richardson learned how to write novels by composing letters for the village maids.

In his college days at Amherst he made such an impression in acting women's rôles in theatricals that his contemporaries there have never forgotten it. As *Lydia Languish* he created a veritable sensation; I remember reading about it in the public press. It is pleasant to record his loyalty to his college in later years; his valuable library is now at Amherst, and he left money for the endowment of a professorship. If one wishes to know exactly how he looked in maturity, one has only to view the portrait painted by William M. Chase, presented by his mother to the college. It is perfect.

Some dramatists do not betray their cleverness in conversation; either they can not talk or they save their best for the footlights. It was not so with Clyde Fitch. He was one of the most brilliant talkers I ever knew—his wit was spontaneous and inexhaustible. Once, after he gave an address to my class at Yale, I invited a dozen undergraduates to meet him at dinner. He had to take a train to Boston at one o'clock in the morning. After dinner we sat around an open fire, the students sitting in a semicircle on the floor while the dramatist talked. Such talk! The only interruptions were occasional questions; for hours he inspired and delighted us all, and we were sorry enough when the time came for him to leave.

When his posthumous play, "The City," was produced in New Haven shortly before the regular first night in New York, December, 1909, many of us were peculiarly stirred, not merely by the sharp climaxes, but because, on the eve of sailing to Europe that fatal year, he had come to New Haven and talked freely to my students on this very drama. He gave a detailed account of the plot, speaking with extraordinary zest; he was confident that the idea on which the story was built would impress American audiences; he had already selected the cast, and told us he would conduct rehearsals as soon as he returned in the early autumn. Never shall I forget my emotion toward the close of the first act when the hero spoke these broken sentences, among the very last that came from the playwright's pen:

"Why, it was only a minute ago he was there, talking with me! It doesn't seem possible—that now—he's dead—dead—gone for good out of this life! I don't understand it! What does it all mean?"

The driving idea of "The City" is, of course, that character can triumph over environment—it is not New York that ruins young men; they are ruined by their own weakness. The city does not destroy them; it tests them.

"No! You're all wrong! Don't blame the City. It's not her fault! It's our own! What the City does is to bring out what's strongest in us. If at heart we're good, the good in us will win! If the bad is strongest, God help us! Don't blame the City. She gives the man his opportunity; it is up to him what he makes of it! A man can live in a small town all his life, and deceive the whole place and himself into thinking he's got all the virtues, when at heart he's a hypocrite! But the village gives him no chance to find it out, to prove it to his fellows—the small town is too easy! But the City! A man goes to the gates of the City and knocks!—New York or Chicago, Boston or San Francisco, no matter what city so long as it's big, and busy, and selfish, and self-centered. And she comes to her gates and takes him in, and she stands him in the middle of her market-place—where Wall Street and Herald Square and Fifth Avenue and the Bowery and Harlem and Forty-second Street all meet, and there she strips him naked of all his disguises—and all his hypocrisies—and she paints his ambition on her fences, and lights up her sky-scrapers with it!—what he wants to be and what he thinks he is!—and then she says to him, 'Make good if you can, or to hell with you!' And what is in him comes out to clothe his nakedness, and to the City he can't lie! I know, because I tried!"

Clyde Fitch's public career covered exactly twenty years, from 1890 to 1909. "When he began to write, American drama scarcely existed; when he died it was a reality." Professor Phelps continues, blending appreciation with side-lights on the character of this unusual American dramatist:

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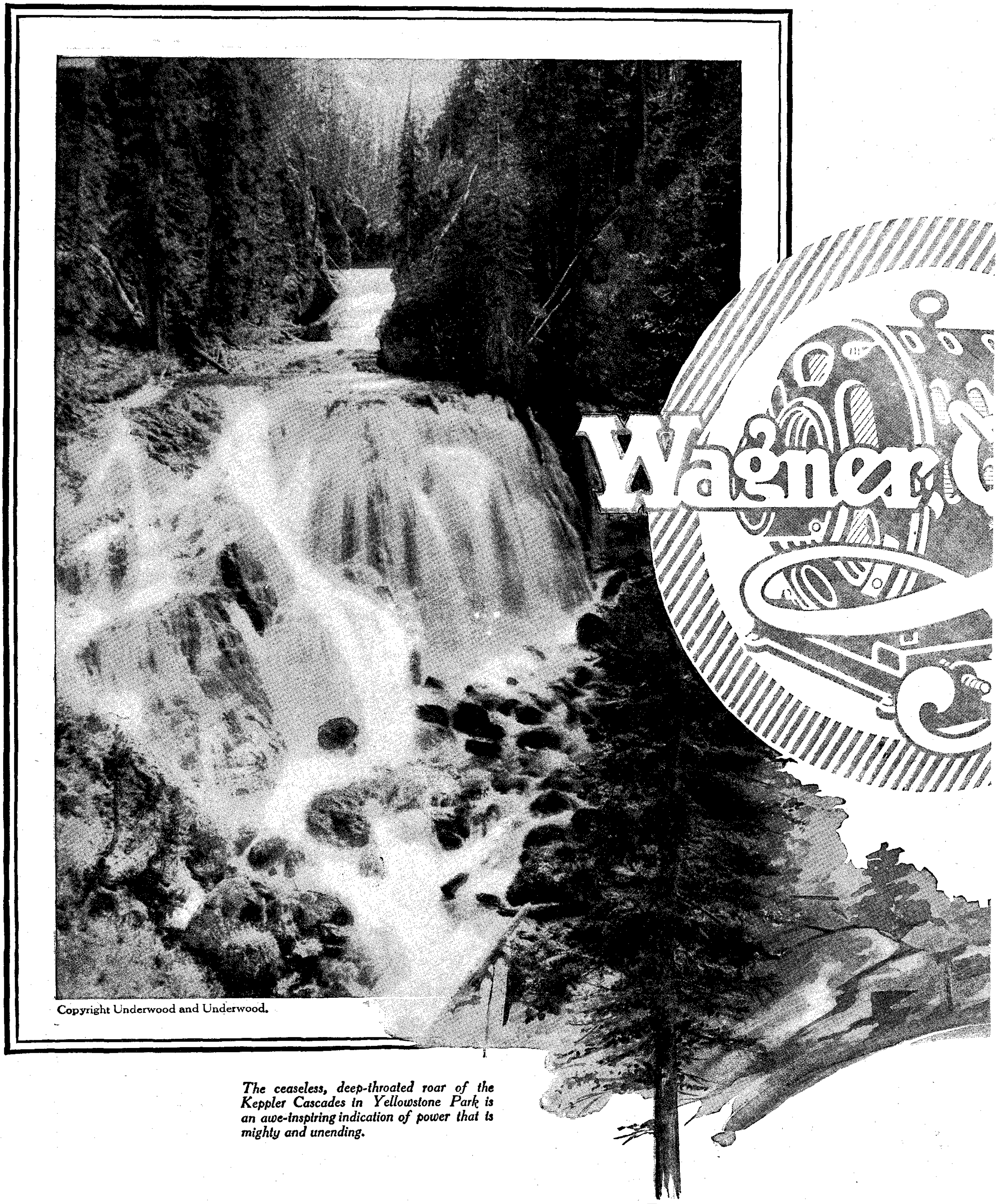

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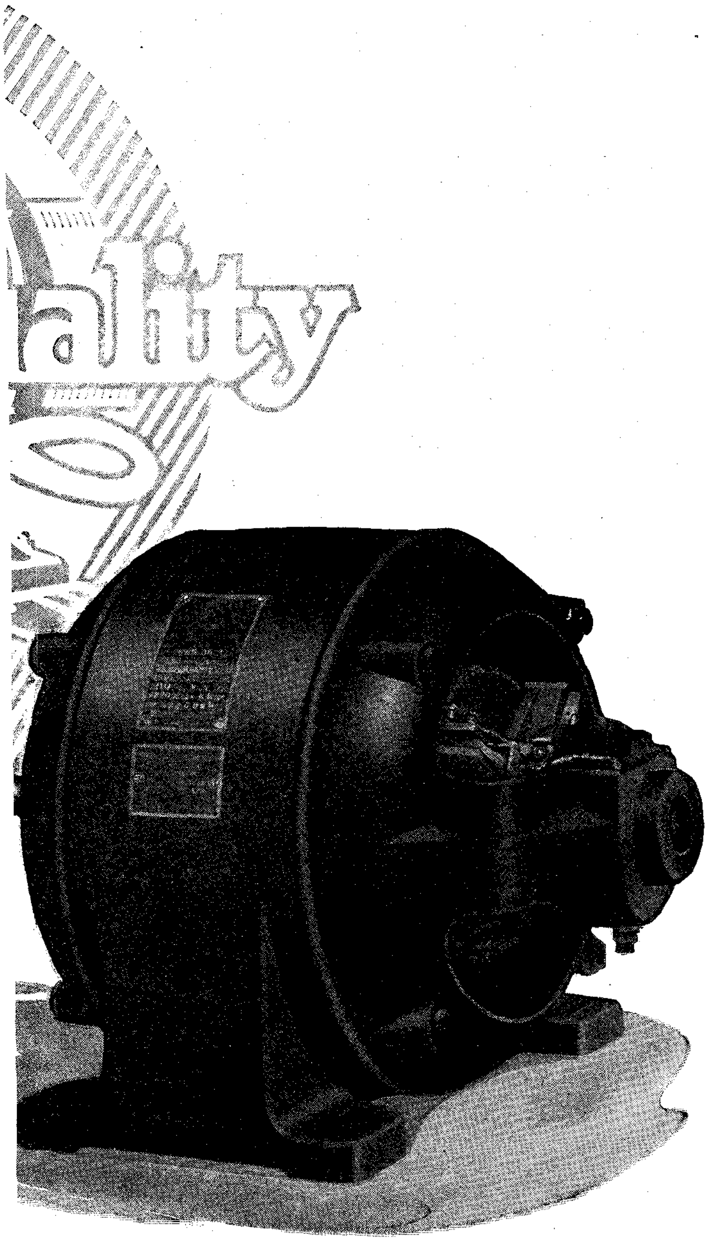

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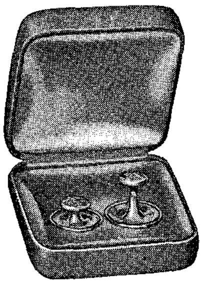

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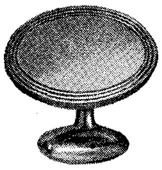

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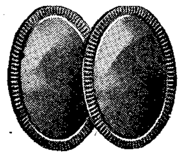

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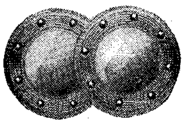
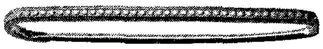


681 K E $2.50 pair



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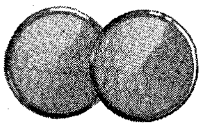
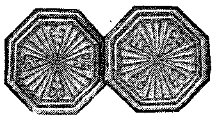
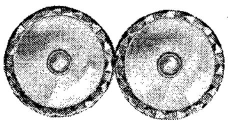


893 K sterling enamel $4.00 pair



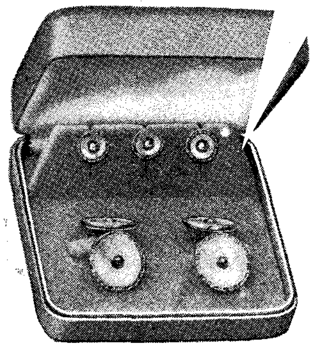
890 K sterling enamel $4.00 pair



703 K P pair evening dress links $3.50

3 studs to match $2.00

This jewelry is Mother of Pearl, with half pearl centers and rims of non-tarnishing white metal.



Studs and Links of Krementz Correct Evening Jewelry sets may be had in boxes. Set illustrated $5.50.

Krementz
14 KT. ROLLED GOLD PLATE

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

He did more for the American stage than any other man in our history; when the chronicles of our original plays come to be written, he will fill a large space. He made a permanent impression on the modern theater; for he was essentially a man of the theater. The same independence that characterized him at school and college was conspicuous after he became a public figure. Outside of a few favorite actors and actresses, his most intimate friends did not belong to the profession. He was not popular with fellow dramatists, with professional critics, or with the camp followers; perhaps still less popular with reformers, theorists, and "uplifters." He held himself aloof both from the group of successful playwrights and from the undisciplined army of Bohemians. He would not attend public dinners, public meetings of those interested either financially or intellectually in the drama, and the only formal public address he ever wrote—fortunately preserved in the Memorial Edition—is one that with great difficulty I persuaded him to stand and deliver for the first time at Yale. He told me that he could not endure the ways of the Bohemians and was bored by the reformers. He said: "I am not a Bohemian, not a sporting man, not a man-about-town, not a preacher—I am simply an observer of life who writes plays for the theater." He owed comparatively little to others; he could not work in partnership or in collaboration. He was too individual; and altho his plays reflect the turbulent stream of social life, he really loved solitude. In fact, it was necessary to him. He built two houses in the country, and fled thither whenever it was possible to do so. Every spring he departed for the Continent, and there he wrote off the plots that were constantly rising to the surface of his mind. Much of his composition was done in Venice.

He has often been blamed for the feverish rapidity with which he produced plays. He spoke frankly about this, saying it was the only way he could work. At one time he had four original plays running in New York. One evening he gave birth to twins. He made a parental speech at one theater and ran across the street to receive public congratulations at the other. He was always modest about himself and his work, never assumed the pose of either a literary man or a prophet, saying that at any moment his ability might forsake him or his vogue vanish. He worked at high pressure, as tho he knew that the night was coming. Yet he wrote each play in his own hand five times—and to those who are curious about such matters it may be interesting to describe his method. He took large sheets of paper, and used five pencils of different colors, changing the hue for each version, writing over, under, and around the lines of the original draft. "Then I can tell at a glance which is my first, second, or fifth thought."

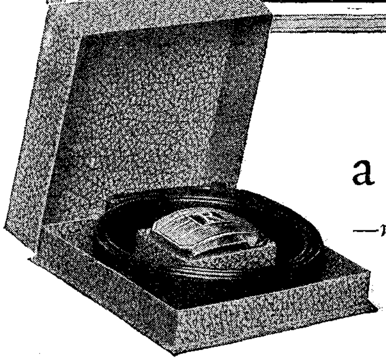
He was constantly surprized and amused by the way in which his imaginary characters behaved. He told me, as he told many others, that altho he would start a play with a definitely conceived plot the persons of the drama would persist in going their own gait—often the opposite of what he had planned. "I usually am compelled to let them have their will."

Clyde Fitch wrote thirty-three original plays, twenty-three dramatizations of other pieces or stories, and left three original plays in manuscript. This is prolific, but nothing in comparison with Thomas Heywood or Lope de Vega. All but one of his original plays dealt with American subjects, and generally with contemporary life. Mr. Walter Prichard Eaton says that if we took Fitch's works and correctly illustrated them they would give to future generations a better idea of American life from 1890 to 1910 than newspapers or historical records.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE YANKS AS A FRENCHMAN SEES IT

THE fine compliments bestowed on Americans by visiting Europeans are generally pure "bunk," in effect says Louis Thomas, a Frenchman who has been sojourning in our land for a time and now has gone back home to tell of that funny America. Americans adore compliments, avers Mr. Thomas, and the astute European, quickly perceiving this weakness, for his own devious purposes proceeds to "lay it on thick" by handing out bouquets just as he would distribute glass beads to African savages. But he makes up for it when he gets home, we are assured, by saying "more unkind things about Americans than they deserve." Apparently, Mr. Thomas feels that the Yanks deserve having a few unkind things said about them, however, for his article appearing in *L'Opinion* (Paris) is frankly critical. His point of view, however mistaken it may be, contrasts interestingly with the compliments to which America has grown accustomed. Speaking of the business of "soft-soaping," of which he accuses the Europeans, the Frenchman opines that this was carried on to a positively indecent extreme during the war, especially by his polite countrymen, who now apparently regret that they did not exercise more restraint in this regard, when they see how the naive Americans and others, believing what they were told in France, have conceived the notion that they won the war, and are inclined to look upon the French as a bunch of mere "also-rans." As Mr. Thomas puts it, "we Frenchmen, who have the habit of criticizing ourselves out loud and washing our own dirty linen in public, gave our allies a daily present of courtesies and polite lies . . . which so inflated them that at the end each of them thought he had accomplished more than we." This was particularly true in the case of the Americans, we learn, and we read further:

> From the day that they sent us a hundred men and one general we said to them: "It is you who will decide the outcome of the war!" That was in accordance with our idea of the polite formula. . . . Later, when the Americans decided, after months of inaction and hesitation, to fulfil their duty as allies and to send to the battle-fields of France a fraction of the men who were being mobilized in their country, we called all the gods to witness this action.
>
> We did not speak of our dead; we were too well bred to insist on that detail, and we told, we sang, we repeated to the Americans, "You have won the war!"



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a HICKOK Belt
—with Initial or Monogram Buckle—
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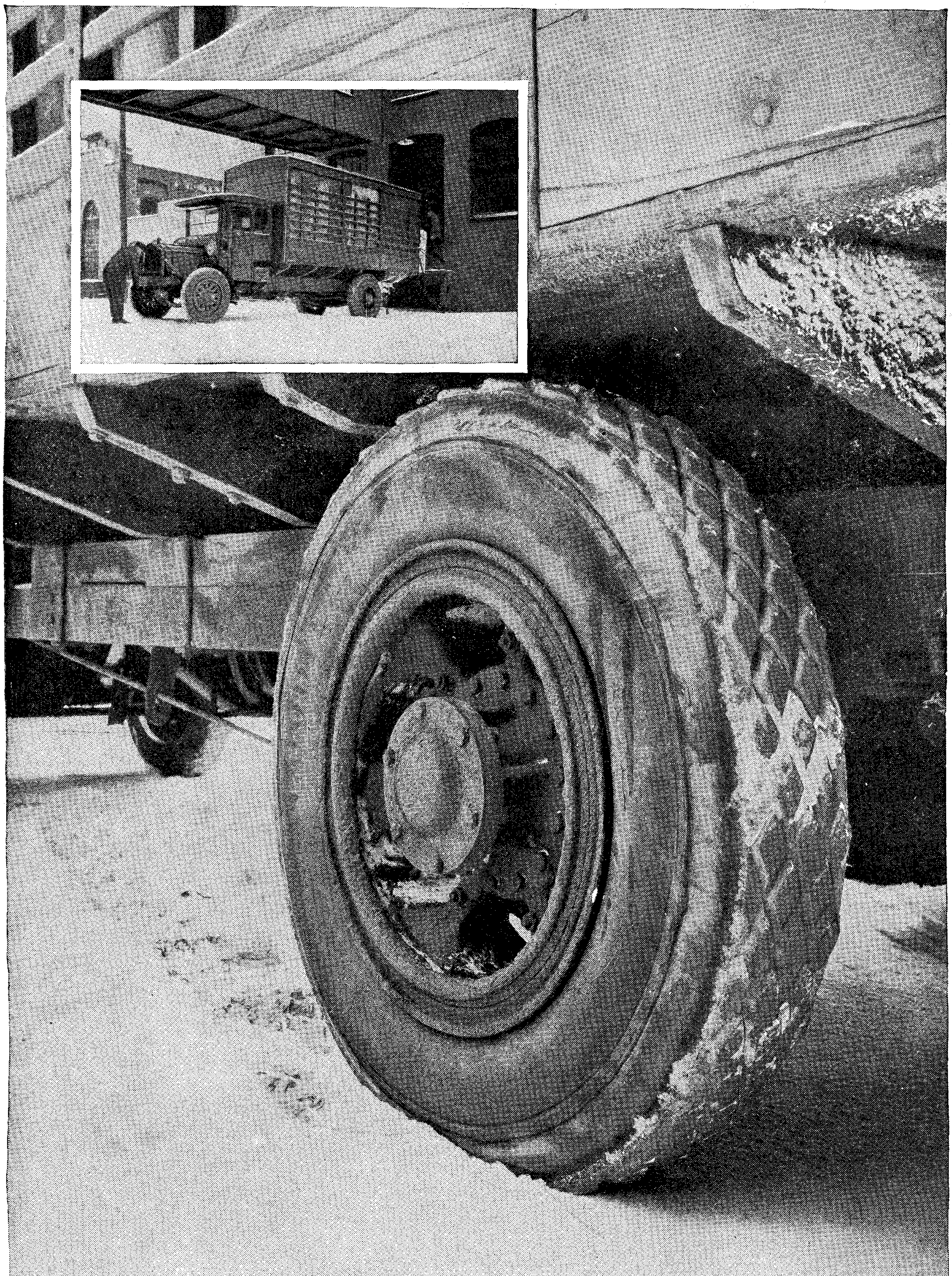

A photograph, taken close-up, showing one of the Goodyear Cord Tires which completely equip the motor truck fleet of Wm. F. Taubel, Inc., Riverside, New Jersey—and a photograph of one of the large units of this fleet

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GOODYEAR

Straight Through January —on Pneumatics

'We use Goodyear Cord Tires of from six- to ten-inch diameters. Our fleet now hauls continuously despite winter weather such as previously delayed and tied up our deliveries. The trucks now cover much more ground, running between Riverside, Trenton and Philadelphia—haul more tonnage—operate at less cost for fuel and repairs. Goodyear Cord Tire mileages range up to 30,000."—Harry McCoy, for Wm. F. Taubel, Inc., Hosiery Mills, Riverside, New Jersey

UPON the transportation map has appeared a vast network of truck routes over which, as is indicated in statements like this, units and fleets on Goodyear Cord Tires haul continuously.

Far and wide they travel even when the drifting snows and slippery grades of winter have retarded and stalled other carriers lacking the traction supplied by these pneumatics.

With regularity and promptness, the able Goodyear Cord Tires hurry heavy cargoes through melting sleet and along ice-paved roads, gripping firmly as they go.

Between factory and railroad, town and country, the persistent pneumatics maintain an unbroken flow of mail, materials, supplies and merchandise, thus affording valuable aid to all-year commerce.

Years of pioneering plus the manufacturing care that protects our good name have built into their Goodyear Cord construction that huge strength now expressed in many exceptional mileage records.

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Haul on Pneumatics

CORD TIRES

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

And they believe it! Whenever an American division was incorporated in a French army we talked so much about the division that in America they thought the army was composed entirely of Americans. In a similar situation the British General Staff, more far-seeing, would forget to mention the Americans at all. General result: The Americans have won the war and it is no longer permissible to criticize them.

As a result of this "old-school politeness" and "worn-out diplomatic small change," freely made use of by the French, we are told that the Americans have reached a state of mind and have assumed an attitude where Frenchmen have had to bend to "all their preconceptions," and to submit to "all the absurdities of a proud professor, who, while President of the Republic of the United States, could not even command a majority in the Congress charged with ratifying his actions." This, in Mr. Thomas's opinion, has led to intellectual and political disaster—

> Political disaster, in that we have almost entirely lost the confidence of the Americans without gaining anything through their support. Intellectual disaster, because the Americans will grow further away from our influence, which—among all the intellectual influences—is the one most potent to elevate, enrich, and humanize them. . . . . . .
>
> We pass our time congratulating each other, toasting each other, speaking of Louis XVI., of Lafayette, and of Rochambeau; meantime, the *boche* acts, with an always more manifest impudence, admirably disguised as a 100 per cent. American. The English sent the Prince of Wales to dance with débutantes and to be polite to every one, and Sir Auckland Geddes, one of their great business men, as ambassador, who sees American business men, speaks in public, and travels a great deal. Only certain New England thinkers understand that the intellectual elevation of America is found neither in an external Americanization, nor in exchanging stale and empty compliments, nor in nationalism after the Brandenburg pattern. The Frenchman alone, absolutely disinterested in intellectual affairs, with his clear intelligence, his highly developed but in this instance helpful critical sense, his good taste, and his elegance, can bring to the America of to-day a real contribution to its culture.

As appears from the foregoing, one of the things the observant Frenchman took note of in this country was the movement now on for Americanization. The Americans, who, he says, are never discouraged and who have "a certain childlike candor of mind," have figured out and affirmed that with money and organized effort they can succeed in Americanizing all the races and minds in their country. He regards the whole Americanization scheme with skepticism:

> All this is very well in its way—and very natural. . . . We can even admit that public instruction may have an effect on the young. . . . . . .
>
> Nevertheless, in our quality of old skeptical Europeans, we ask ourselves if the results will not be more harmful than beneficial. What will it be, this ready-made Americanization? At the very least superficial. Will it not often serve as camouflage, as in the case of certain Germans, thoroughly imbued with the Germanic culture, point of view, character, and taste, but provided with recent naturalization papers, who are at present competing with the allies in America, and who, under the disguise of Americanization and the formula of "One Hundred Per Cent. Americans," pull the wool over the eyes of these good, simple Americans with a skill I am compelled to praise. And, assuming that one achieves appreciable results, will it not mean lowering still more, if that is possible, the average level of American culture and civilization? . . . . .
>
> To Americanize indiscriminately, above all, to concentrate only on that end, will increase the number of Americans, but it may well lower the average level of their intellectual capacities and equipment. We are dealing in effect with a young country, where ignorance or lack of culture is a national trait—perfectly inexplicable and excusable, of course, but also general. . . . . . .
>
> I do not need to repeat that in a country as vast as the United States any generalization is constantly contradicted. And in this new and vigorous country they are going to make nationalism a great religion, the supreme intellectual and social motive. This means Prussianizing, pure and simple. The people of that country will drive out—eliminate—the critical sense which in general they lack even as it is. . . . I do not understand and I regret their decision. I see that they are falling again under the hypocritical German ferrule, from which the war could have delivered them.

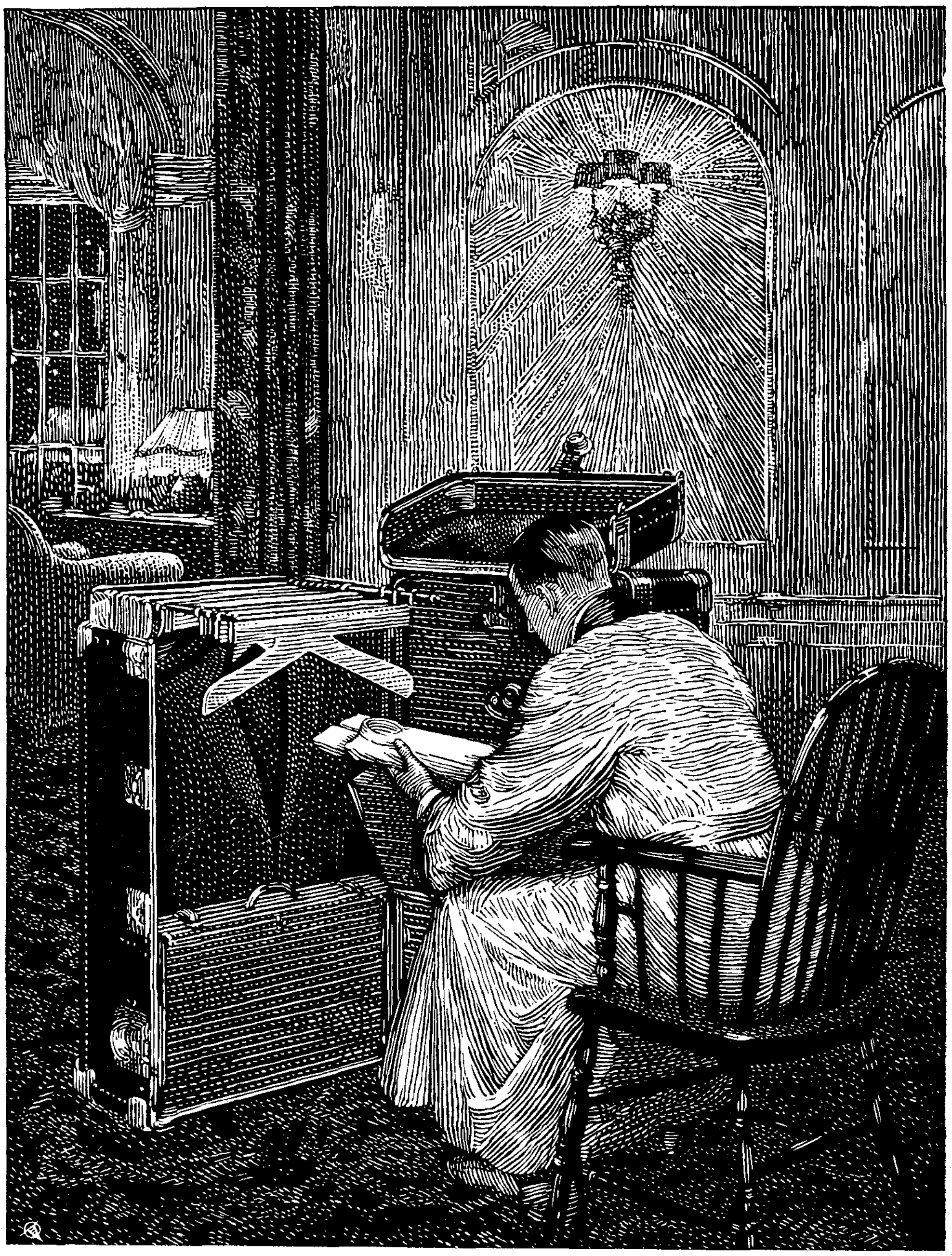
Mr. Thomas admits that the United States is rich, primarily because of its natural resources. He sees obstacles in the way of making the most of this natural wealth, however, because of labor shortage. The American dislikes all colors but white, so that everything but European immigration is barred, and this, he mistakenly believes, is petering out. He goes on:

> Indeed, many prewar immigrants are going home with no intention of returning. It is expected that one million will leave during 1920. The explanation for their departure is the formation of new states, such as Bohemia or Poland, the liberation of Italian, Serbian, or Roumanian irridenta, and the expropriation in these countries of the great landowners, a condition which permits the old emigrants to buy farms at home with so great a profit from the high exchange value of the dollars they saved in America, when converted into the currency of their own country, that the poorest laborer from Poland or Bohemia can become a great landed proprietor when he returns to the land of his birth. These emigrants will leave the United States, to which they came only to make money, and they are wise to do so. They will be much happier, more respected, and more influential at home than in America.
>
> But does one realize what difficulties this incessant emigration causes American industry? The American laborer already has the habit of changing his job whenever he likes. . . . . . .
>
> As a consequence there are very few highly skilled native workmen in the United States. But what shall we say of a flux like the present, when in the spring of 1920 at Pittsburgh, the iron and steel metropolis of America, three thousand workmen leave the city's workshops every week, forcing employers constantly to engage unskilled men entirely ignorant of their new trade?
>
> Nevertheless, the fact remains, and everybody knows it, that the United States at present exports much more than it imports; that the country in general grew rich while most other belligerent countries grew poor, and that it is perhaps easier for an individual to make a good living there, and even to acquire wealth if he has lucka and is thrifty, than in Europe. Finally, this country, in spite of the scarcity of labor and rising wages, is prospering and progressing.

GIPSIES LEAD A HAPPY LIFE, BOSSED BY THEIR WOMENFOLK

NO gipsy considers a marriage valid unless performed by the light of the moon, and when there is a death in his family he keeps a ceremonial pot of hot water around handy to ward off evil spirits. A gipsy chief always carries a small receptacle about his person, containing a bell, a peacock's feather, and some grains of wheat. These mystic objects he consults on all important occasions. Yet these same gipsies profess Christianity. Some of them own big farms and like to discuss crops, others take a keen interest in sport, and in many other ways they are just like the rest of the human beings among whom they live and move—especially move—and have their being. But few of their neighbors know anything about them. Gipsies are nearly as alien to the average American as the hairy Aino. Those who have made their closer acquaintance say the Romany race is an interesting tribe, with ways the *gorgio*—as gipsies call all non-gipsies—might well copy, among which, now that suffrage has been established, might perhaps be included the gipsies' custom of letting the women assume all responsibility for the running of everything. In an article in *People's Favorite Magazine* (New York), Miss Louise Rice, who has made a study of gipsy life, tells how she gained the friendship of these unique people and what she has learned of them since. One of the first things she learned, she says, was that there are not many real gipsies in this country. "The ordinary dirty people in red calico dresses, in ordinary wagons with small windows cut in the sides, are nondescript wanderers from every quarter of the globe," we are told, and not gipsies. However:

> When you see beautifully ornamented and carved red wagons shaped somewhat like cradles; when there are fine horses drawing them; when you see the door at the back, well made and broad, and curtained windows built in each side; when the men and women have only a suggestion of the traditional gipsy dress—big earrings, perhaps, or sashes, or a bright silk handkerchief for the head; and when the eyes beneath the straight black brows are so blue that they seem like gems set in



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WARDROBE TRUNKS

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

human heads—then you may be sure that you are looking at some of the real aristocrats of the Romany race.

Miss Rice became acquainted with a family of these people of the name of Lane, for whom she had performed some service one year when they chanced to camp near her home. They broke up camp and went on their way without thanking her or saying anything about friendship or of seeing her again. Her account continues:

I watched the last of the wagons disappearing around the bend with a feeling of disillusionment and disappointment. I'd grown to like those people and their indifference hurt me.

About a week afterward the postman brought me a big box without a line on it indicating the sender. It was packed with wet moss and inside were some beautiful and very rare wild flowers. Ten days afterward, from another State, came by express a bracelet of old coins linked with beautiful gold bosses. And so it was throughout the year. Every month some reminder that I was remembered. Sometimes the gifts were all but priceless, as in the case of the bracelet. Sometimes it would be only some unusual ferns, prest. At Chrismas time it was a big box of holly and mistletoe from Virginia.

From the first day of May, that next year, I watched for the red wagons. And one day they drew up before my gate again and old Adam came in.

"*Latc-ho divvus, miri pen! Miduvel atch pa tumende,*" he said, and smiled his quizzical old man's smile. "Good-day, my sister," he interpreted to my inquiring eyes; "may God rest upon you."

It was the first time that I had ever heard the Romany tongue spoken. Since then I have grown used to it and can speak it a little. It is a sonorous, precise language, with open vowels and no slurred consonants. And it is undoubtedly one of the oldest languages in the world, with traces of what philologists say must be the ancient Egyptian of the Pharaohs, and with many, many words taken directly from Sanskrit—back of which history goes not. Yet this language, in which beautiful songs are written and in which many a legend is told, has no written literature, is not used for any public document, and is almost never written even by the Romanies themselves.

Their "gillies," or semi-improvised songs, are strange, ululating melodies, which remind me of the wind among tall pines or of the cry of night-birds heard from afar over water.

That year I went for a little jaunt of two weeks in old Adam's *wardo*. His wife is a *didikai*—a half-breed, born "outside"; that is, born within four walls! Her father was one of the "old families" of Maryland, and before she returned to her mother's people she was a belle in Baltimore. Now she is the best-read Romany woman I have ever known; in fact, she is well read from any standpoint except that of the ultra-smart social world. Everybody, including the occasional farmer to whom she and Adam sell horses, calls her *miri dye*—"my mother."

Adam's *wardo* is of the best. It was made by a certain man in Maryland who has been making wagons for gipsies for the last fifty years. The cheapest of them will cost eight hundred dollars. The best cost from fifteen hundred up to two thousand. Such wagons will outlast the owner, and are guaranteed to stand incessant travel. The materials of which they are made are such as no *gorgio*, as they call those who are not gipsies, would think of putting to such a use. But the Romany knows nothing of makeshifts.

Adam's wagon has a sort of latticework at the back and carvings along the top and the window casings. Inside there are a bunk and a round table and a wall rack for china, padded with felt, a chest of drawers, and a closet. All the furnishings and fittings are of solid mahogany. The floor is walnut, hand-polished. The bunk is piled with beautiful, hand-woven blankets, the *china in daily use is Crown Derby, the chest* is full of Georgian and Queen Anne silver, the table cover is a Paisley shawl, and a large Bible, illustrated by Doré, always lies on it when meals are not going forward.

In the closet are the copper cooking utensils, beaten out of English pennies, most of them. There is a ten-quart coffee-pot, with a beautiful boar's head for the cover, and a great big copper wash-boiler with ram's horns for the handles and an impish pig's head on the lid. And there is another smaller copper boiler, with a design of leaves and fruit on the lid, for the table linen. Any museum would be glad to have those pieces.

As I saw the cooking and washing of the Lane family being done from day to day, I began to feel that the Romanies' gentle pity for my *gorgio* dirtiness was justified. That little copper boiler was never profaned by anything but the genuine Irish linen with which *miri dye* decked her table three times a day. Adam's underclothing was washed in the big boiler by itself, and not until it had been carefully scalded and wiped were the linen, hemstitched pillow-cases and sheets, put in.

The coffee-pot, after each using, was scalded and polished with flannel cloths never used for any other purpose. Bedding is always hung out to air in the early morning and comes in smelling like all the spices of Araby. A Romany housewife will carefully sniff around in a bit of wood until she finds some fragrant bush on which to hang her sheets and blankets.

When it is chilly, the charcoal brazier is lit, but unless there is a driving rain the windows and the door always remain open.

Miri dye makes bread only after the most elaborate cleansing of her hands. As for baker's bread and cake—oh, oh, *miri pen*—why eat filth?

Romanies eat very little butcher's meat. They will watch the slaughtering of a cow or sheep on a farm, and take away the carcass immediately, to be "put down" in brown sugar and salt, which will keep it for months. They do the same to game and poultry, so that there is always a supply on hand of provisions which are clean and wholesome.

After having traveled frequently with these gipsies and some other Romany families during several years, the writer says she finds herself inoculated with Romany standards. Houses and office-buildings make her uneasy, and she eats food purchased at the market with but indifferent appetite. She doesn't mind the dust of travel any more and has learned to think less of stylish clothes. She is no longer afraid of snakes, can build a fire in the open, cook a meal over it, and, generally, has learned better how to take care of herself. Further:

I have learned to like beautiful things for my ordinary daily use and to regard with a dull eye "art for art's sake." The furnishings of Romany *wardos* are so beautiful and so intrinsically valuable that the cheap and shoddy articles of *gorgio* commerce offend my taste.

Their blankets are woven from wool, which they buy directly from the back of the sheep, all the after-processes being performed by themselves. These blankets are never washed with soap, but with clean gravel, in a running stream which is warmed by the sun to tepidness. They are dried on blossoming clover when it is in season, and the young folk take turns in pulling the *blankets into shape as they dry. Such* blankets will serve many a generation, and will always be things of beauty and comfort.

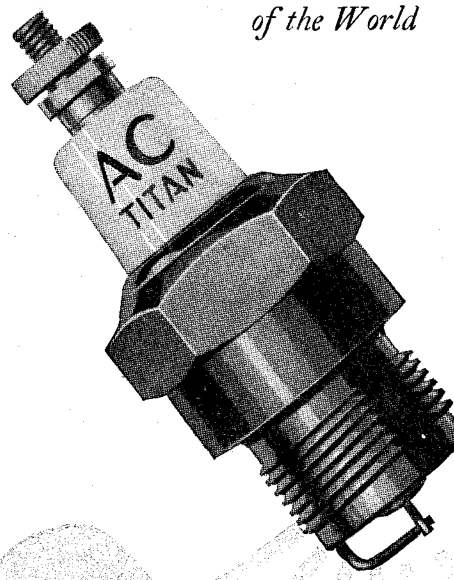
The copper cooking utensils put to shame many of the jardinières which are displayed in the windows of our "art" shops. The jewelry which every wagon carries, tucked away in a secret place, is pure gold or silver and always hand-wrought. The women's money belts, long enough to be worn like a cord, are frequently old pieces which are worthy of a collector's enthusiasm. And in little velvet bags of their own, last of all, there are often rare "*talcho* bars"; that is, true stones, flawless diamonds, sometimes set in rings—never in gold, but in dead silver, which accentuates the cold rays—and sometimes strung on a silver wire, with silver pins at each end—crowns for weddings or for the rare musical festival.

I was never able to get any Romany to discuss the monetary value of such things. This or that diamond would be praised for its blue light; this or that piece of wrought gold exhibited for its workmanship; but when I would exclaim: "Why, that must be worth hundreds!" the animated faces would stiffen, and they looked aside wretchedly, as one does at a deadly *faux pas* committed by a valued friend. So I've come to have the same shamed misery when my friends show me an engagement ring and say:

"It's worth a thousand. I had it valued at Tiffany's." Oh, love tarnished with greed! God's pretty things smeared with the dollar-mark!

The Romanies pity *gorgios* profoundly. They pity us for having to live in cities, first of all. They pity the vulgar racket in the midst of which we must live; they pity us because of our many physical ills; they pity our shoddy domestic utensils; they pity us, most of all, that we are so alienated from nature and all its charms, surprizes, and refreshments.

A Romany will gravely apologize if his encampment is found in a spot from which there is not a good view, and he is quite as sophisticated about that view as if he were one of the painting brotherhood. In a wayside brook you will lave your face, and the Romany will bring you, from his round *tan* of wool blankets, a pure linen towel which has lain in lavender. He will crave your pardon for inviting you to visit a spot from which the discordant screech of a locomotive can be heard; he always scatters crumbs at a little distance from the *tans*, so that the birds will be attracted to his vicinity. He will estimate the coming weather to a hair. Several times I have had a telegram: "Come to-morrow. Spring will be with us." Once I got that in New York. It was dated Toms River, N. J., and spring was anything but near in Manhattan. Nevertheless, I took a train, and



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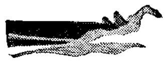
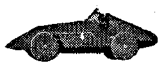
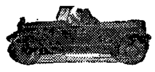


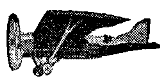
When Gar Wood won the Harmsworth Trophy with Miss America he used AC Plugs



When Tommy Milton drove his Duesenberg 156 miles an hour he relied on AC Plugs



When the Essex cut 12 hours off the transcontinental record, AC Plugs were used



When Roland Rohlfs flew the "Texas Wild Cat" 223 miles an hour he used AC Plugs

These Manufacturers Factory Equip Their Products With AC Spark Plugs

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American Beauty
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Apperson
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Bellanger Freres (France)
Birch
Bradley
Buick
Cadillac
Cameron
Case
Chandler
Chevrolet
Cleveland
Cole
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Commonwealth
Daniels
Davis
Dodge Brothers
Dort
Essex
Gray Dort (Canada)
Hanson Six
Hatfield
Haynes
Hudson
Hupmobile
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Jordan
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Kissel Kar
LaFayette
Leach Power-Plus Six
Liberty
Locomobile
Maibohm
Marmon
McFarlan
McLaughlin (Canada)
Meteor
Mitchell
Moller
Monroe
Nash
National
Nelson
Oakland
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Reo
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Roamer
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Scripps-Booth
Shaw 12
Shaw Taxicab
Sheridan
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Standard Eight
Stearns-Knight
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Tarkington
Texan
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Acme
Ahrens Fox Fire Trucks
American-LaFrance
Apex
Atco
Available
Avery
Bell
Betz
Bollstrom
Bradley
Bridgeport
Brinton
Brockway
Buffalo
Chicago
Collier
Comet
Dart
Defiance
Dependable
Diamond T
Diehl
Dodge Brothers
Duty
Elmira
Fargo
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Frontmobile
Fulton
F-W-D
Gary
Golden West
Gramm-Bernstein
G & J (Canada)
G. M. C.
Hahn
Hall
Harvey
Hendrickson
Hewitt-Ludlow
Highway-Knight
Hurlburt
Huron
H. R. L.
Independent
Italia
J & J
Kalamazoo
Karavan
Kearns
Keystone
Kissel
Kleiber
Klemm
Koehler
Low-Bed
Maccar
Maibohm
Master
Maxim
Menominee
Moreland
Napoleon
Nash
Nelson-LeMoon
Netco
Noble
Ogden
Old Reliable
Oldsmobile
Oneida
Oshkosh
O. K.
Packard
Paige
Parker
Patriot
Pierce-Arrow
Pittsburgher
Ranger
Reo
Reynolds
Riker
Robinson Fire App.
Rock Falls
Rowe
St. Cloud
Sandow
Sanford
Schwartz
Shaw
Signal
Stanwood
Sterling
Stewart
Stoughton
Sullivan
Texan
Tiffin
Titan
Tower
United
Universal
Ursus
Walter
Ward-LaFrance
Watson
White
White Hickory
Wichita
Wilson
Wolverine

MOTORCYCLES

Briggs-Stratton Motor Wheel
Excelsior
Henderson
Johnson Motor Wheel

TRACTORS

Advance-Rumely
A & T
Bates Steel Mule
Beeman Garden
Boring
Buffalo
Bullock Creeping-Grip
Case
Clark
Comet
Dart
Do-It-All
Flour City
Holt
Howell
Knox
La Crosse
Lauson
Linn Road
Minneapolis
New Britain
Oldsmar Garden
O. K.
Pioneer
Samson
Sawyer-Massey (Can.)
SpryWheel
Stockton
Tioga
Topp-Stewart
Turner-Simplicity
Ursus
Wetmore

ENGINES

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Beaver
Bessemer Gaso-Kero
Buda
Capital
Continental
Curtiss
Doman
Duesenberg
Eclipse
Fairmont Railway
Falls
Frisbie
Galloway
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G. B. S.
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Red Wing Thorobred
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Speedway
Straubel
Union Marine
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Vim
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Weidely Bulldog
Wisconsin
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FARM LIGHTING PLANTS

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Daytonlite
Delco-Light
Dynelectric
Electrion
Fairbanks
Genco Light
Globe Light & Power
Lalley-Light
Lucolite
Meyerlite
Nan-Ki-Vel
Northlite
Owens Light & Power
Perfection
Powerlite
Roco
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MISCELLANEOUS

Austin Mfg. Co.
Domestic Engine & Pump Co.
Ingersoll-Rand Air Compressors
Koehring Road Pavers
Maytag Washing Machines
Mudge Railway Cars
Perfect Power Sprayers
Sullivan Portable Air Compressors
Vaughan Drag Saws
Wade Drag Saws

U. S. Pat. No. 1,135,727, April 13, 1915, U. S. Pat. No. 1,216,139, Feb. 13, 1917. Other Patents Pending

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

met Mistress Spring the next day, as per previous arrangement!

The woman is the "man of affairs" among the gipsies. She owns the property and transacts the business. The gipsy girl tells fortunes, the gipsy woman sells baskets and lace and copperware. If you visit a gipsy camp, you talk to the women. The men stay on the outskirts and say nothing. Sometimes the girls are sent to school. Then they teach the boys, of an evening, while the elders sit around and listen. Women are held in such high regard, because the Romanies regard them as wise, strong of heart, and courageous of soul. Regarding marriage among the gipsies, we read:

> The questions of "support" or of social status or of the man's ability to bestow gifts are unknown. It is the woman who has whatever money or property there is. It is understood that the man will cut wood, build fires, care for the children, look after the horses, and do what his mate advises him; but it is also understood that not even the suspicion of unkindness may lie upon her, that all the sweetness of her heart is his only, and that she will never neglect to smile upon him and to make of their common life together an endless succession of holy rites. After marriage there is a year of semiprobation for the young husband. During that time he may not enter his wife's *wardo* without her express invitation; and he may not carry the stick, which is proudly displayed by longer-married men, over the probationary period. The few divorces which are granted in family council are the result of this year. They are sometimes due to mere incompatibility, but, as a rule, are sought by the women. Children are inalienably the mother's and very often call themselves by her name.

VISITING YANKEE CONGRESSMEN FIND TROUBLE IN KOREA

THE accounts of the trip of the American Congressmen who recently went to the Orient to get a first-hand impression of life in the antipodes have indicated that "a good time was had by all" everywhere except at Seoul, the capital of Korea. There, it seems, some unpleasant things took place. What purports to be a detailed narrative of just what happened appears in a recent issue of *The Japan Advertiser* (Tokyo), written by an eye-witness whose name is withheld, but who is vouched for by this paper's Peking correspondent as a conservative and dependable person. It appears from this story that what was merely an unpleasant experience would probably have developed into serious trouble but for the decisive action of Congressman Hugh S. Hersman, of California, in refusing to obey the request of a Jap police captain to leave the Y. M. C. A. hall where the American had addrest an audience of Koreans. It is stated that all the foreigners were asked to depart, the Jap police explaining that they had "a matter to settle" with the assembled Koreans. It seems that the Koreans, who appear to have been permitted to take but a slight part in the arrangements for entertaining the visiting Americans, had planned a reception at the Y. M. C. A. hall. Owing to the opposition of the Japanese authorities to this function, it was called off, but too late to notify all the invited guests, who therefore gathered in considerable numbers at the appointed hour. Just after the assembled guests had been informed that there was to be "nothing doing," Congressman Hersman arrived. He had been invited to make a brief speech to the disappointed Koreans and was willing to do so. The account goes on:

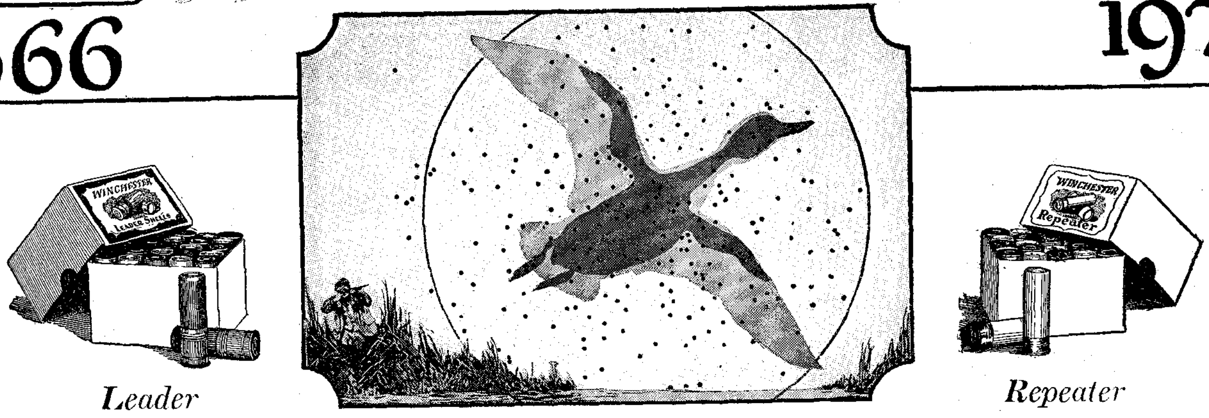
> Ex-Baron Yun Tchi Ho, president of the Association, Korea's "Grand Old Man," Yi Sang Chai, Mr. George A. Gregg, industrial secretary, and the Congressman mounted the platform and the crowd seated itself in an orderly way. Mr. Yun briefly introduced Mr. Hersman. When the latter rose to speak he received an ovation, the audience rising to its feet and cheering.
>
> Mr. Hersman opened by saying that he did not feel he would be doing himself justice if on this trip he failed to meet some Koreans as well as Chinese and Japanese, and he exprest his pleasure at meeting the audience before him in an unofficial way. He wished it understood that he was the guest of the Japanese authorities and he would not say anything to embarrass has hosts. The mountains of Korea reminded him of those of his home State, California. He would always appreciate the privilege he now had of looking into the faces of his present auditors, and he would tell his people in California of this meeting. He closed by expressing the hope that the Y. M. C. A. would have success in its beneficent work in Korea. As will be noted, the address was only one of formal greeting, but the fact that one member of the Congressional party had actually come to talk to them meant everything to the Koreans.
>
> Mr. Yi Sang Chai made a brief speech of thanks, which seemed to please the audience, judging by the rounds of applause. As he was speaking, the district captain of police appeared with numerous squads, and, accompanied by a couple of his men, the captain made his way up the aisle toward the platform. When about half-way there, Mr. Yi concluded his speech and Mr. Hersman shook hands with Mr. Yun and Mr. Yi and came down the platform steps just in time to meet the captain. The Congressman and Mr. Yun and Mr. Yi were requested to leave the hall and were ushered out, and the captain mounted the platform and told the audience in Japanese that no one was to leave his seat. The chief then made his way to the rear where the writer and two young Americans on the way to reenforce the Princeton contingent in Peking were standing, and told the writer in Japanese that he was to leave. Upon asking the reason the reply came back that the police "had a matter to settle with the Koreans," and that the foreigners were not to stay. After a little more parley we three left the hall, the writer being assisted gently by the captain's hand on his shoulder until the door was reached.
>
> In the main lobby of the building Congressman Hersman, Mr. Yun, Mr. Yi, Mr. Gregg, Dr. Ludlow, and Dr. Stites, of the Severance Hospital, and the group just ejected were gathered, and on request of Mr. Gregg the Congressman began to detail to the police captain who had come over to the group the circumstances under which he had visited the building. At first the captain insisted that he had no concern about that, but was plainly anxious to "settle a matter with the Koreans."
>
> Just then Mr. Gregg spied one of the policemen standing near him kick a Korean (a graduate of an American University, and one of the editorial staff of a Korean paper). Mr. Gregg heatedly demanded of the captain whether that was the way he allowed his men to treat the Koreans, and, turning to the Congressman, Mr. Gregg inquired if he had seen the incident. Mr. Hersman answered, "I did." Mr. Hersman then tried to resume his explanation, but the captain was still impatient to get to his business with the Koreans. Mr. Hersman thereupon declared that he would not leave the building until the last boy was out of the hall.
>
> At this stage all of the foreigners but the Congressman and Mr. Gregg left the building and Dr. Stites motored us to the Chosen Hotel, where the American Consul-General and members of the party were informed of the plight in which their compatriot was. The Consul-General went to the Y. M. C. A. and on arrival found the audience dismissed and police just leaving the building. After the departure of the foreigners, finding the police captain still determined to hear nothing from Mr. Hersman, he and Mr. Gregg retired to a bench in the lobby and sat down. The captain interrogated Mr. Yun and Mr. Yi for a while, and then announced that he would permit the audience to go this time. Mr. Hersman kept his words, waited until the hall was emptied, and then, missing his companion, asked, "Where's Gregg?" and when he had reappeared they left the building together just as the Consul-General and Congressman Porter, of the Foreign Relations Committee of the House, appeared on the scene. Had Mr. Hersman not taken the stand he did, it is a matter of conjecture what action the police would have taken. It is reported to me that each policeman was armed with the Korean ironing stick (in addition, of course, to his swords).
>
> As the audience were leaving the building an incident occurred which illustrates the sportsmanship of the police. One of the last to leave the building was a young man who, it is alleged, was kicked in the stomach. He was being carried out on the back of a comrade. As soon as he reached the street he was arrested. When the police first approached to enter the Y. M. C. A. some spectators ran to avoid them. The police gave chase and caught two, and in front of the premises of the British and Foreign Bible Society beat them unmercifully. Seven police attacked one unresisting boy, one of them kicking him in the face as he lay on the ground. When an eye-witness, Mr. Thomas Hobbs, of the Bible Society, remonstrated with the police for their brutality, they insisted that he and Mrs. Hobbs should leave the steps of the Bible House and go in and shut the door. Upon his refusal, the police forcibly pushed him in and closed the door themselves.

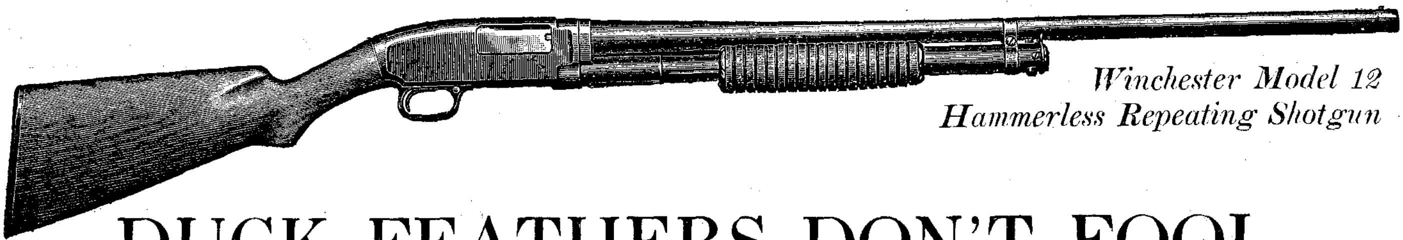
The same article further sets forth the circumstances attending the reception of the Americans upon their arrival at Seoul, from which we quote as follows:

> On the day the party were to arrive (August 24), little groups began to gather in the vicinity of the Nandaimen (South

WINCHESTER

1866 1920





Winchester Model 12
Hammerless Repeating Shotgun

DUCK FEATHERS DON'T FOOL *THE PERFECT PATTERN*

DUCK HUNTERS praise the *Winchester pattern*—that even distribution of the high-speed Winchester shot charge which will not let duck vulnerability get through.

They know that the fattest big wild mallard drake is largely feathers. That to bring him down neatly at average range, they must hit him where he is vulnerable. And hit him *hard*—not tickle his feathers or scratch his skin with a few pellets.

The very careful combination of Winchester gun boring and Winchester shot-shell loading, results in great gun-and-shell harmony. Producing a shot pattern remarkable for its even distribution, yet without any loss of combustion speed or shot velocity.

The pattern shown above was made at 35 yards, with 1¼ ounces of *standard* No. 5 shot; 30-inch circle; mallard duck drawn actual size. It was shot with a 12-gauge Winchester Model 12 Repeating Shotgun of standard grade, and an ordinary Winchester Repeater Shell.

Shoot a Winchester Hammerless Repeating Shotgun, Model 12. Or if you prefer, a Model 97, with exposed hammer.

And always use Winchester Shells—Leader or Repeater in smokeless, New Rival or Nublack in black powder. The only claim we make for them is the *service* they give you. *Of course they are waterproof.* Of course they are properly made, primed, loaded, wadded and crimped. They are *balanced* in quality, like all Winchester products.

Make your purchases from your local hardware or sporting goods store. And write to us for any particular information you wish on shotguns and shells or their use.

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

Gate) station as early as one o'clock in the afternoon, and by seven in the evening several thousands were in the station place and the broad streets leading thereto. An incident occurred just after the arrival of the 6:50 train from the north. As the passengers were coming through the exit, a few Koreans on a side-street, perhaps thinking that the Congressional party had arrived, shouted "Mansei," or "Long Live Korea." They were at once seized by the police, tied with ropes while struggling fiercely in the grip of half a dozen officers, and taken into custody.

Shortly after six o'clock squads of police began to arrive at the station piazza and were posted about twenty feet apart all the way to the hotel, more than half a mile distant, while every portion of the city where pedestrian traffic was heavy was strongly policed. It was quite evident that the force had been considerably augmented, probably from the country centers. About seven o'clock shouting was heard on Nandaimen Street, and inquiry elicited the information that twenty or more mounted police were driving the crowd through the South Gate into the city proper and off the streets through which the visitors were to be driven to the hotel. During this maneuver, one of the mounted men riding along the sidewalk pinned a British missionary (Mr. Hobbs), who was walking toward the station with his wife, against the wall of some buildings on the opposite side of the street from Severance Hospital compound.

When the streets were cleared, about 7:50 o'clock, the district captain of police and a squad knocked at the locked gates of the hospital compound, which is a short distance north of the railroad station on the opposite side of the street, and took the precaution of going through the compound and putting out every one who was not connected with the institution. The Severance institution, by the way, is regarded by the police with great suspicion.

As a result of the efforts of the police, the streets in the vicinity of the station and up to the main post-office were virtually cleared of Koreans, and even Americans and other foreigners coming from the center of the city to welcome the guests were turned back by the sabers of the police, and some made their way to the station by back alleys. Japanese civilians, however, were free to promenade as they pleased. When the guests at length arrived they were driven to the Chosen Hotel through streets almost bare of people and lined by the large force of police already referred to. Had the Koreans been permitted to witness the arrival of the party, its progress to the hotel would undoubtedly have been one continued ovation, with perhaps an occasional chorus of "Manseis," for which no one would really have been any the worse.

As it was, the party drove through streets on which the silence was intense. None of the privileged Japanese spectators uttered a cheer; it is characteristic of the Japanese in Chosen that they seldom know when to cheer. It is said that many of the American visitors were strangely imprest by the absence of Koreans. Once again the authorities revealed their inbred incapacity to understand the mind of the people they are attempting to rule, and their guests were given an exhibition of the state of military law under which the Koreans live, move, and have their being.

PROBLEMS OF DEMOCRACY

(*Continued from page* 42)

It permits the workingman, tho remaining a workingman, to improve his condition immensely. In America the movement began early. According to Adams and Sumner, "the first American labor organization of which we have positive record is the New York Society of Journeymen Shipwrights, which was incorporated in 1803. At the beginning of 1904 the total membership of American labor organizations was probably not far from 2,350,000; about 1,750,000 in the Federation of Labor, and 600,000 in the railroad brotherhoods and other organizations not affiliated with the Federation. The continual warfare between capital and labor has ceased to be merely regrettable, and has become intolerable. This is fast coming, we believe, to be the opinion of large numbers of people in the United States.

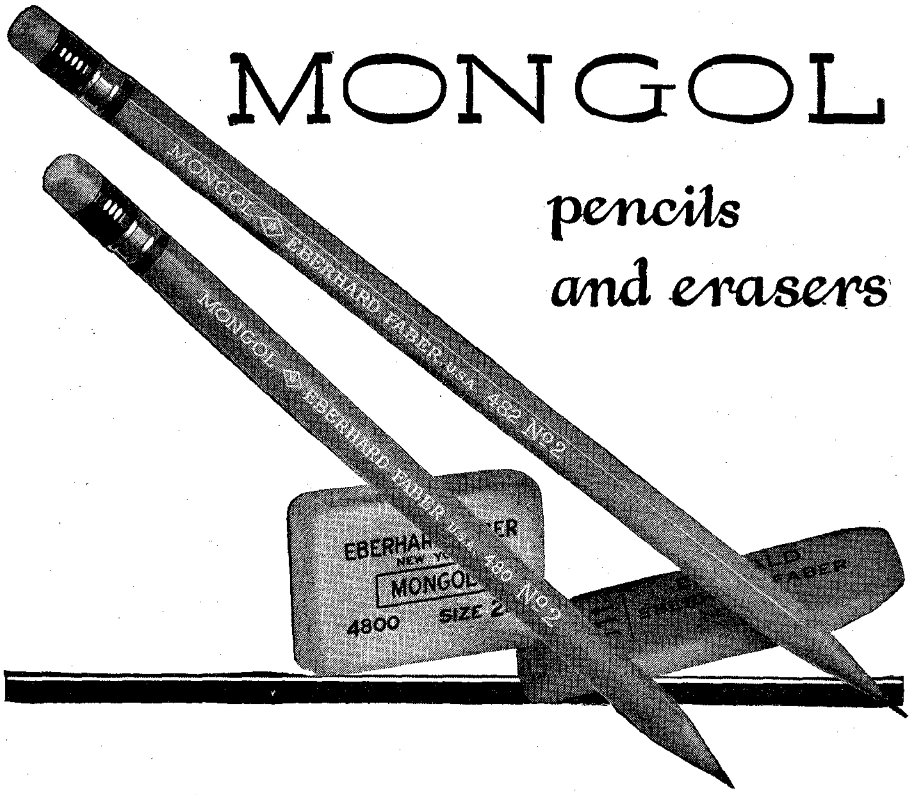
Hence boards of conciliation, endeavoring to patch up quarrels between employers and employed. Hence boards of arbitration, to whom both sides may leave the decision. Hence profit-sharing. Hence, also, collective bargaining, thus defined by Adams and Sumner. "When employers acquiesce in the inevitableness of trade-unions and agree to fix the terms of employment by negotiation and higgling with representatives of their employees, the process is known as collective bargaining." And hence, finally, the effort of employers to remove from the wage system all appearance of "slavery" by introducing elaborate schemes of "welfare work," by encouraging "shop committees," by giving labor "a voice in the management," and by promoting in various ingenious ways the spirit of "industrial democracy."

Accordingly, we note the growth of a new spirit among employers. Many of them have ceased to think of their employees as mere "hands" or to regard "labor" as a mere commodity or to look upon their relation toward it as impersonal. Their entire attitude grows more human. Employees cease to be only cogs or bolts in a vast industrial machine. They cease to be "slaves." Says Professor Ross:

"The wiser employers are not lumping their workfolk as employers used to do. The individual workman is studied in order to land him in the job he is best fitted for. Physical examination at hiring helps to a more intelligent dealing with the employee. A watchful nurse and a doctor look after the ailing. A well-handled 'suggestion box' draws out of the force a surprizing number of valuable ideas. The prompt and fitting recognition of unusual service or merit improves morale. A brass plate bearing the engine-driver's name is affixt to the locomotive. The highway commission puts up a sign on each stretch of road showing who patrols it. In a business house the name of the man at the wicket is shown by a bronze marker. In some establishments each man's performance is studied, and if it falls off unaccountably an investigation is set afoot to locate the source of the trouble. Employees are not poisoned trying to digest their grievances, for there is a buerau which will look into every man's complaint and see that he gets justice. Instead of 'firing' a workman at the instance of a single foreman, he is tried out in different departments until he fits in or proves hopeless. The making of these discriminations costs time and money, but science is providing precise means of making them, and the results in greater efficiency, good will, and happiness prove that they are worth all they cost."

MONGOL

pencils and erasers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EBERHARD FABER NEW YORK
MONGOL
4800 SIZE 2
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Why Push Pencils?

That expression originated before Mongols were on the market—although Mongols are old timers. Those still-older-day pencils required pushing, which made the fingers cramp and ache and rebel.

Mongols are smooth. They glide over any paper without effort. No Mongol user is a pencil pusher—nor does he get "writer's cramp." And Mongols are economical—very!

Perhaps all this explains why *stationers* sell more Mongols No. 482 than any other pencils.

EBERHARD FABER
The Oldest Pencil Factory in America
NEW YORK

Pencils	No.
VAN DYKE	600
MONGOL	482 ●
COMMERCE, Hexagon	375
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INDELIBLE "TRANSFER"	750
" "RUBY"	726
COLORED, BLUE	555
" RED	556

Crayons
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TYPEWRITER	1080
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TRADE MARK

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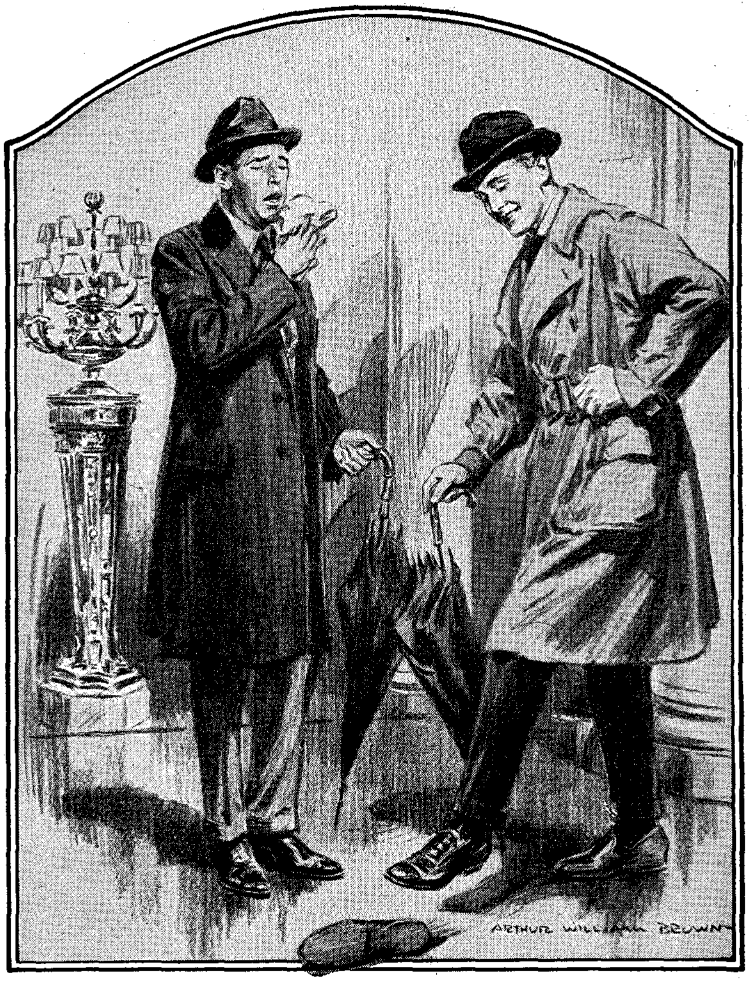
I never wore rubbers either until I found these



TWO men met at a restaurant for a business luncheon. One of them was coughing as they shook hands.

"I used to fight colds from October to April every year," said the first man, "until I found these. But these are a cinch to slip on and off. They just fit, that's the reason."

One of his rubbers turned over as he kicked it off. The trademark of Hood Rubber Footwear was on it.

"AND," he went on, "I have carried the story to my family and even into our factory. Perhaps I have become a crank on keeping the feet warm and dry—and the head cool.

At any rate, my wife has a pair of low-heel rubbers for every day, a pair of high-heel rubbers for evening, a pair of gaiters for snowy, slushy days and a lighter pair of gaiters for evening wear. They're comfortable in the car, too.

I have these and a pair of gaiters, and the boy has a pair of heavier rubbers, a pair of heavy gaiters, and a pair of boots. He is proud of the boots, too.

We are remarkably free from colds and I believe that by keeping them dry, we get twice as much wear out of our shoes.

One thing more, we don't wait until the horse has been stolen. We buy ahead and have them there when we need them. And we buy Hoods. They seem to fit better, and they wear longer.

And at the factory, I have suggested Hood boots and heavy gaiters to our drivers and the men who work outside. In some cases made the first purchases myself. These men lost less time last winter even though it was a mighty severe winter—and you know how consistent work helps a man's earning power."

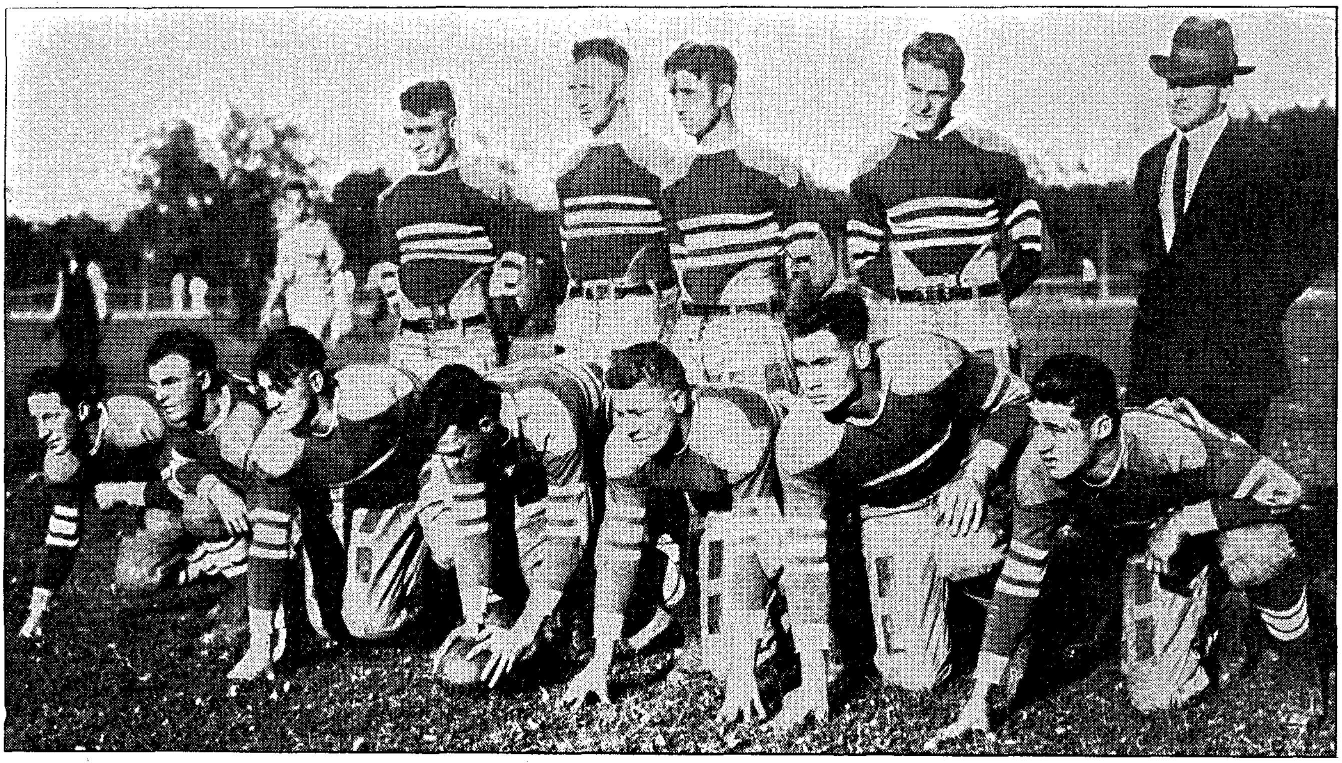
Better materials and the Hood Tire Process—used exclusively in the Hood Factory—give Hood Rubber Footwear, "extra miles" of service. Hoods look better—and they are better.

RUBBER HOOD FOOTWEAR

HOOD RUBBER PRODUCTS CO.
WATERTOWN, MASS.

HOOD
RUBBER FOOTWEAR

SPORTS-AND-ATHLETICS



KENTUCKY STALWARTS WHO ALMOST DEFEATED HARVARD.

Tho these Centre College players hail from an institution whose whole student body is scarcely larger than Harvard's football squad, they played the famous Cambridge team to a standstill throughout most of a game which is hailed as the most exciting of the present football season.

CENTER COLLEGE, KENTUCKY, GIVES HARVARD A TUSSLE

TWENTY-SEVEN HUSKY COUNTRY YOUTHS from Centre College, Danville, Ky., clad in weird yellow jerseys and led by a wise and valiant coach from Horse Cave, in the same State, a few days ago swarmed into the Stadium at Harvard and met the powerful Harvard eleven in a football game variously described as "one of the most spectacular battles ever fought in the Stadium," and "one of the dramatic spots in football history." Tho vanquished, the lighter Kentucky eleven smashed the defense of the powerful Harvard machine early in the game and succeeded in scoring fourteen points on a team that had not theretofore had its goal line crossed this year. While the playing of the team from the little Kentucky college revealed that they lacked the football experience necessary to cope with the sort of contest put up by the Harvard team, they made a distinct hit by their style of play and their exhibition of spirit.

The most interesting figure in their aggregation was the coach, Charley Moran, known as "Uncle Charley" to the gang, and acting as guide, philosopher, friend, trainer, and coach to each of its members. Moran is a National League baseball umpire in the summer months, and to his efforts as a coach is attributed the greatness of Centre in football. Since 1917, we are told, the Centre eleven had not lost a game until they met Harvard. Last year they vanquished, among others, Indiana, a team that defeated Syracuse, and West Virginia, that triumphed over Princeton. These victories gained for Centre recognition by the entire football world and landed a game with Harvard this year. Outside of Coach Moran, one of the biggest men in the Centre team was "Bo" McMillan, captain and quarterback. It is said that during the last ten days prior to the Harvard game McMillan, through worry, fretting, and hard play, lost sixteen pounds, coming down from 170 to 154. He is described as a great football-player, as versatile upon attack as Eddie Casey and much stronger in defense. The fame of the 1919 football prowess of the Centre team had preceded them and they proved to have a drawing power as great as that of Yale, being greeted by over 40,000 fans when they entered the Stadium. It is said that only three out of the entire twenty-seven Centre men had ever seen a big town before they reached Boston for this game, and they were somewhat bewildered by the great crowd assembled to see the contest. Their bewilderment was quickly dispelled, however, and after praying devoutly before the game, they rushed into the fray with a will, urged on by a little band of 400 fervent Kentuckians, who shouted, by way, no doubt, of supplementing the prayer, "Give 'em h—, boys, give 'em h—!" This brought roars of delight from the Harvard stands. The game itself is described in detail by Grantland Rice in the New York *Tribune*. He writes:

> Five minutes after play started the Kentuckians looked to be headed for overwhelming defeat. Starting a drive from its 35-yard line, after a minute or so of play, the Crimson attack at once began to cut the Orange and White defense to ribbons. With Owens, Churchill, and Horween leading the rush between guard and tackle with pile-driving force, Centre was swept completely from its collective feet.
>
> Not even the dashing secondary defensive play of "Bo" McMillan could check the assault, and by rushing from ten to fifteen yards at a clip Harvard dashed over the Kentucky line for the first score.
>
> There was every indication that a slaughter was under way. But the Kentucky delegation in the stands began to clamor, "Fight! Fight! Fight!" and with the first nervousness over, a new Centre machine got under way. Starting from her own 20-yard line, Centre began a series of rushes and forward passes that left Harvard's defense completely bewildered. McMillan opened with a 20-yard run around Harvard's right end and a trifle later he shot a forward pass to Whitnell, which added thirty more. On her 25-yard line Harvard began to battle

SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

bitterly, but successive assaults by Roberts, Armstrong, Whitnell, and McMillan drove the ball steadily forward, until McMillan, by starting to the right and then whirling suddenly to the left, carried the ball to Harvard's 3-yard line, where Roberts in two plunges carried it over.

The impossible had happened. A team that had looked to be outclassed had taken the ball eighty yards through the Harvard barrier without being stopt—and the score was tied.

But the climax of the drama was still on beyond. Shortly after the second period opened Centre started with the ball on her own 35-yard line. A penalty sent her back fifteen yards to her 20-yard line, and then once again the Kentucky machine got under way.

Line thrusts by Whitnell, McMillan, and Roberts netted fifteen yards. Harvard braced. Faking a kick, McMillan dropt back to within a few steps of his own goal line and whipt a long forward pass straight down the field. Whitnell, running like a deer, was under way. Around midfield, with two Harvard tacklers at his elbow, he took the 40-yard pass over his shoulder by a spectacular catch and then outsprinted his two Crimson rivals for a 45-yard dash across the line, and Centre was leading, 14 to 7.

This play will stand as one of the finest ever seen upon any field, and for a moment the big New England crowd was stunned, with the 400 Kentuckians making enough noise to rattle the bridge across the Charles River.

Again the impossible had happened. Centre, without surrendering the ball, had rushed and passed her way for 170 yards to a pair of touchdowns against a defense that was supposed to be impregnable. It was an amazing turn—all the more amazing after that first five minutes of play.

But that last long pass of McMillan and the great catch and run of Whitnell were the high tide of Centre glory. From that point on an almost unbroken string of penalties, poor judgment, and waning strength against Harvard's superior weight got in their work. Two fifteen-yard penalties near the close of the second quarter, with a fifteen-yard dash by the brilliant Owens, put Harvard within easy scoring, and another brace of penalties, with short rushes by Owens and Horween, carried the ball over and tied up the score as the first half closed.

Shortly after the third period opened, Centre had the ball on her own 20-yard line. Two attacks failed to gain, and in place of kicking on the third down, McMillan called for a pass. This, too, failed, and Kentucky was forced to kick on the fourth down with Harvard set for the play. The kick was hurried out of bonds on Centre's 30-yard line, and three minutes later Harvard again was across the Kentucky line with her third touchdown.

A field goal by Buell added three more points, lifting the score to 24 to 14. With defeat in sight McMillan resorted to chances of the most desperate sort. He began forward passing again deep in his own territory, and after two of these had been intercepted and another flock of penalties had been incurred, Centre was again driven back across her line by the rushes of Owens, Humphrey, and others. But one section of drama remained. Beaten, 31 to 14, with only a few minutes left, McMillan called upon his men to rally. Starting from his own 25-yard line, he got twenty-five yards by a forward pass to Whitnell, and when Harvard was penalized fifteen yards for Horween's rough tactics, the Kentuckians had the ball beyond midfield again. Another penalty against Harvard gave Centre fifteen additional yards, and a series of drives and passes carried the ball to the Crimson's 4-yard line, with four downs left to make the distance. But here Harvard rallied and Centre's strength was spent. It was the last stand of the day.

AFTER GRIZZLY BEARS WITH BOW AND ARROW

SHOOTING grizzlies with bow and arrow would perhaps not appeal to the average sportsman in these days of highly developed firearms, but to Dr. Saxton Pope, of California, that's the only real sport. What thrill is there, in effect asks the doctor, in shooting an animal at a safe distance? It doesn't really give the quarry a chance. It's much more sportsmanlike to sneak up on a large, fierce beast with a bow and arrow. So thinks Dr. Pope, and he tells us that for many years he has hunted with the primitive weapon of the aborigines. Up until a short time ago he had shot all kinds of game, from squirrel and quail to mountain-lion and black bear with his bow. Then the ambition seized him to go out and tackle the king of American big game, the grizzly. As the specimens he might obtain were to be used for museum purposes, he obtained permission from Washington to hunt the big bear in Yellowstone National Park, about the only place where the species is still found in any number. In an account in *Forest and Stream* (New York) he tells of the thrilling experience of laying low an *Ursus horribilis imperator* with bow and arrow. He suggests that perhaps some people will think hunting the Yellowstone bears a pretty tame sport. We are assured, however, that even the animals that frequent the hotel dumps, when beyond the confines of civilization, are just as wary and dangerous as any bear in Alaska or any other wild area. Accompanied by a guide, the doctor and a friend started out in quest of bear, armed only with bows and a dozen arrows each and hunting knives. The guide, apparently not possest of as much confidence as his enthusiastic companions, for safety's sake carried a rifle. After three or four days' scouting about they came upon a bear family of four feeding on a hillside. What happened is thus related:

> Ned took out his green silk pocket-handkershief and floated it, to test the direction of the wind. Yes, everything was O. K. We drew three good arrows apiece from our quivers, and nocked one on the string. All ready, crouch low and advance without a sound.
>
> I pick out the far one because he looks good to me, and glancing out of the corner of my eye signal to Young to shoot. We draw our powerful bows to the full arc and let two deadly arrows fly. My bear rears up, an arrow planted deep in his shoulder. There is a roar like dinner-time in a menagerie. Quickly I nock another arrow. The beasts are milling around together, biting, pawing, mad with pain and surprize.
>
> I single out my boy pinioned with an arrow. He has thrown himself on his mother in his rage. I shoot and miss him clean—too much action. I nock again. One large bear stands out in the circling, roaring bunch. She is biting, cuffing, rearing on her hind legs, the blood runs from her mouth and nostrils in frothy streams. Young's arrow is deep in her chest. I drive a shaft into her, below her foreleg.

Presently the female bear catches sight of her assailants and charges. At this moment the guide fires his rifle and knocks the animal down. Two more arrows finish her, and she sprawls on the ground, dead. Subsequent investigation reveals that the rifle bullet did not inflict an immediately mortal wound, but it did stop the charge. The wounds from the arrows received prior to the gunshot were deadly. The charge was made in the animal's death-struggle, but what its outcome would have been Dr. Pope suggests he does not know. The bear would have been upon the intrepid archers in another minute, and they felt grateful to their guide for his timely shot. The two-year-olds had run away at the boom of the gun. They found one of them later, dead, with an arrow in its thorax.

WHEN WRITING-MEN DESERT THE TYPEWRITER TO WIELD THE ROD

TWO literary lights, Wallace Irwin and Stewart Edward White, penetrated the wilds of British Columbia recently, Irwin to "fish for fish" and White to "fish for sport." Thirteen days they and a party of other hardy adventurers spent in "watery loafing between crags and peaks, and tortuous windings over fjords that lie smooth as glass round a thousand plume-topped little islands." The quotation is from the description of their adventures by Mr. Irwin, who writes poetry when he is not out "fishing for fish." The writer modestly refrains from describing his own equipment, but he grows quite eloquent over that of Mr. White, the Man who Fishes-for-Sport, speaking reverentially of the latter's "five-jointed trout-rod, light as cobweb, with the reel adjusted to heat and cold, stem-wind, stem-set; the two-jointed salmon-rod, with jeweled reel and delicate line; the box of shining souvenir spoons, brass, silver, copper—the bottles of metal polish, the collapsible fish-creel, the field-glasses, the swarm of trout flies, rainbow-hued, the like of which never were on land or sea." It seems that the place they had selected for their fishing operations abounds in salmon, and while they were there a large number of this species of fish were caught—by the professional fishermen who live in those parts. This does not mean that the two authors failed to catch anything, however. At least one salmon is credited to Mr. White in Mr. Irwin's narrative, which appears in *Sunset—The Pacific Monthly*, and Mr. Irwin himself caught one, quite dead when he pulled it in, from natural causes,

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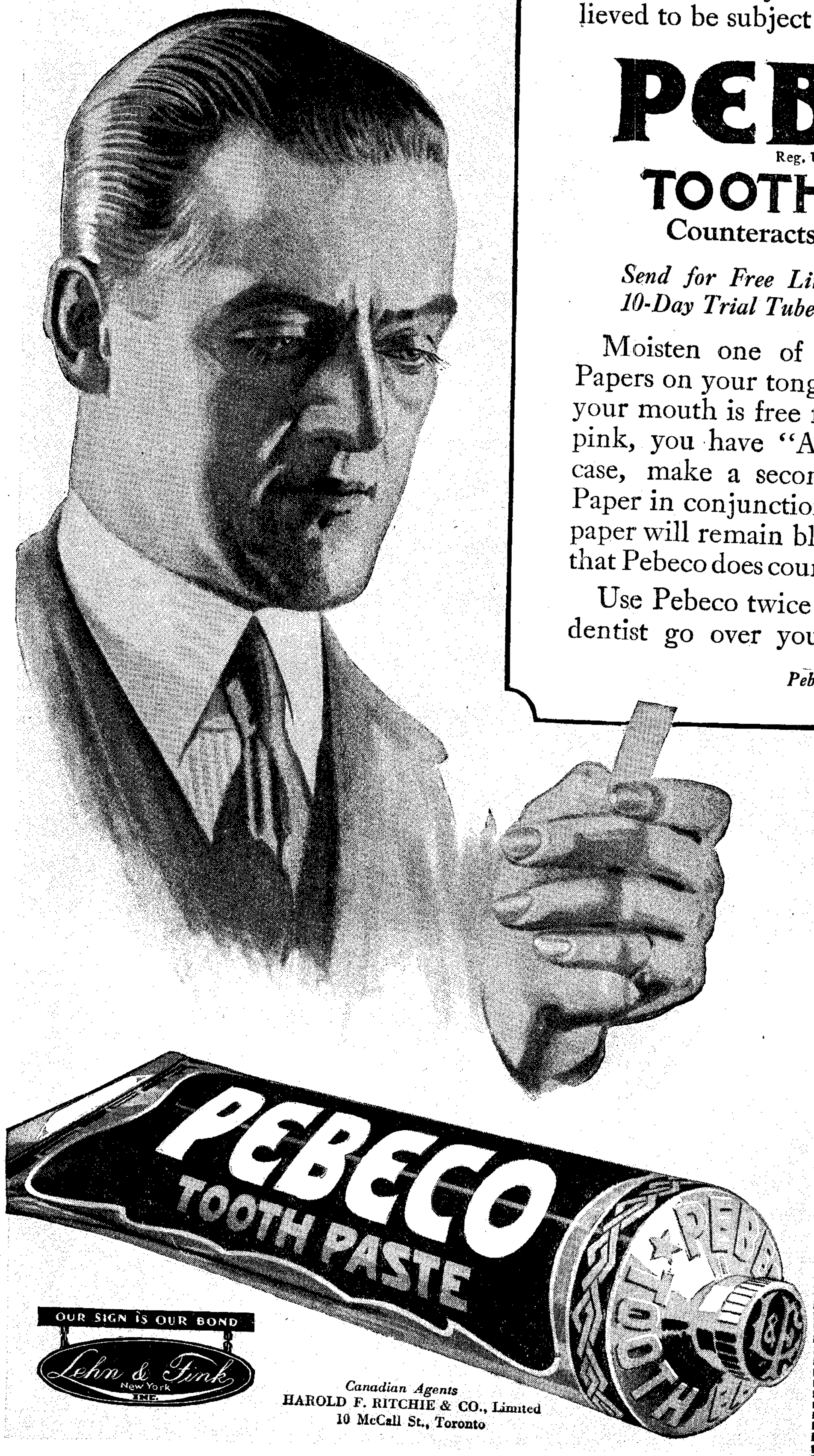

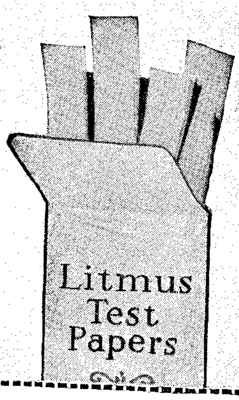

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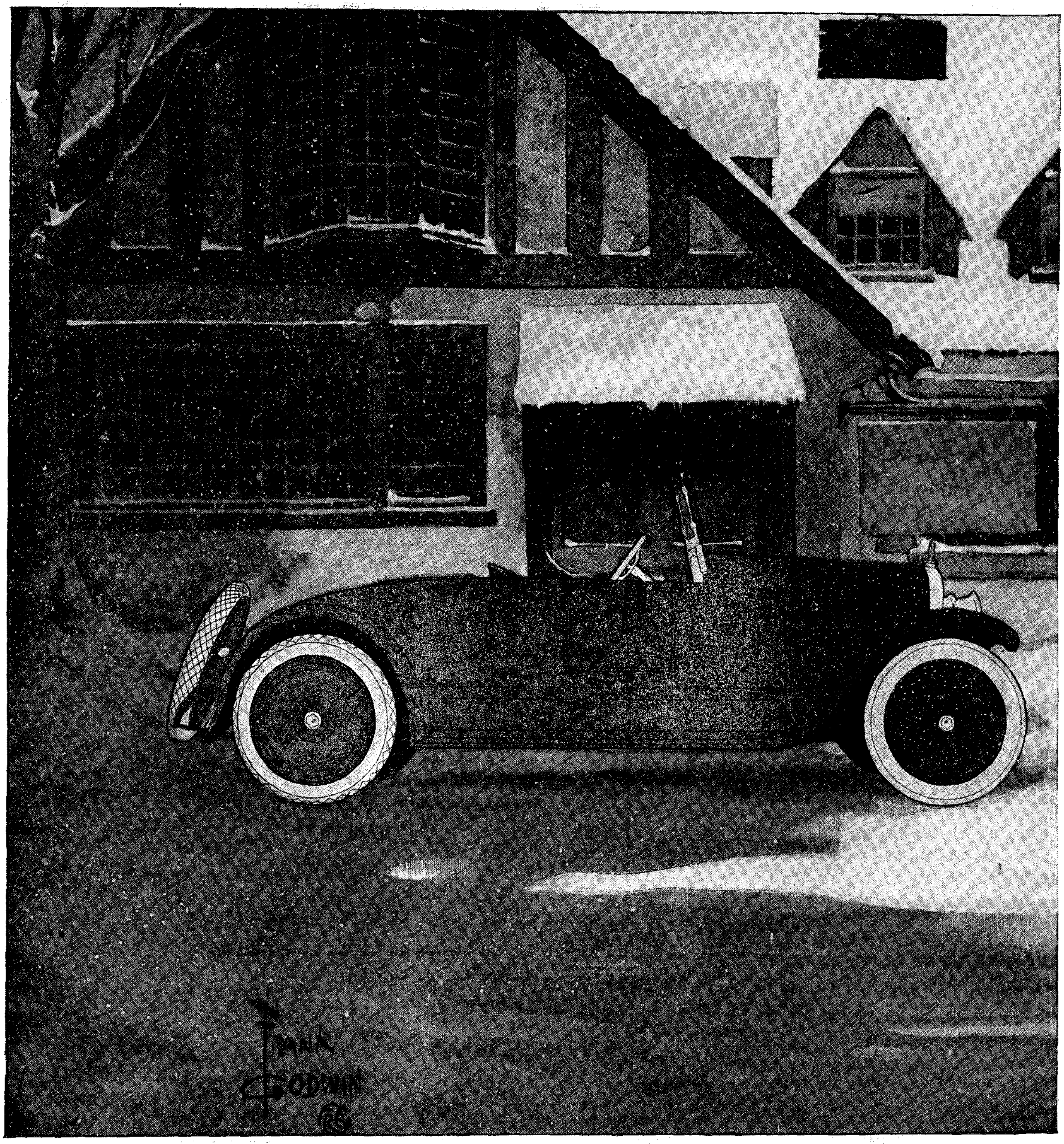

The JORDAN

Somewhere far beyond the place where men and motors race through canyons of the town—there lies the Port of Missing Men.

It may be in the valley of our dreams of youth, or on the heights of future happy days.

Go there in November when the logs are blazing in the grate. Go there in a Jordan Playboy if you love the spirit of youth.

Escape the drab of dull winter's coming—leave the roar of city streets and spend an hour in Eldorado. The Jordan Playboy—garbed in Arabian red—or in the plumage of

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the Bluebird, with gleaming ivory wheels—will make you real happy as you go.

Balanced as a fine motor car must be—light and economical as your good judgment requires—distinctive as a car of personality can be—the Jordan Playboy is a fit companion for all Americans who dare never to grow old. The lightest on the road for its wheelbase—with a national economy record of 24.1 miles per gallon—this style leader among the motor cars commands attention by its gratifying ease and commands respect by economy that is rare.

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

the natives said. Furthermore, Mr. Irwin, who had been given the tribal name Negog by his companions, and a member of the fishing party who had likewise been dubbed Nishigan, went out one day and captured a rock cod. Thereafter their romantic tribal names were changed to the Cod Brothers, Rock and Tom. Mr. Irwin's yarn begins with a recital of the trials and tribulations they endured in traveling to their fishing-grounds through the wild Canadian jungle. He says:

> The vines scratch, the nettles sting, the devil's-club hits you and raises a welt like a wen. Only the thimbleberry refrains from attack. I have gone through that jungle and by my scars I know it. I now realize, also, why the Scotch refer to rugged picturesque country as "moss and fell." I know well enough that I saw moss and fell regularly. I have fallen down upon every foot of territory adjacent to that quaint Indian village behind which we discovered the River of Doubt. I have a suspicion that the villagers have filled these woods with pitfalls for deer, bear, and neighborly cows. I fell into two of these hideous traps and was only saved from another and still deeper one by the thoughtfulness of a thorny shrub and the strength of my corduroy breeches. I met quite a number of swamps, variously moist. Some of them merely came to the tops of my swamper's boots. In the midst of others I was minded of the rural item: "Do you know Johnnie Jones's neck? Well, he fell into the pond up to it."

As they neared the fishing-place, Mr. White, upon whom his admiring companions had bestowed the tribal name Big Sachem-Catchem-Sockeye-Maybe, began running a temperature, says Mr. Irwin. They had been informed that the waters were fairly frothing with salmon, and Catchem-Maybe was anxious to be up and at 'em. They started out to fish that afternoon—

> When the true sportsmen of our tribe went forth with elaborate equipment to angle as gentlemen should, Nish and I took to a rowboat with a heavy hand-line and a rusty spoon. Shamelessly commercial was our intent, and yet we felt no shame. For fish was food.
>
> We paddled round and round the inlet. Our progress was slow, our conversation far from the Canadian wilds. We exhausted modern Spanish literature, and were poised somewhere between Jack Dempsey and Arnold Bennett when Nishigan's expressive face indicated a sudden twinge of pain.
>
> "I've got a bite," said he bitterly and began pulling in the line.
>
> It was a desperate fight, but at last the finny prize flopped into the boat. As it showed a determination to flop out again we laid eager hands upon it to keep it with us. The creature seemed to spring at us, frothing at the mouth and lashing at the tail, and stabbed us viciously and repeatedly with his needle-pointed fins. Just in time we clubbed the monster to death. Then, bloody but unbowed, we settled down to diagnose our catch. Apparently he was a fish. But what? Nishigan spoke of porgies, bloaters, kippered herring, sea porcupine, and quite a number of specimens mentioned in Charles Darwin's "Voyage of the *Beagle*." Whatever we had, it was a dangerous species with dull, sordid eyes that gave no hint of its ugly disposition.
>
> We took the monster aboard ship, and when Catchem-Maybe at last came over the side, and after he had explained that his line was too long or too short, or his sinker too heavy or too light, or the wind blowing wrong for salmon, he took a look at our captive and said without enthusiasm, "Rock cod."
>
> "It's a fish, anyhow," piped our gallant cook from his watch by the galley range.
>
> "That's just what I told Negog when we caught it!" cried Nishigan triumphantly.

Mr. Irwin maintains stoutly that no matter how much fun was made of the Cod Brothers, and no matter what Mr. White may say if he bursts into print about their fishing trip, Rock and Tom brought in the first salmon of the expedition. A big adventure was connected therewith, owing to the treacherous character of the waters in which they fished, of whose rapids and whirlpools they had been warned. "But the fish-lust was upon us," says Mr. Irwin, and continues:

> "Negog and Nishigan
> Are crazy for to fish again,"
>
> they sang as they assisted us in lowering the slowest and fattest rowboat from her davits. Wherefore we went trolling along the smooth waters, our purpose being to bring in the maximum of fish at the minimum of effort.
>
> I rowed at first and Nishigan trolled. The afternoon was sparklingly lovely. The giant evergreens flocked down from high peaks, and between their ranks fell many waterfalls, thin cotton threads, some of them, others fine roaring cataracts. It was scenery in perfection. What fitter place to discuss the magazine business, the paper shortage, and the space rates of Maurice Maeterlinck?
>
> In mutual interchange of lofty thoughts we drifted dreamily down the enchanted bay. Finally we awoke to the knowledge that we were not drifting so dreamily after all—quite briskly, in a manner of speaking.
>
> Then Nishigan caught a salmon, a veritable blue-back with a nasty temper and a tendency to knock the oars out of the boat. We committed a rather clumsy pogrom upon him with a lead sinker. Nishigan estimated that he weighed twelve pounds, and I was forced to admit that the animal would tip the beam at something over four. I am not, I flatter myself, a jealous man; but it seemed only sportsmanlike at that point that Nishigan should take the oars and let me fish.
>
> The swap was made with fine disregard of human life in the midst of a brisk current. My brother in cod had no sooner taken the rower's seat than woods, rocks, and fisher's huts seemed to race by us along the shore. We were going somewhere. But where?
>
> "In such cases," said Nishigan calmly, "it's a good thing to keep cool and not waste effort."
>
> Therefore he turned the boat up-stream and began tugging like one possest of many devils. I kept my eye on a quaint Indian hut just opposite where we struggled; we made remarkable progress, no doubt, for a half hour later found us a half mile downstream and still backing up.
>
> "Well," gasped Nishigan, leaning upon his ineffectual oars, "this is quite a tide. It'll turn at about three in the morning and we can drift back. Supper? Oh, well, you and I can both lose twenty pounds without feeling it."
>
> We drifted again and resumed our debate on the magazine situation. We had finished monthlies and taken up weeklies when the eccentric behavior of the boat once more deflected us from the important topic of the day. We were going round an invisible circus-ring, running steadily in a perfect curve as if Naiads, chuckling below our keel, were treating us to a ride on the local merry-go-round. It was not an unpleasant sensation, but after we had rounded the circle some twenty times, Nishigan decided to pull out. So out he pulled to find that a rival merry-go-round was taking us with more than equal velocity in an opposite direction.
>
> "I do believe," said Nishigan mildly, "that we're in a couple of those famous whirlpools."
>
> "You don't say," I replied, somewhat irritated at being interrupted in my story of what I once said to the Hon. Joseph G. Cannon. "In that case we'll have to pull out again, won't we?"
>
> The pulling here was quite another matter. Things under our boat gurgled and swooped and sucked and bumped. We bucked after the manner of Arizona tradition and came to a standstill in a tubful of perfectly placid water. Then the sea began to boil and the sea began to sputter and the guardian angel of landlubbers gave us a powerful shove into the most delightful little landlocked harbor that ever cheered the seasick.
>
> "We've been snatched from the jaws of death," panted Nishigan. "We've gone through a rapid and two whirlpools and haven't even known it. Meanwhile you've been towing that sinker with the idea of adding a ton to our deadweight."
>
> "Funny," I remarked in my thoughtful way. "I must have been dragging the bottom, or the tide's carried the line out to sea, or something."
>
> With all the dignity at my command I began pulling in, hand over hand. The sinker was a heavy one, but as soon as I had got it over the side I lost interest in its specific gravity, for there was something besides the spoon attached to my hook. It proved to be a rather handsome salmon, but when I swung him into the boat he was quite dead. He had traveled on my line through one rapid and two whirlpools and not even a pulmotor could have revived him as he lay lifeless at our feet.
>
> I don't know how large this fish was, but he was a size and a half larger than Nishigan's. After a lumberman's motor-boat had towed us back to the *Giffordtine* I related my adventures, only to be told by the elders of the tribe that I should stick to short stories. But it really seemed to me to be going too far when they agreed that the salmon had probably died of natural causes before my hook ran afoul of the derelict carcass.
>
> Catchem-Maybe landed a salmon that night. It was a very gentlemanly job, done with a light rod and reel and line. He played the fish for thirty-five minutes while all the professionals in the channel stopt work to watch the sport. Betting went as high as two bits that he'd never land the critter, but the critter was finally landed amid heroic bendings of split bamboo.
>
> Catchem-Maybe's salmon came under the head of sport. Nishigan's and Negog's came under the head of adventure. For distinction, see dictionary.

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"Save the Surface
Campaign"

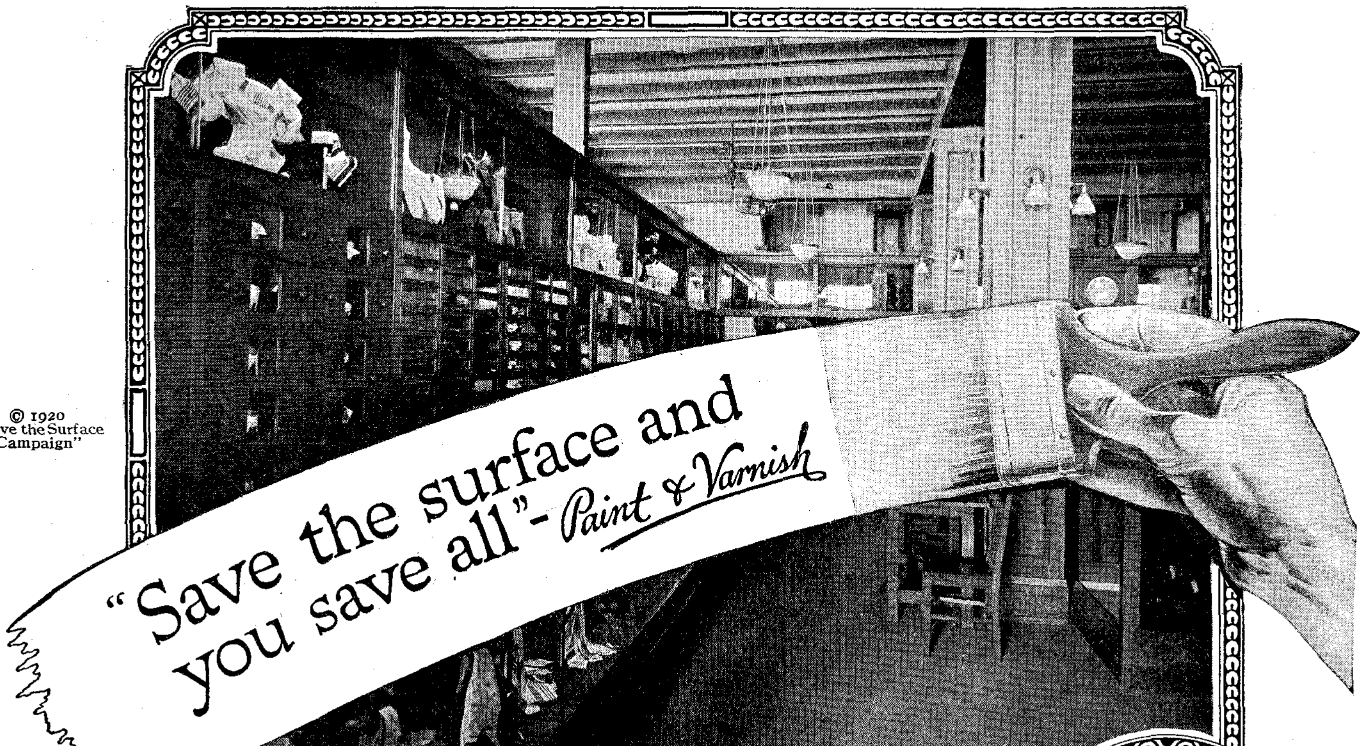
"Save the surface and you save all"- Paint & Varnish

Illustration © Grand Rapids Case Co

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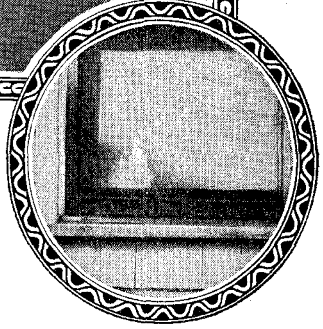

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¶

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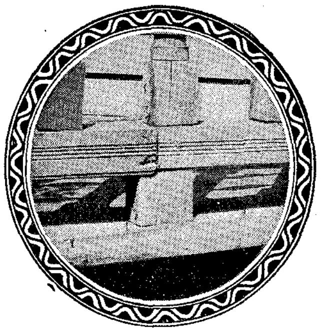

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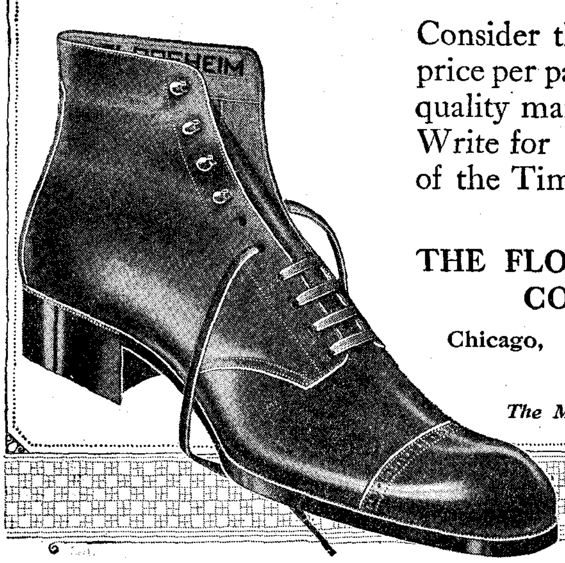

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

ON THE TRAIL OF THE WHITE-TAIL DEER

THE deer may be considered as belonging to the cow family, but when you go hunting him it is well to remember that in his habits and quick perceptions of danger he is more akin to the fox or rabbit. The whitetail deer of New Hampshire, of which W. C. Barnaby writes in *Forest and Stream*, gives the huntsman a run for his money. In his habits, we are told, he is fairly regular. Early in the morning, about the time the first grayness sifts through the dark, he shakes himself from his bed and fares forth for breakfast. He feeds until the light becomes too garish, when he takes a snooze, seeking probably the leeward side of pines that grow branches close to the ground, or thick clumps of tall laurel or other dense brush, and these on the southeast slope of a hill in the morning, and the south side in the afternoon. He takes care that the surrounding territory is well under the cognizance of his senses. A very wise deer will put a "fish-hook" curve on his tracks before lying down, so that one must pass not only in his view, but also to windward of him in approaching by way of his track. In a flank approach one sometimes gets near enough to see a flash of tail or hear a thump of hoofs, but, as a usual thing, the deer just sneaks away from his bed, using his windward screen as a cover. If his little domicile seems secure and it is not about time for him to move anyway, he will stick pretty tight, no matter what approaches, so long as it is not following directly on his track. The writer tells some experiences of his own:

Once I followed a deer-track from a swamp up over a hill to the slope leading toward a pasture. It was a cool, sunny morning and as the deer had fed in the swamp, I knew that he was looking for his siesta. The ground was mostly bare and the tracking slow. When I came to the sunward slope I advanced very cautiously, and, looking far ahead, made out a patch of thick brush that had all the ear-marks of a headboard for a deer's bed. There were a number of hemlocks on the slope, but on all the limbs were well up from the ground. Under the hemlocks there was still some hard snow which had softened from the sun and showed traces plainly. Very carefully I swung a big circle about the brush patch at a safe distance, looking around to make my circle always on the best tracking ground, and finally decided that my deer had gone in and had not come out of that brush patch, and that he must still be there. Keeping pretty well to leeward and always with something between me and him, I crept right to the edge of the brush patch, and then I was too near, for I couldn't see anything. If I got far enough to see over the brush, I was out of gunshot, so I started to creep in. Interlocking shrubs barred my way, and as I separated them, pushing one with my gun and holding another to one side with my hand, and stepping high over still another, the deer jumped and I saw his white tail wave twice above the brush and then he was gone straightaway, and I could not even glimpse him through the brush. This brush patch was only about seventy-five feet across.

In bright, sunny weather, the deer lies in the sunlight until it is gone from the place in which he happens to be; then he gets up, stretches himself, and begins to think about supper. He does not travel far and avoids the open until it becomes quite dusky. If he is in a swamp, he will feed around in the brush, but if up on a high hill, he will just stand around under the trees waiting for the light to die.

In order to shoot a deer, one must first, of course, find him. This is purely a track proposition. The rules are easy, but the inside work is difficult. This is the way it works out, says the writer:

In the wee sma' hours before the peep of day, you spring lightly from your warm and comfortable bed, dress hastily to the tune of chattering teeth, souse your head into ice water, gobble your breakfast, grab your gun and your lunch, and beat it for the vicinity of deer-feeding grounds. These you flank, looking for tracks. The very best way to tell a fresh track is to go over the ground the day before, and if the track is there to-day and was not there yesterday, it is fairly fresh. When this is impracticable, as when you were in New York yesterday and are in New Hampshire hunting to-day, study the track very carefully and bear in mind that it is not the condition of the track alone, but its condition when considered in the light of circumstances. For instance, in extremely cold weather a track may be full of frost, a regular network of it, a few minutes after the deer steps out of it. A track on crust where the deer breaks through where the sun hits it and does not in the shade was made when the sun had softened the crust. Conversely, a crust that has been caused by sun-melting will at night hold better in the open than under the trees, and just the opposite on sunny days. A new track on snow always looks more clear cut and cleaner than an old one. Also, the snow kicked up looks fresher. Snow-fleas will sometimes hop into tracks as soon as they are made, and they make them look old; shoo them out before examining or they may fool you. The loose snow kicked out by the deer may be a better guide than the track itself, which may be deep and so shaded and protected. Loose snow and lumps kicked out will congeal and stick to the snow underneath in time, the period depending on the weather. In extremely cold weather without much wind, and which has remained unchanged for days, the age of a track is most difficult to determine. This seldom occurs, however; if we look back carefully, there is usually some meteorological condition in the near past that would affect a track one way or another at the time.

Bare-ground tracking is slow, but not at all impossible. The freshness of a track is then determined by frost and moisture. A bare-ground track that is full of frost is old, especially if cobwebs are also present. In fallen leaves, unless the weather has been unusually dry, it is damp under the leaves, and even if the deer kicks none over (which he will) the pressure in most places leaves a damp spot just where his foot was. Also, when he steps into a soft spot, the mud in his tracks for a few steps thereafter will remain damp for a considerable time, and the amount of dampness remaining is a good guide to the time that has elapsed since the deer passed.

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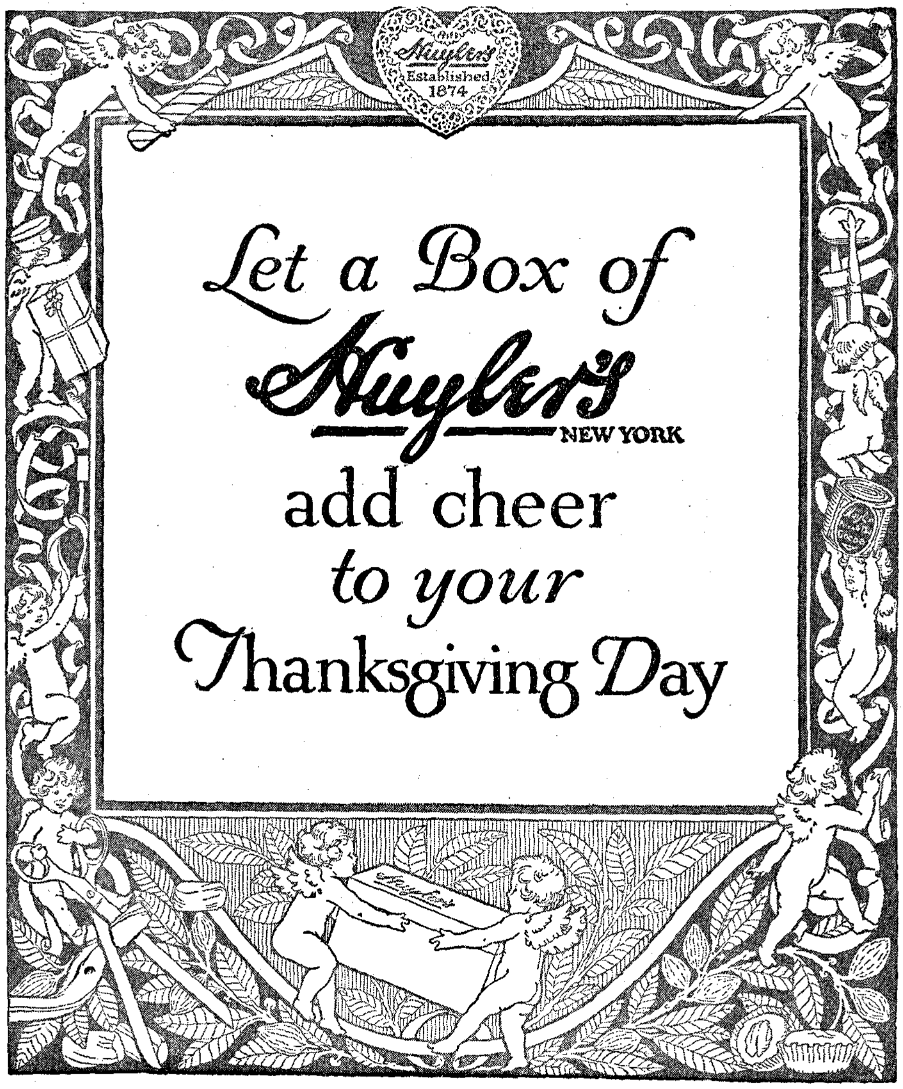

FIRST *in*

Owners' Records *of*

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Spread over such mileages, the purchase price of a White Truck is a small item indeed in the cost of transportation. Earning power continues long after the investment is written off the books.

Following is a list of owners' records which have come to our attention. There are probably many others. The list includes the names of owners and the number of their White Trucks that have gone 100,000 miles and more.

100,000 TO 150,000 MILES

Abraham & Straus	4
Acme Cash Stores	1
Adams & Piggott	2
Addison Auto Bus Co.	2
Akers & Harpham Co.	2
R. T. Allen & Bros.	1
American Stores Co.	1
S. M. Anderton	1
Andre & Andre	1
Andrews & Horigan	1
Anthony Bros.	3
John Arata & Son	1
Joseph R. Arbiter Co.	1
Atlantic Ice & Coal Corp.	15
Atlantic Refining Co.	5
Christian Atz	1
Bakersfield Truck Co.	1
A. L. Bartlett Co.	1
F. X. Baumert	1
Bekins Van & Storage Co.	1
Benicia & Vallejo Stage Line	2
Bellevue & Allied Hospitals	1
Bergner Plumbing, Heat. & Sup. Co.	2
Billow Undertaking Co.	3
Block & Kuhl Co.	1
J. B. Blood Co.	1
Louis H. Bolce Co.	2
Booneville Bottling Works	1
Boston Fresh Tripe Co.	1
Boston Furniture Co.	1
Bradford Baking Co.	17
Albert A. Brager	1
Bra-Nola Co.	1
Geo. M. Brice	1
Eugene W. Bronecki	1
Buffalo Plumbing Supply Co.	1
Bullock's	5
City of Butte	1
W. L. Byrnes, Inc.	1
Caine-Grimshaw Co.	1
California Ice Co.	1
Canton Provision Co.	1
H. C. Capwell Co., Inc.	2
Carbon Coal Co.	1
J. B. Carr Biscuit Co.	1
Carter-Mullaly Transfer Co.	1
M. Catalano & Sons	1
Central Paper Co.	1
Chandler & Rudd Co.	5
City Coal Co.	1
City Ice Co.	1
City of Cleveland, Police Dept.	3
Cleveland Burial Case Co.	2
Cleveland Provision Co.	7
Clover Leaf Dairy Co.	2
R. E. Cobb Co.	1
Cody Transportation Co.	1
Cohen Bros.	1
John Collins	1
John D. Coneau	1
Conrad-Baisch-Kroehle Co.	2
Criss Bros.	1
Crystal Spring Water Co.	1
Culmerville Auto Transit Co.	1
W. J. Daly Co.	2
Davis Furniture Co.	1
Denver & Pueblo Construction Co.	1
Frank J. Derry	1
Diamond Spring Brewery	1
August Doemling	1
Dorchester & Rose	1
Downes Lumber Co.	1
Duncan & Goodell	1
F. B. DuPree	1
Duquesne Transfer Co.	2
East Ohio Gas Co.	1
T. Eaton Co., Ltd.	3
Chas. F. Eggers Lumber Co.	3
C. R. Elder	1
L. E. Elliott	1
Emerick's Motor Bus Line Co.	6
Emerson Piano House	1
Factory Oil Co.	2
Marshall Field & Co.	7
Field & Poorman	2
Fleming Bros.	1
Florida Motor Transportation Co.	18
Flynn-Froelk Co.	1
W. U. Fogwill	1
Fort Valley Coca Cola Bottling Co.	1
Alexander Fowler	1
R. J. Francis Moving Co.	2
Frank Franklin	1
W. F. Frederick Piano Co.	2
Fries & Schuele Co.	1
Fullington Auto Bus Co.	1
Chas. Gaffney	4
Gazette Printing Co., Ltd.	1
General Baking Co.	1
Gifford's Express	1
Gimbel Bros.	25
Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.	2
Grady Hospital	2
A. Graham & Son	2
Grand Rapids Lumber Co.	1
Greenfield Electric Light & Power Co.	1
Greenfield Transfer Co.	1
B. E. Grover	1
Gulf Refining Co.	1
Fred Gunther Co.	1
Hardy Furniture Co.	2
Hansen Motor Trucking Co.	1
Harris & Mowry Co.	1
Jesse B. Hart & Bro.	1
Louis Hartman & Sons	1
Haverty Furniture Co.	3
J. Clark Helms	1
Herrmann & Grace Co.	1
Hession, Florist	1
Higbee Co.	1
Highland Motor Transfer Co.	1
Highway Transit Co.	1
R. A. Hilborn	1
Holder Coal Co.	1
Holm & Olson	1
Horstmeyer's Grocery	1
M. L. Hullett	1
Hursen Undertaker, Inc.	1
Independent School District No. 51	1
Interstate Auto & Supply Co.	1
Interurban Auto Car Co.	1
I. M. Iralson & Son	1
Jackson's Express & Van Co.	1
W. K. Jeffries	1
Johnson Educator Food Co.	1
Johnson's Express Co.	1
Jones Store Co.	1
J. G. Justis Co.	1
Kee & Chapell Dairy Co.	2
Edward Kelly	2
Kelly-Springfield Tire Co.	1
Kimberly-Clark Co.	1
George C. Kirkhope	1
W. H. Kistler Stationery Co.	1
Knickerbocker Storage Co.	1
Knoble Bros.	1
P. C. Knowlton & Co.	1
G. W. Koehler Co.	1
Kohlberg Bros.	1
S. Kohn & Sons Co.	1
Kraus Heating & Plumbing Co.	1
J. S. Kroschewsky	1
Theodor Kundtz Co.	4
F. Landon Cartage Co.	1
S. Laskau	1
Lee Bros. Furniture Co.	1
E. Lehnhardt Estate	2
Lexington Dry Goods Co.	3
City of Lincoln Police Dept.	1
City of Los Angeles Police Dept.	1
Los Angeles Gas & Elect. Corp.	1
Walter M. Lowney Co.	1
J. B. Lukens	1
E. B. McAlister & Co.	1
Peter McCabe	2
A. J. McCarty	1
McCreery & Co.	1
Dorman McFaddin	1
McMahon Brothers	1
McMahon Transportation Co.	6
R. A. McWhirr Co.	1
Madary's Planing Mill, Inc.	1
Mandel Bros.	14
Marathon Auto Drayage Co.	1
Marsh-Murdoch Coal Co.	1
The May Co.	1
May & Co.	1
Henry P. Mayer Music House	1
John Meckes Sons Co.	2
Merchants Biscuit Co.	1
Mesaba Transportation Co.	6
Michaud Bros., Inc.	3
Michigan Seating Co.	1
Julius Miske	1
J. E. Monahan	1
Moore Transfer Co.	1
Moore-Handley Hardware Co.	1
Henry Morgan & Co., Ltd.	1
Morrison-Skinner Co.	1
Motor Transit Co.	1
Motor Transportation Co., Inc.	1
Mountain Auto Line	1
Timothy Murphy	1
Murta Appleton & Co.	1
National Plumbing & Heat. Sup. Co.	2
National Shawmut Bank of Boston	1
Nelson Farm	1
New Bedford Dry Goods Co.	1
A. J. Norris	1
North St. Paul Casket Co.	1
Norwich Motor & Machine Co.	1
Town of Norwood	1
V. G. Nottoli	1
O'Neill & Co.	2
Orchard & Wilhelm	1
Ott Hardware Company	1
Oxford Dye Works	1
Pacific Baking Co.	1
Pacific Fruit & Produce Co.	2
E. F. Pahl Co.	1
Palais Royal	1
G. E. Patteson & Co.	1
Pearson Paper Box Co.	1
Pelletier Co.	1
People's Store Co.	2
Perkinswood Transportation Co.	1
Perrett & Glenny	2
Pierson Engineering & Constr. Co.	1
Postum Cereal Co.	1
Portland Damascus Milk Co.	1

WHITE

MILEAGE

100,000 Miles *and* More

W. E. Prouty	1	C. Schmidt & Sons Brewing Co.	1	Stevens Hardware Co.	1	M. Weiland	1
Puro Ice Cream Co	1	Schulze Baking Co.	19	Stewart Taxi-Service Co	18	Weinacker Ice & Fuel Co.	1
Ramos Bros.	1	Schuneman & Evans	1	Strouss-Hirshberg Co.	1	William Weller	1
Caradoc Rees	1	Schuster & Gormely	1	Sturgis Jones Last Co.	1	M. F. Westergren, Inc.	1
Reichman-Crosby Co	2	Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney	1	Telling-Belle Vernon Co	2	West. Canada Flour Mills Co., Ltd.	1
A. W. Reiser & Co.	1	Shaw Transfer Co.	1	A. C. Titus & Co., Inc.	1	Western Grocers, Ltd.	1
Reliable Furniture Co.	1	Shenberg & Rubinoff	1	Tuolumne Lumber Co.	1	Western Motor Transfer Co.	1
Rhodes Bros., Inc.	1	Frank Silvers	1	J. M. Traxler	3	D. J. Whelan Estate	1
Rocky Mountain Parks Transp. Co.	2	Franklin Simon & Co.	3	Tucson Cornelia & Gila Bend R. R.	2	White Hardware Co.	1
W. S. Roe	2	Smith Bros. & Burdick	1	Turner & Westcott	1	White Rapid Transit Corp	1
Ryan Fruit Co.	1	Smith Green Co.	1	Twin City Motor Bus Co.	4	White Transit Co.	3
Saks & Co.	1	Augustus Snyder	1	Union Lumber Co.	1	W. M. Whitney & Co.	3
Arthur H. Sagendorph	1	South Bend Wholesale Grocery Co.	1	United Cape Cod Cranberry Co	3	Chas F. Wing Co.	2
St. Paul Daily News	1	W. P. Southworth Co.	1	United States Army Q. M. C	2	Winzeler Undertaking Co	1
Salt Lake Transportation Co	3	J. W. Spooner	1	United States Bakery	4	Woodward & Lothrop	1
Samuelson, Florist	1	Standard Oil Co. of Ohio	1	United States Laundry	2	Worcester Baking Co	1
County of San Bernardino	3	Star Store	1	United Transportation Co.	1	Zanesville Fruit Co.	1
Sandusky Furniture Store	1	Sterling Products Co.	3	Waltham Laundry	2	Zettelmeyer Coal Co	1
San Joaquin Baking Co.	1	Sterling & Welch Co.	7	Watkins Bros., Inc.	1	Zimmerman Bros.	1
Santiago Orange Grove Association	1	Stern Bros.	2	Watson Paint & Glass Co.	1	Peter H. Zink	1
Savage-Schofield Co.	2	Steubenville Coal & Mining Co.	2	Webster Transportation Co	1	John Zitterbart	1

150,000 TO 200,000 MILES

Acme Furniture Co.	1	Dixon Transfer & Storage Co.	1	Hudson's Bay Co	1	Reemsnyder Co.	1
Addison Auto Bus Co.	1	East Ohio Gas Co.	1	M. L. Hullett	1	Mark Regan & Son	1
Akron Storage and Contracting Co.	1	T. Eaton Co., Ltd.	3	Hunt Mercantile Co.	1	Rocky Mountain Parks Transp. Co.	1
Atherton-Fowler Furniture Co.	1	Eatonville-Tacoma Stage Co.	1	Independent School District No. 51	1	Roshek Bros. Co.	1
C. W. Baker	1	Eberhardt-Hayes Music Co.	1	Indianapolis Abattoir Co	1	Alvin M. Schoenfeld	1
Benicia & Vallejo Stage Line	1	Chas. F. Eggers Lumber Co.	1	Edward Kelly	1	Schulze Baking Co.	3
Berz Co.	1	Emerick's Motor Bus Line Co.	3	S. Laskau	2	Shepherd & Story	1
Bledsoe Co.	1	Florida Motor Transportation Co.	3	Lyons Express Co.	2	Smith Bros. Motor Truck Co.	3
Bonwit, Teller & Co.	2	Hugo H. Foerster	2	M. J. Malloy	2	Star Baking Co.	1
Botzum Bros. Co.	1	Foley Auto Delivery Co.	1	Massachusetts Baking Co	1	Chas. M. Steiff, Inc.	1
Boulevard Transportation Co	7	Foster & Kleiser Co.	1	Memphis News-Scimitar	1	Tacoma Taxicab & Bag. Transf. Co.	1
Bradford Baking Co.	9	William L. Freeman	1	C. J. Milligan Co.	1	James A. C. Tait & Co.	1
Chicago Cooperage Co.	1	Friends Hospital	1	Moran Trucking Co.	1	Telling-Belle Vernon Co.	1
Frank A. Cholewinski	1	Fries & Schuele	1	Mountain Auto Line	1	Thompson & Thompson	1
Clover Leaf Dairy Co.	1	Fuller Dry Cleaning Co	1	J. Mullany & Co.	1	Tooke Bros., Ltd.	1
Coca Cola Bottling Works Co	1	A. Graham & Son	1	Muscatine, Burlington & So. R R.	1	20th Century Heating & Vent. Co.	1
Columbus Transfer Co.	5	Hale Auto Corp.	1	M. O'Neil Co.	1	Twin City Motor Bus Co.	3
Conrad-Baisch-Kroehle Co.	1	Hardy Furniture Co	1	Orchard & Wilhelm	1	United Home Dressed Meat Co.	1
Constance Lumber Co.	1	Charles E. Harris	1	Pacific Coast Biscuit Co	1	United Transportation Co.	2
Cowlitz & Chehalis R. R. Co	1	Highway Transit Co	2	J. A. Poole	1	White Rapid Transit Corp.	1
Denecke Co.	1	Holt Stage Line Co.	1	G. F. Reed & Son	1	White Transit Co.	1
Denholm & McKay	1					Woodlawn Imp. Assn. Transp. Corp.	2

200,000 TO 300,000 MILES

Armour & Company	2	Florida Motor Transportation Co.	2	McLaughlin Transfer Co.	2	T. S. Reed Grocery Co	1
Atlantic Refining Co.	1	Fowler, Dick & Walker	1	McMahon Transportation Co	2	G. F. Reed & Son	1
Austin Motor Transportation Co.	1	Fuller Dry Cleaning Co.	2	Madera-Fresno Stage Co.	2	W. S. Roe	1
Baum's Home of Flowers, Inc.	1	Fullington Auto Bus Co.	1	Malandre Bros.	1	Alvin M. Schoenfeld	1
A. E. Berry,	1	Hansen Motor Trucking Co	1	Maryland Transportation Co	4	Arlington Setzer	1
Bonwit, Teller & Co.	3	Harper Garage Co.	1	Mendham Garage Co.	2	Shepherd & Story	1
Bower Transportation Co.	1	W. J. Hay Co.	1	Mesaba Transportation Co	2	Smith Brothers Motor Truck Co.	1
Broadway Taxi Operating Co	8	Higbee Co.	2	Mountain Auto Line	1	W. P. Southworth Co.	1
Burns & Campbell Co.	1	Highway Transit Co	2	Ocean County Coal Co.	1	Tri-State Telephone & Telegraph Co.	1
California Ink Company,	2	Holt Stage Line Co	2	Pacific Brewing & Malting Co	1	Tuscola Produce Co.	1
George M. Cooley Co.	1	Huddleston Park	1	Frank M. Pauli	1	Twin City Motor Bus Co.	3
A. Dumani, Ltd.	1	Hudson's Bay Co.	1	E. C. Petrie	1	Warner & Company	1
Eatonville-Tacoma Stage Co.	1	M. L. Hullett	1	Phelps-Dodge Corporation	1	Westfield Laundry Co	1
Emerick's Motor Bus Line Co	6	Kirchners	2			White Transit Co.	9

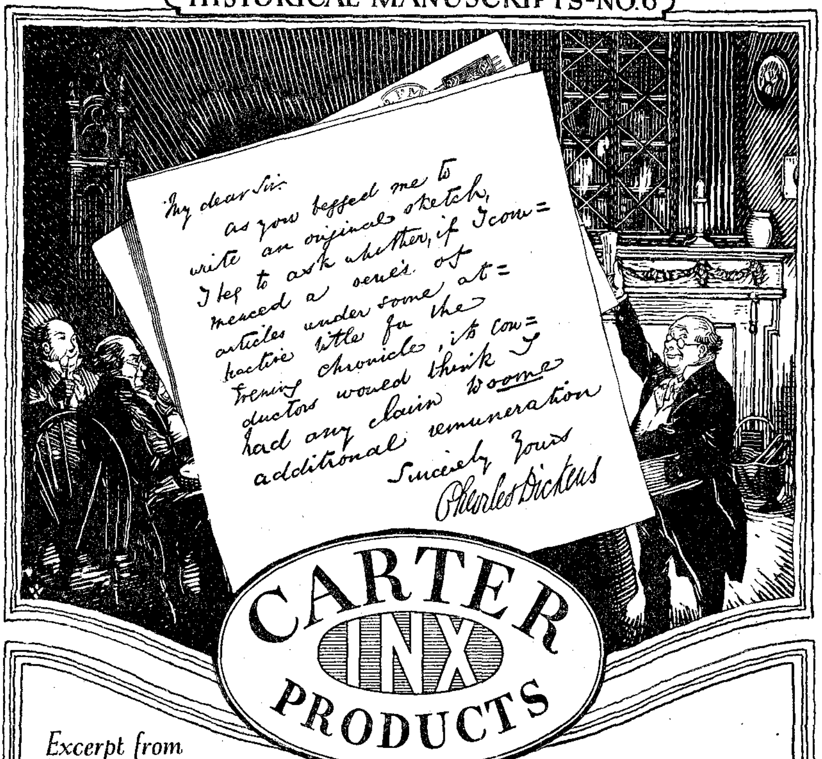
300,000 MILES AND MORE

Alexander & Walling	1	Columbus Bread Company	2	Humptulips Logging Co	1	Alvin M. Schoenfeld	1
Artesian Well & Supply Co	1	Fuller Dry Cleaning Co.	2	N. S. Koos & Sons	1	Tacoma Transit Co.	4
Frank Bird Transfer Co.	7	Hancock Bros. Fruit Co.	2	Madera-Fresno Stage Co	3	Thompson & Thompson	1
Bower Transportation Co.	1					Wouters Laundry	1

THE WHITE COMPANY, *Cleveland*

TRUCKS

HISTORICAL MANUSCRIPTS-NO.6


My dear Sir
As you begged me to
write an original sketch,
I beg to ask whether, if I com=
menced a series of
articles under some at=
tractive title for the
Evening Chronicle, its con=
ductors would think I
had any claim to some
additional remuneration
Sincerely Yours
Charles Dickens

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Excerpt from
letter to
George Hogarth
from Charles Dickens

WE have shown you some interesting "historical manuscripts" this year. We have invariably found these manuscripts preserved in vaults, to protect the ink from light. It is sometimes difficult to obtain permission to photograph them, for each additional exposure again dims the already faded writing.

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

The key to bare-ground tracking is the size of the footprints and their position relative to each other, *i.e.*, their distance apart. The running track is easy to follow almost anywhere; it is when he starts to walk that the trouble begins. Suppose the track leads along clear cut, and then is not clear thereafter, do not step ahead looking for it and track the ground all up yourself; stop at the last clear footprint and with the distance between that and the last one preceding as a radius (measured with the eye), examine carefully a semicircle described to the front for the slightest trace of what might be a track, and when found, using the same radius and that new spot as a center, proceed as before. In this way the track can be traced through very hard country, the idea being that many things make marks on the ground, but marks the same distance apart as the deer steps and continuing in proper series are probably the tracks of the deer. With good tracking ground ahead, one should not bother to track through hard country; the last plain track should be plainly marked so that it may be picked up later if necessary, and a semicircle swung ahead to find the track on good ground. After one becomes accustomed to the habits of deer, it is often possible to look ahead a long way and surmise almost exactly where the deer will travel. Where tracks are numerous on bad ground, a semicircle through good ground, somewhat ahead—ground so good that the track may be plainly seen—is the only solution, and sometimes a full circle all around is necessary.

In determining the size of a deer from the tracks, three factors must be taken into consideration, the size and the depth of the track and the length of stride. Some small deer have large feet and some have long legs, and it is difficult to judge the weight of a deer by the depth of his track, but by taking all three into consideration, one can usually arrive at a fair estimate. The sex is easier to determine, the hoof of the buck being much more sharply pointed and straighter on the side than the doe's.

A deer is a rubber-necked sort of fellow in more ways than one. In looking about or feeding, he moves his feet as seldom as possible, preferring to reach about by twisting and turning and stretching his neck. He will run straight away from you, stop and look straight back, and then run again, and as you follow his track you can not tell where he stopt, the tracks look the same right along. Also he will walk behind a clump of bushes or a tree-trunk, peer around first one side and then the other, without moving a foot, and his track will look just as tho he had walked straight past without stopping. If you should see where he has stopt behind a bush or other cover, and peered through at something, and made several tracks, that is where he has stamped his feet in defiance of something he fears. He often does this when being followed, and when you see the place, you can be sure he is not far away and that his mood is defiant; a deer in a panic does not do this. In making a sneaking getaway, he will walk in line behind a tree, and his track approaching and departing from that tree will look exactly as tho he had walked straight through it. He uses the tree as both screen and background.

Very early in the morning or late in the afternoon is the most favorable time for the deer-hunter. In the morning when the quarry is feeding is a very good time, but after a day's chase he is much hungrier and tired besides, and his mentality is not quite up to the mark. In this condition he will be found more defiant and not so easily thrown into a panic. When first jumped, the deer's idea is to get away, and his next to travel so that he will not run into another enemy. His first dash will be almost straightaway, after which he will head up into the wind. There are many minor variations of this, but the end of a day's chase practically always finds the deer to the windward of the starting-place. Of his own experience this hunter writes:

> The method we use in New Hampshire seems to work out all right, the failures being due to faulty application and not to the method itself; one of our principal faults is missing the deer when we shoot at him. We believe three men to be the ideal team. They work together, one man following the track and the others flanking ahead, one on each side, or otherwise. Normally neither flanker should go closer than 100 yards to the line the deer would take were he to travel in a straight line, and should endeavor to be at a stand ahead about that distance from said line when the trailer comes ahead on the track and jumps the deer. This gives each man a fine margin of safety for himself, and chances for a shot are even better than if each tried to post himself straight ahead, for a deer does not travel in a straight line. Each flanker as he goes ahead hunts deer all the while, all the way, on the plan that if the deer has wandered much to one side, one of them may jump him and get a shot, and if he has not, they will not jump him but will be waiting for him ahead when the trailer jumps him. The trailer should be instructed as to how long a start to give the flankers before he starts ahead. This will vary with conditions, but should be from fifteen to thirty minutes. Too thorough and careful hunting on the flanks is to be condemned, as the chances are that the deer is not there, and the main chance is the only one to take in this game. When, the flank country is not "deer" country of course, no hunting there is necessary.
>
> To keep the team in touch, we once tried whistles, but they were a failure, being not loud enough. The flanker on the windward side must swing wide to avoid jumping the deer himself, and he quite often gets to where he can not hear the trailer's whistle at all, and this causes a great deal of bother, especially if the deer decides he is not being followed and does a "fish-hook" looking for a bed or something, and gets jumped headed the wrong way; then the flanker a half mile ahead to the windward can hear only a pretty loud noise from the trailer who is probably another half-mile away before he decides to call the flankers back. It is irritating to stand and stand and then give up and go back and take up the track and follow it through a swamp or two, and finally find that he could have got into a fine position by traveling half the distance. To assist the flankers and keep them advised of the deer's movements, the trailer uses a horn and sound-signals to them the direction the tracks are leading and what the deer is doing, such as running, loping, walking, feeding, lying down, etc. This, besides assisting the flankers, lends great interest to their end of the game by stimulating their imaginations. The trailer must at all times

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

keep in mind the probable position of the flankers, and allow them to swing around when necessary. When he considers it advisable, he calls them in for consultation, or either of the others may do this by swinging into the track and signaling. It is customary to relieve the trailer frequently, to prevent him from getting the obsession that were he a flanker, the deer would have been venison long ago.

When the leader signals assembly near noontime, he swings into the track, chooses a site, and builds a fire while the others are coming in. This is usually done just after the deer has been jumped, as that gives the deer a chance to get over his panic while lunch is being eaten. The assembly is nearly always made on the deer's track, as the flankers always want to see and study it. If one of the flankers strikes the track running at nearly right angles to what it was, he calls the others in right away to make a fresh start. In assembling on a flank call, the other flanker and the trailer so conduct their movements that they may be sure that the track is the same and not one made by another deer.

When first jumped, the deer will usually run but a short way, less than half a mile, and will then resume feeding or lie down, but after about the third time he realizes, that he is being followed and he does a good run, a mile or so, in an effort to shake off his pursuers, and he scrutinizes the country he has passed pretty thoroughly before he again feels at ease and goes about his business. Each time he is jumped after that he makes a run of about the same length until he begins to feel tired or hungry or contemptuous of his pursuers, when each run becomes shorter than the one before, until, if he has been chased all day, toward evening he will run but a few jumps at a time, usually, and put in his time ducking and dodging about in thick cover, keeping in contact with his pursuers by scent, sight, or hearing all the time. When he does this, one man has but a mighty poor chance of shooting him unless he deliberately walks away and leaves him and returns another way. Three men should have no difficulty however.

The sound-signal medium is a difficulty at present unsolved. Horns can be heard at a great distance, but they are somewhat cumbersome to carry and it requires quite some practise to become proficient. I think there is some advantage in having all sound the same.

When there is a crust that does not hold the deer and the snow is deep enough so that the crust catches him above the hoof, he dislikes to run and does not travel so far. He dodges about more, however, and the noise the hunters make in breaking through the crust helps him to avoid them. When there is a crust caused by the sun melting the snow, there is almost none under the evergreen trees and the deer will travel most of the time right in the pines and hemlocks, making sharp detours to avoid taking in the more open country. Likewise, when the sun is very bright and the snow glary, he favors the pines and deep woods. When the snow is very deep, he runs faster and farther than on good going, apparently feeling the handicap and lacking faith in his reduced speed. After a heavy storm when the trees are heavily laden with snow or ice and the sun comes out and the snow or ice begins to slip and fall with more or less clatter and crash, it makes the deer nervous and he will stay out of the woods.

When a storm of any severity comes along the deer yard, all those within a reasonable distance get together for mutual protection in some locality best suited to sustain life. Immediately after a storm, the yard may be but thirty feet in diameter. As time progresses, they wear it larger by milling around and reaching for food and jumping out and into it. It takes pretty deep snow to keep deer yarded long, tho they will yard temporaily for almost any storm. Most yards I have seen were sheltered from the wind, and on the banks of a stream, and included in their area a quantity of high-standing deer food of one kind or another and heavy-topped evergreen-trees. An exception to this that I noted was in the case of a storm which turned to sleet. The deer yarded in a place such as is described above, but when it began to sleet they left this place and went directly to the top of a hill and yarded again in thick scrub-oak where there was no water or overhead shelter.

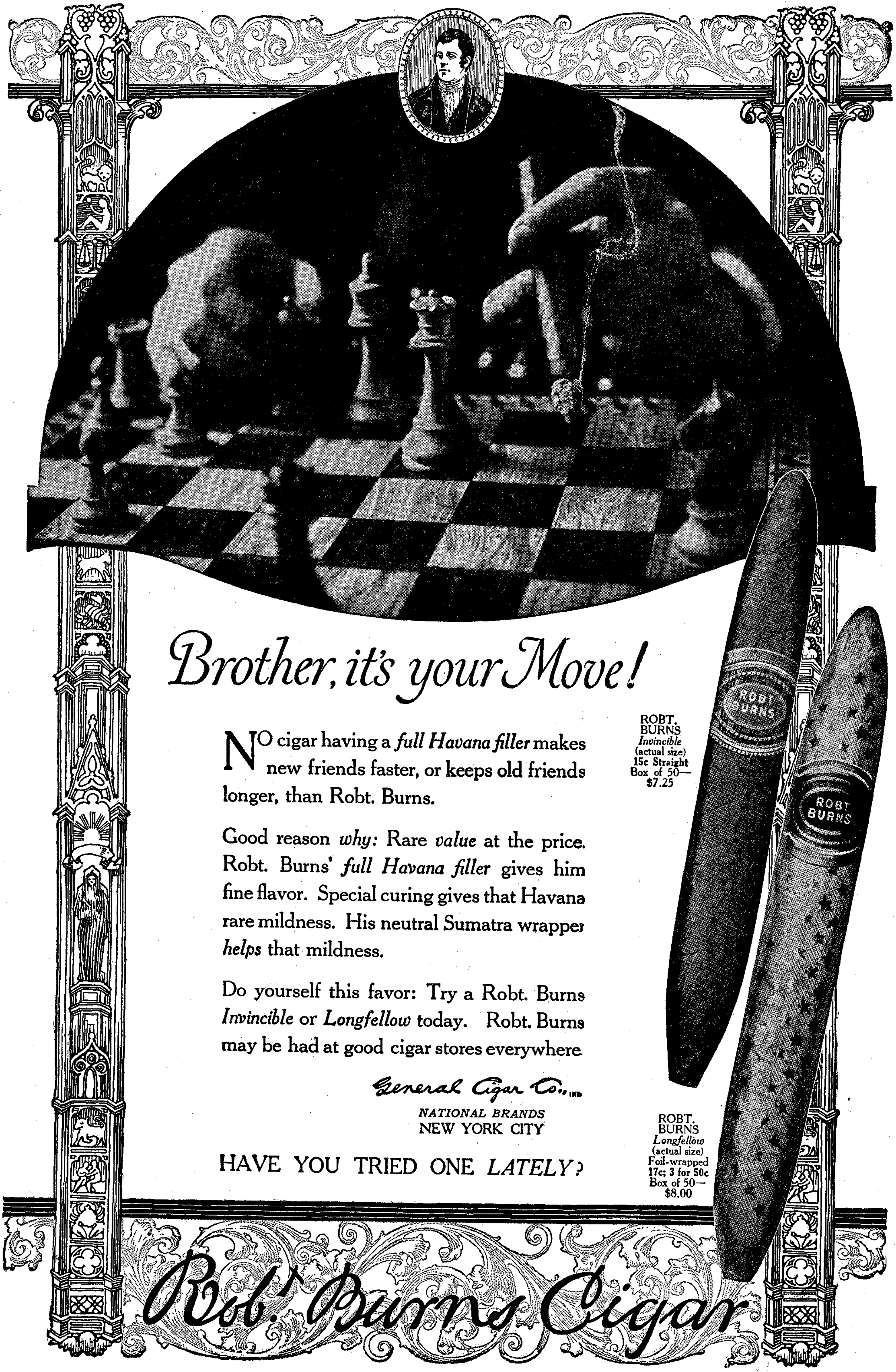
HARD WORK BEHIND THE HOME PLATE

THE small urchin playing in his own back yard and training to become a second "Babe" Ruth is generally not provided with a wire back-stop, which explains his father's heavy bill for window-glass; but on a regular diamond the back-stop is an important part of a team's first line of defense. It is a high and wide affair of steel rods and wire mesh, having a sort of overhang at the top to prevent the ball from bounding over. Now, says Steve O'Neill, one of the king-pins in the Cleveland American League team, in an interview for *The Baseball Magazine*, there are times when every player who is called upon to don the shin-guards and mask wishes that he was just as high and wide and lacking in nerves as that big frame-work behind him. But, as a matter of fact, if the catcher studies the situation, he will realize that he is in effect taller and wider than that mechanical contrivance. He has a good deal of ground to cover and many duties to perform. The writer comments and elucidates:

> You would suppose that a man who had shown baseball ability enough to gain admission into the big leagues as a catcher would be able to perform the mechanical work of stopping the pitcher's throws. But I have observed that there is a great deal of variation even here. Not every catcher in the major leagues is a sure man in this, the easiest department of his work, as you will find if you listen to the pitchers. Almost every pitcher objects to having some particular catcher as a battery mate. He does this largely because he lacks confidence in the catcher's ability to hold him. True, other reasons enter into his preference, but in the main you will find that pitchers claim that certain catchers are easy to pitch to, while they distrust other catchers.
>
> Unless he is deliberately crossed in his signals, a capable catcher ought to be able to stop any ball that he can reach. Once in a great while his pitcher may throw a curve when he is expecting a fast one, and then he is not to blame for making a mess of things. But this is an extremely rare occurrence in the major leagues.
>
> Undoubtedly the mere act of back-stopping is the easiest part of a catcher's work. It grows to be a mechanical act with him, an act which he performs without thinking, almost by second nature.

More difficult than stopping the ball, but still not very hard, is chasing foul flies. But a good catcher can tell instantly the general direction of the ball, and a glance will tell him whether he has a chance to get it. If it is a fair ball he knows instantly which one of the fielders should get it if it can be fielded. This ability is so well recognized that whenever there is a dispute among the fielders over a ball, the catcher's decision is unsually relied upon. Some catchers think fielding bunts a difficult task, with which opinion O'Neill differs. He writes:

> A much more difficult part of the catcher's work is throwing to bases. Here many a back-stop, with real baseball brains, falls down because his arm is none too good. The throw to second base is the one that the catcher is called upon to make most frequently. It is a long and difficult throw under the best circumstances, but the catcher seldom has a chance to make it under the best circumstances. He has to scoop up the ball that the pitcher has just hurled, set himself, and throw fast and true without an instant's hesitation. If the pitcher has kept the base-runner from getting too great a lead, and if the infielder who handles the throw does his part of the work properly, a quick and perfectly accurate throw by the catcher will nail any base-runner who ever lived. But it is very easy to fall down upon some one of these important points, and any one of them will spoil the play. It has been my good fortune to be endowed with a strong throwing arm and a very fair sense of direction. This has enabled me to be quite successful in making the throw to second. The throw to third base is rarer, and in the sense that it is a shorter throw, much easier to make. But the catcher is frequently called upon to make this throw unexpectedly, and it is the element of the unexpected which makes any play difficult.
>
> The catcher also cooperates with the pitcher in keeping the base-runner from getting too much of a lead off first. He does this in two ways, first, by making a quick throw to the first baseman in an effort to catch the runner asleep off the bag, and, secondly, by calling upon the pitcher for a pitch-out when he thinks there is danger of the runner's trying to steal.
>
> The pitch-out is a thing for which the catcher is often blamed. It seems like a waste deliberately to throw a ball wide of the plate, but it is very often a necessary waste. In my own experience I never call for more than two pitch-outs on any batter, and very seldom for more than one. The call for a pitch-out demands good judgment on the part of the catcher, for he can easily get his own pitcher in a hole by a misuse of the pitch-out.
>
> I have said that the throw to bases is a very difficult part of the catcher's work, but the most difficult play of all, from a mechanical view-point, is the play at the plate. The catcher invariably blocks the base-runner off the plate. His shin-guards protect him at least partially from the runner's spikes. But the play is very difficult for a variety of reasons. In the



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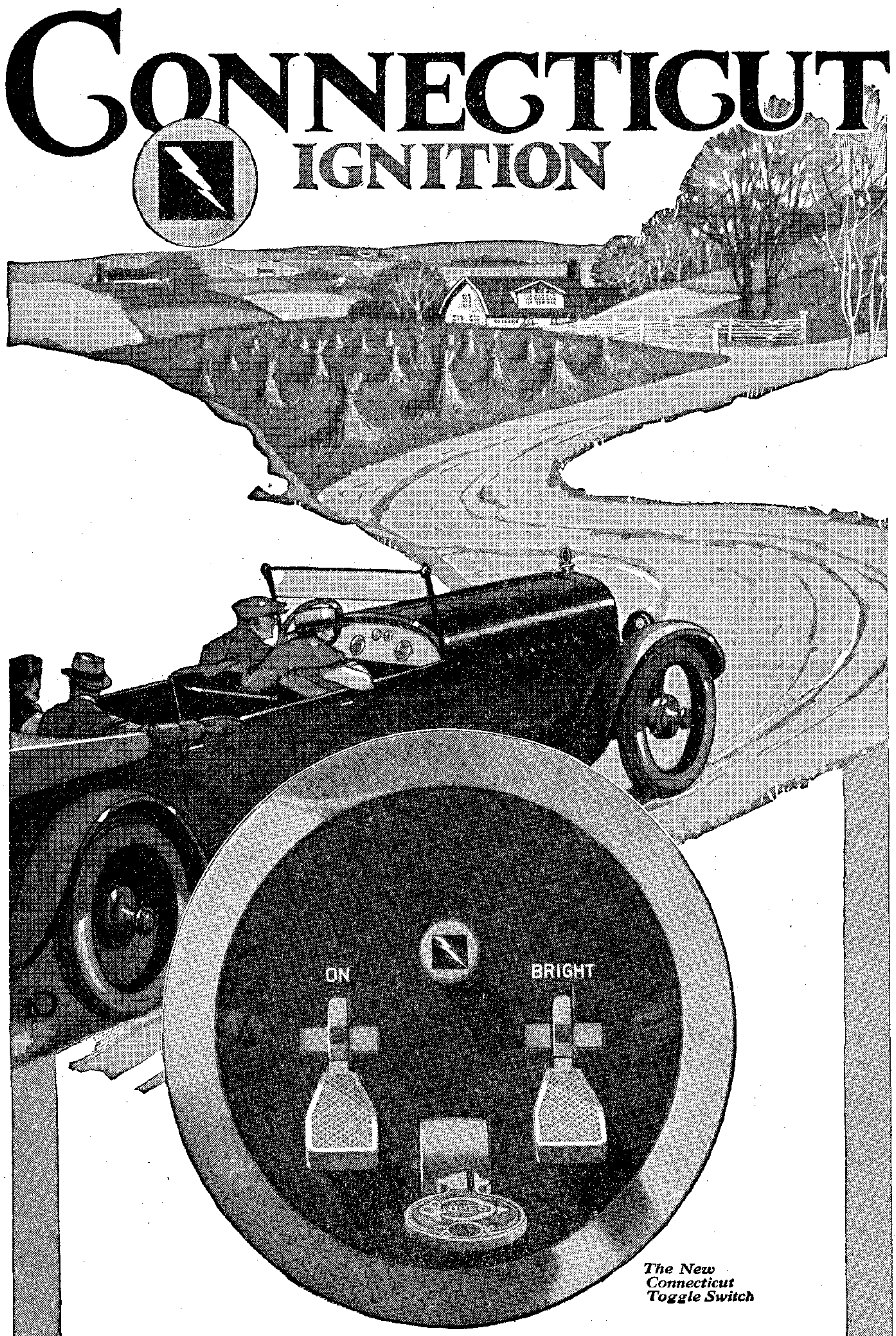

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

first place, the runner will almost invariably hit the dirt and come on spikes first. The sole defense against a score is the accurate work of the catcher. The least slip on his part means a run for the opposition. The throwing of the ball is almost always hurried and frequently wild. The catcher has to grab the ball from somewhere; out of the air or out of the dirt. He must hold the ball against the utmost efforts of the base-runner to jar it out of his hands and he must tag the runner with the ball before that runner, in the umpire's opinion, touches some portion of the home-plate. On a close play of this kind the catcher very often drops the ball. He is blamed for this indiscriminately by the crowd and almost always by the press. The official scorer gives him an error. In fact, everybody condemns him, and yet his dropping the ball might not have been a thing for which he was in any respect accountable. Bear in mind, the base-runner is trying to make the catcher drop the ball. He wants him to drop the ball so badly that he slides into him full speed, feet first. The catcher is very often lucky not to be knocked off his feet, to say nothing of hanging on to a slippery baseball that he probably hasn't had a chance to get a firm grip of. If I were an official scorer, I would never give a catcher an error for dropping a ball in a close play at the plate.

These are all mechanical plays. The most difficult of a catcher's duties are not mechanical. They are the general direction of the pitcher's work and the continual effort to outguess the batter and the base-runner. Don't forget the base-runner. A good deal has been said about the catcher's outguessing the batter, but much of his work is in outguessing the base-runner.

The hit-and-run play is always a thorn in the catcher's path. Properly executed, this play is invincible and does more than anything I know of to break up a team's defense. But it is largely up to the catcher to prevent it. He does this by crossing the batter. Bear in mind that the batter has signaled the base-runner to go down to second. He must hit at the next ball pitched. It, therefore, devolves upon the catcher to signal for a ball that the batter can not hit safely. Eddie Foster and Joe Gedeon are the best hit-and-run men in the American League, but they can be crossed by the catcher, and when they are they look as foolish as any one else. For the hit-and-run play, when it goes wrong, hurts.

The campaign of the catcher against the batter is not quite as complicated as it is sometimes pictured. It consists largely in giving the batter a curve ball when he is expecting a fast one, and *vice versa*. But there are batters who like to hit at the first ball, or who hit best when there is only one strike on them. If you can slip over two strikes you have them at a great disadvantage.

The really good hitter hardly has a true weakness. In his case it is merely preference. The good hitter can hit curves or fast balls, high or low, inside or outside. All you can do in his case is to mix him up and try to give him something that he isn't looking for.

And in this battle with the batter the catcher frequently finds himself little more than a spectator. For after all he can only signal for certain balls. Whether or not he gets them where he wants them is entirely up to the pitcher, and when you boil this down to its lowest terms it amounts to a matter of control. It gets the catcher's goat to see a wild pitcher passing men and filling up the bases with dangerous sluggers in the offing. But he is powerless to prevent it and learns to take it as a matter of course. Still when he gets a pitcher with gilt-edged control he appreciates it. Such a pitcher is Stanley Covleskie. I believe I could catch him sitting in a rocking-chair.

GOLF HINTS FROM AN EX-DUFFER WHO USED HIS HEAD

AN ex-duffer at golf is well calculated to be able to teach others a few "wrinkles" which may help them to play a better game on the green. Most duffers remain duffers because they fail to use their brains, which, really, are as useful in golf as in making a living. One who has graduated from the ranks of the lowly tells in *The American Golfer* how he improved his game by listening to a hint or two from those who had traveled the green to more purpose, and by putting his own mind to work on the subject. He writes that he tried to play the game with his hands and his feet. It never occurred to him that he might use his head, that he might work out a few odds and ends that could be made useful, or that might suit his style of play. But one day some one asked him if he had ever tried the system of holding his right thumb down the shaft instead of around the club. The friend thought that this would improve his wrist work and be a steadying influence. The ex-duffer writes:

> I forgot about it for a week or two, suddenly remembered it one day when I seemed to be missing every stroke, and gave it a trial. I found that on short shots off the green, chip shots and mashie shots especially, it helped a lot. I found it helped me to steady my stroke and to hit the ball in a firmer way.
>
> But I found something else with it. For the first time it suddenly occurred to me that there must be a number of these useful hints if I could only find them out or work them out. So for the first time, instead of practising mechanically or trying to play each stroke mechanically in the same old way, I began to plan and think out certain aids and helpful devices that might help me in my semiweekly battle against bogy.
>
> Before this I had been playing all my short shots off the green with my hands held near the top of the shaft. This may be all right for many players. But I began to experiment on these short approaches by gripping my club down near the bottom of the leather. I found in this way that I could get much better control, that I could hit the ball much more firmly. Where before I had poked wildly at the ball when I was from ten to thirty yards off the green, by placing my right thumb at the bottom of the leather grip I had much more confidence in my play and soon began to get much better results.
>
> Another point—I found that I could do better on these short chip shots by playing the ball much nearer my right heel. There was much less temptation to look up, in the first place, and I could take the ball cleaner with fewer flub strokes.
>
> Then I began to work on another fault.

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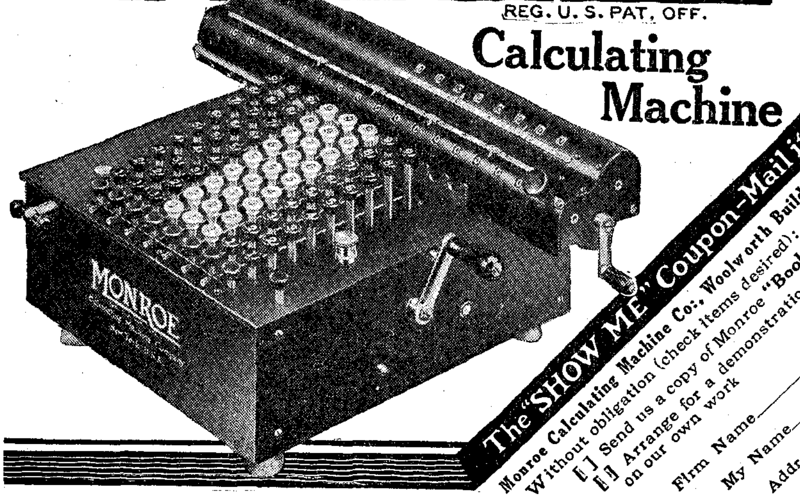

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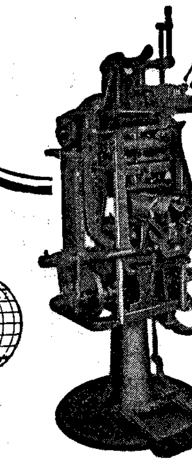


SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

I had noticed for some time that I had a bad tendency to swing back too hurriedly. This invariably happened if I was nervous or tired from overwork. I tried hard to correct this, but constantly caught myself jerking the club back at top speed.

After an amount of experimenting I finally hit upon the idea of gripping lightly while addressing the ball. Before, I had clung to the club with the grip of death.

Now my left hand only had a fairly firm grip, but not too tight, while my right hand gript very loosely. There was the feeling of looseness as I started the back swing. In this way I couldn't hurry the club head back. I had to take it back rather slowly, but I found on the down swing that I was getting great speed, for with a loose grip going back there was a tightening just as I hit the ball.

I believe most duffers take entirely too tight or too firm a grip on their club upon the back swing. I know that one can't grip too firmly as he is actually hitting the ball, but I believe a light grip on the back swing will be of big help.

I found this true in my putting. I found that when I was putting badly, missing the two-, three-, and four-feet putts, I was gripping the club as if I meant to squeeze the shaft out of shape. I soon found that by lightening my grip on these shot putts I eliminated the tendency to stab the ball. I could handle my wrists better and get more touch in my fingers.

Another helpful device I worked out was this: I frequently had and have trouble at hitting behind the ball, at digging in an inch or a half-inch back and almost missing the shot.

This is probably caused by dipping in the right shoulder in the wrong way. But in place of trying to correct this, as I didn't know how to start about it, I tried out the scheme of looking at the top of the ball in place of looking at the lower half of the ball where I had been told to look upon the address. Whatever the reason, I found in this way that I could correct this fault nearly every time.

I had also had a lot of trouble in looking up on my putts, especially the approach putts. To correct this, I started a system of silent counting in a steady beat—one, two, three—one as I addrest the ball, two as I started the club head back, and three as I hit the ball. For some reason I found this made me time the putting stroke much better and had a decided influence in making me keep my head still until after the ball had been struck—probably as an aid in concentration, therein killing off the desire suddenly to lift my head to see what had happened.

These are only a few suggestions and devices that I tried out—and that soon began to work. I believe if the average duffer who plays around 110 or 120 would make a point of trying out a few schemes and ideas such as I have outlined that he would find a quick improvement in his play. It will at least help him to get out of the mechanical rut into which he has fallen. It will give him a new interest in the game and will start him using his head for other purposes than merely lifting it before he hits the ball.

I know in my own case that I soon came down from 115 to under 100, and it was not very long after this that I was breaking 90 and at times getting down around 85 or 86—not record-breaking golf, but a lot better than 115.

From my own playing experience, it strikes me that improving one's game is largely a matter of paying close attention to these little details, observing closely wherein results differ with varying practises. And in my own case suggestions for experimenting have come from many different sources. Naturally it is more likely that one will get more and better tips from good players, but now and then comes a chance of picking up something from some fellow who plays only moderately well, but who generally plays some one shot especially well.

Nearly every golfer knows here and there a friend or acquaintance whose putting is far beyond his normal game in other departments. I personally have in mind one player who plays his chip shots far better than any other part of the game. And I know that quite a part of the improvement I have shown is due to watching closely for little details that worked out well for me and will no doubt help others.

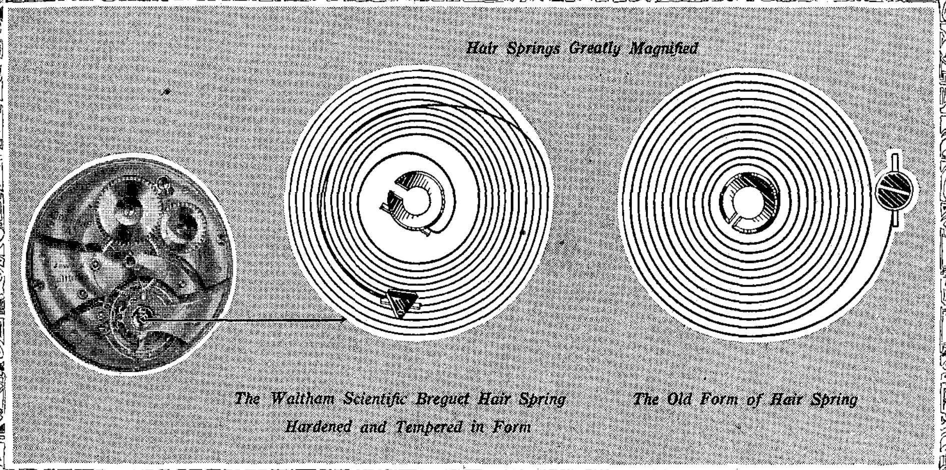
HUNTING WILD TURKEYS IN THE LONE-STAR STATE

HUNTSMEN who have shot wild turkeys are not inclined to agree with those who hold the pride of Thanksgiving to be a stupid bird. They are rather of the opinion that the Indian was right when he sized up the turkey's intellectual qualifications as follows: "The deer sees a man, decides it is a stump, and the bullet does its work, but when a turkey sees a stump, he says, there's a man, and away he goes." The consensus of opinion among hunters seems to be that wild turkeys are a mixture of sophistry and stupidity, with a much greater portion of the former quality. To bag them offers more difficulty than to get deer, it is said, and almost as much sport. The best time to hunt turkeys is in the early morning before they fly off the roost. At this hour the males make their whereabouts known by gobbling at intervals for an hour before it is light enough to fly down. They can also be shot in the evening when they are flying up to roost, as their calls and wing-flapping can be heard almost a mile on still evenings. To bag turkey in the middle of the day by calling or stalking offers the best sport, however. This is the time the hunter comes to appreciate fully how keen this bird's eyes and ears are. An experience in shooting wild turkeys in Texas, related by I. C. Tabor in *Outing* (New York), illustrates the bird's wary ways and also gives a good idea of the thrills of this form of sport. The writer says he had gone out early in the morning for deer, but ran into a flock of about fifty turkeys and decided to devote himself to them instead. The birds were just flying down from their roost and were apparently coming the hunter's way. Soon they were within easy range but in and behind a little thicket. The account continues:

> The greatest attribute of a successful turkey hunter is patience; this time I got impatient and tried to bring matters to a

PROOF

THE MOST SCIENTIFICALLY BUILT WATCH IN THE WORLD


Hair Springs Greatly Magnified
The Waltham Scientific Breguet Hair Spring
Hardened and Tempered in Form
The Old Form of Hair Spring

The Waltham Scientific and Exclusive Process of Hardening and Tempering the Hair Spring in Form

THE Hair Spring is to the balance wheel of a watch what gravity is to the pendulum of a clock.

The Hair Spring is so extremely important in its mechanical functions that we affirm — a watch is only as good as its hair spring.

Therefore, the Hair Spring that most closely approximates perfection in the watch you buy gives you more value for your money as a time-keeper and as an appreciated investment.

The Waltham Hair Spring is the only Breguet Hair Spring in the world that is hardened and tempered in form.

In other words, the end of the unscientific hair spring is twisted into the Breguet shape *after* the spring is hardened and tempered.

Therefore, if this unscientific hair spring happened to be of *fine* steel temper, it would have to function under undue stresses.

What does this imply? That, sooner or later, the resiliency of such a spring *must* deteriorate, making the watch an erratic time-piece.

The genius of Waltham overcame this unknown factor of irregularity in the Hair Spring by inventing and patenting a process whereby the whole hair spring was shaped to its ultimate use *and kept in that perfect shape* while being hardened and tempered.

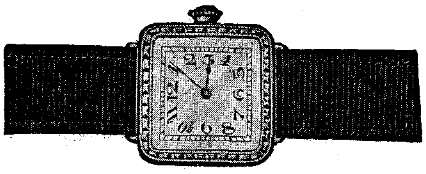
The over-coil called Breguet (after the name of its inventor) was a great invention of years ago, but it affected only the outer half of the spring. And, because of the Waltham scientific method of hardening and tempering in form, it became possible for Waltham to perfect and add an inner terminal bend which gives equal action to both ends of the spring.

This is a vital and exclusive Waltham invention.

It gives to a Waltham Watch a greater dependability and a closer precision. It has made the Waltham Watch the most sought after watch in the world. It gives to the buyer of a Waltham Watch a confidence that herein is the art of watch-making at its highest development.

Last, but not least — the Waltham Scientific Hair Spring hardened and tempered in form is an *American invention*, exclusively Waltham —

An unanswerable argument why your watch selection should be a Waltham.



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The movement is actually smaller than a dime in diameter

$250 to $1,500 or more depending upon the case

This story is continued in a beautiful booklet in which you will find a liberal watch education. Sent free upon request. Waltham Watch Company, Waltham, Mass.

WALTHAM

THE WORLD'S WATCH OVER TIME

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DRESSER

These exit doors are equipped with CORBIN Safety Exit Bolts—push the bar, and the Doors open from the inside—No panic possible

CORBIN WARE

You are entitled to a Square Deal

DOORS and WINDOWS are used constantly, and the Hardware equipment virtually determines whether they give you a square deal or not. Safety Exit Bolts may be danger exterminators. Locks may be strong and enduring. Hinges frictionless. Knobs and Escutcheons a joy. Night Latches faithful friends. Door Checks nerve-savers. Thumb Latches cozy. Sash Pulleys a householder's delight. Hardware a comforting and artistic feature of your life. *Or they all may be unsatisfactory.* It depends largely upon the Hardware that is chosen.

"Door Hardware that Harmonizes"

You are safe and sure if you choose CORBIN. CORBIN Ware works.

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The American Hardware Corporation Successor
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You'll always find a good hardware store near by.

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NEW YORK
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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

settlement by crawling up to where I could see *something to shoot*. As I supposed they would do, some of them immediately saw me through the brush, tho I could not see them, and they at once stopt their yelping, putting, and other confidences, and all took wing but one or two, which soon followed.

I made a mental note of their general direction and retraced my steps along the fence about half a mile, made a big half-circle, and struck an old road down which I walked in another cow-trail for quiet and soon heard them yelping and apparently coming toward me. I sat where I could command a view of the road and where they could not see me unless they came very close and prepared for a shot, but they refused to come into the open and soon started the other way.

I tried to get near enough for a shot, but some of them must have seen me, for they traveled faster than I and were soon quite a distance ahead. I walked rapidly but quietly until I saw part of the flock in the road; it was a good two hundred yards, but I decided to try for a lucky shot.

At the report, all of the turkeys flew but one, which soon followed. On coming to their location at the time I shot, I found the bullet had grazed one, as there was part of a wing quill and a handful of feathers from the back, but no turkey. I retraced my steps and made another large half-circle; again I seemed to be in their track and stopt, waiting for them to advance, but they either saw me or chance took them the other way. I tried to approach them and soon saw a great gang of them running among the trees.

This time I tried new tactics, which ended well. I walked after them rapidly, but not trying to get a shot, made a circle two-thirds the distance around them, and sat down with my back against a good-sized tree. I was partly hidden and a horse coming up the wind scented me and was quite distrest by my presence, snorting around for some time before leaving. This probably kept the turkeys from coming close to me, as while the horse was there I saw some pass before me, both going and coming.

After a time they began passing within range, but not in such a way that I could get a fair shot. Close to my left was a large dense tract of scrub; on my right was fairly open woods of not very large oaks with a little underbrush. I sat with my elbows resting on my knees, holding my rifle ready to shoot. Straight ahead of me was a narrow natural lane through the trees for more than a hundred yards, at places not over two feet wide.

Two or three times when turkeys passed this opening they hesitated, apparently to take a look at me. Finally, just as a gobbler was about to pass the opening, some bird over my head sounded an alarm and dropt or displaced several twigs or acorns; the gobbler stopt and looked, turning his head first one way and then the other, trying to make me out; he then started to advance, a step or two at a time; not wanting the alarm given, I took careful but quick aim and fired.

At the report turkeys flew in every direction, and the one at which I shot ran through the trees for thirty yards with a jerky, unsteady motion and suddenly collapsed like a wet rag. When I shot I remained sitting, so that the turkeys did not see me and I felt sure some of them would return. I went over and sat down near the dead bird, again with my back against a tree, and waited for them.

Soon a turkey in the scrub, probably an old bird, began to yelp, and shortly I could hear them answering from several angles, on my right, and a little later they began to return toward the calling leader. Most of them came through the trees rapidly and did not hesitate at the opening on which I had my rifle trained. When I had about decided they had all returned, I saw another gobbler coming through the trees; he was not traveling as fast, and occasionally stopt to take a look. He got a glimpse of me as I was not as well hidden as before and finally stopt in the opening to take one more look and I again pulled the trigger.

He disappeared, the yelping ceased, and several of the turkeys flew; carrying the first one, I went to investigate and found the bullet had killed him in his tracks. I sat down and soon heard two more coming yelping along from back of where I had been sitting and the yelping began again in the scrub, which they seemed determined not to leave. On account of brush, I had to stand to shoot. They saw me and did not give me much time for aim and they both flew away apparently unscathed.

It was getting toward noon and I did not know where I was nor how far from camp, so I decided two big gobblers was enough to carry an uncertain distance through the sand, and started back, reaching camp a little before one, tired and hungry.

COACHES WHO MAKE FOOTBALL HISTORY—AND CAN'T QUIT

"QUIT! Why, I can't quit. I've been coaching for twenty years, and I simpy can't quit now. I'd just naturally straggle back in the fall whether they paid me or not." So, says Innis Brown in *The American Golfer*, spoke a football coach who had just been complaining of the ills, trials, and poverty of material with which he was confronted in this particular season. But his disgust couldn't work him up to the point of leaving the campus and the gridiron. The history of the great college game affords numerous instances of infection by the coaching bacillus, which has claimed for its own men whose prowess in developing winning teams has brought them fame in every place where the pigskin is loved and kicked. Some of them have not only brought fame to themselves, but they have also, so to speak, placed the institutions with which they were connected on the map. Everybody in the football world has heard of that young man who more than a score of years ago began a career in coaching which has made his name one to conjure by when the training-table talk begins. He had studied calculus, chemistry, physics, and such like things at Lafayette and West Virginia, and had learned the intricacies of the gridiron game. So he decided to take a turn at coaching. He went to the Middle West and spent a season with the University of Nebraska. The following fall he dropt into Ann Arbor, Mich., and took charge of a bunch of Wolverines. Fielding H. ("Hurry-Up") Yost began carving his

"Y and E"
Direct Name Filing System
O-P

This girl can find or file a letter in six seconds!

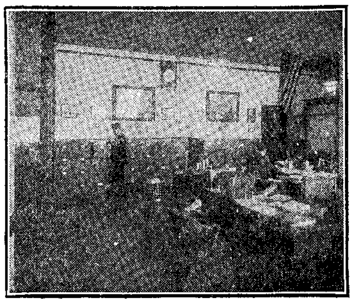
SOUNDS almost impossible doesn't it? Yet speed and accuracy such as this are commonplace in offices equipped with the "Y and E" Direct Name Filing System.

To set a new standard for filing speed we made scores of tests in business offices where this system is used.

The average "filing or finding" time was less than ten seconds! Some of the clerks were green, some were experienced. It made little difference in the results.

The elemental simplicity of this system which makes it swift, also makes it very easy to understand.

A telephone call will bring a "Y and E" System Service man to demonstrate the "Y and E" Direct Name Filing System in your office.



Office of the Hartmann-Pacific Co., Inc., San Francisco, showing a stack of "Y and E" Filing Cabinets equipped with the "Y and E" Direct Name Filing System.

Our new book "Finding and Filing in Less than Ten Seconds" tells about this system. Send for your copy today.

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The joy of doing

Bursting with enthusiasm. Bursting with the joy of discovery. That was what Abner Cutler's little shop seemed to be doing on that day, three generations ago, when he began to make roll top desks.

Out of that enthusiasm grew his ideal to become a leader among desk manufacturers. And although in time he came to apply it to a complete line of desks, he always had a soft spot in his heart for the roll top and always kept it far in advance of any other roll top which entered the market. It was a matter of pride and sentiment with him. It is still—with us.

Cutler Desks are made to give satisfaction to the kind of men who work as Abner Cutler worked—to steady, upstanding men who find sheer joy in getting things done.

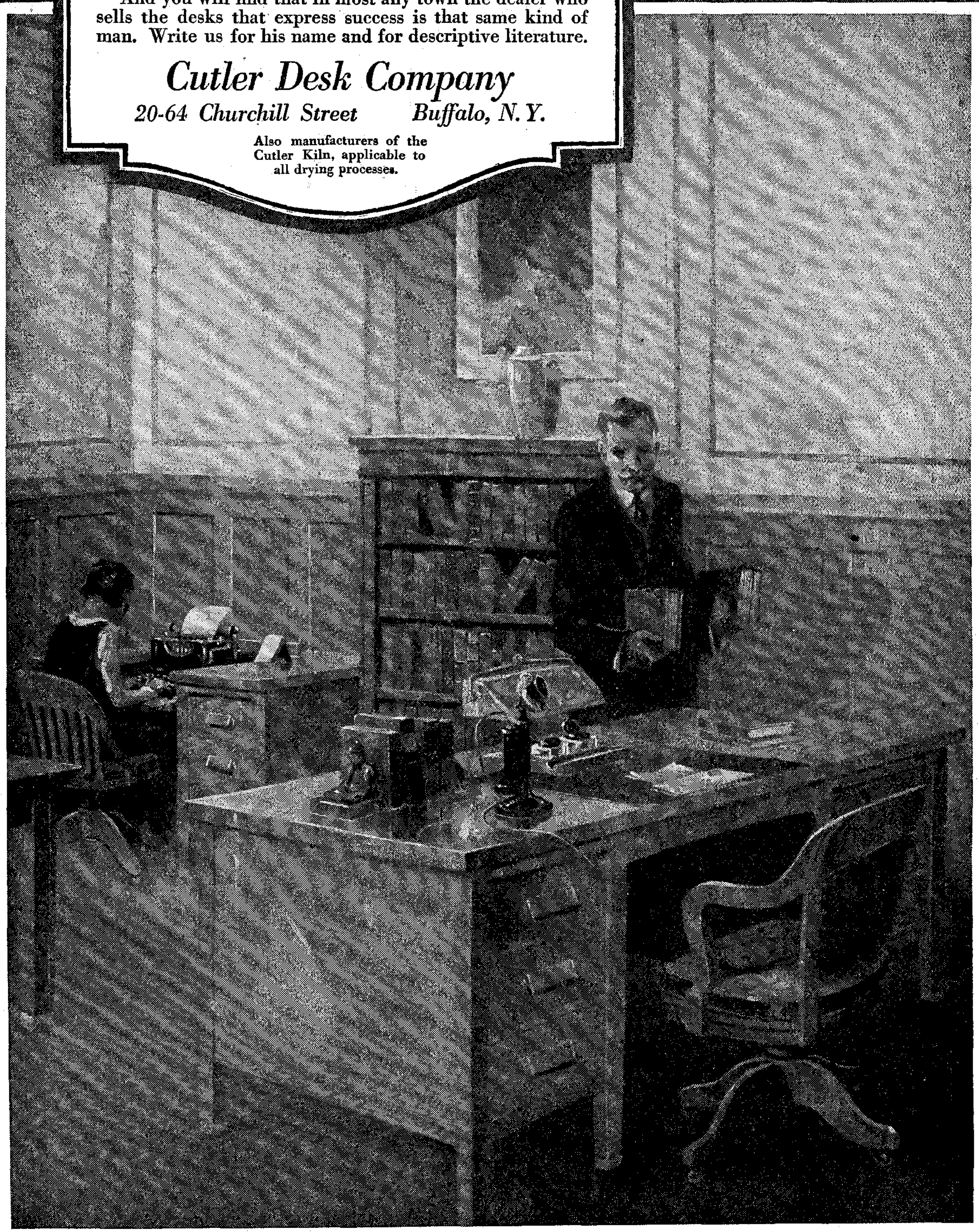
And you will find that in most any town the dealer who sells the desks that express success is that same kind of man. Write us for his name and for descriptive literature.

Cutler Desk Company

20-64 Churchill Street Buffalo, N. Y.

Also manufacturers of the
Cutler Kiln, applicable to
all drying processes.

Cutler TRADE MARK
Desks
"They Express Success"



SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

name in the niches of football fame. It happened, says the writer, that—

Michigan, which up to that time had fought a rugged battle from year to year to keep on even footing with Minnesota, Wisconsin, Chicago, and the other big mid-Western elevens, bolted forth to a place by itself. With its "point-a-minute" teams, for the next few years the Ann Arbor institution plainly outstript everything in the West, and was the most-talked-of team in the country outside of the immediate Eastern coast line, where football fans had yet to discover that real football was being played west of the Alleghanies.

Several seasons have passed since those days, but from time to time Coach Yost has developed teams that commanded respect with the best of any section, and at the start of the current season indications are that he has quite some package for delivery for all callers at Ann Arbor before the close of November. But, aside from any prophecies, "Hurry-Up" Yost certainly stuck Ann Arbor on the football map in big red letters.

Even before the days when Yost was starting in on his career, another energetic young man put in a few years at Brown University, and followed up with a year or two at Pennsylvania, then called it a full day's work on the business of education and went West, bent on coaching football. One season in Ohio was followed by a pilgrimage into Dixie. As for the results, we read on:

The next year the Alabama Polytechnic Institute, known in football circles as Auburn, broke out with a veritable rash of winning during the football season, sweeping all opposition aside.

John Heisman had begun his career at Auburn. Before Heisman's advent Auburn had just been among those present. During his stay there the Plainsmen rapidly made their way to the top and stayed there. His style was a revelation. He introduced more freak formations and unusual plays than the game had ever known all bunched together before. And they were winners. Big scores were the rules, and there were few exceptions indeed.

A bit later Heisman transferred the base of his activities to Clemson College in South Carolina. Prior to that Clemson had been more or less of a joke at football. It is an agricultural college, and with football scarcely initiated in the preparatory schools of the State material was wofully green. It was rather crude football that Clemson had played.

But with the arrival of Heisman it was different. He took that green material, and within one single season began to teach it the tricky new football stuff that he had up his sleeve. And Clemson came with a bound. The Palmetto farmers occupied the height of the pinnacle during Heisman's sojourn there. A little incident in connection with his last team there may be worth while.

Clemson played the University of Georgia and defeated it 29 to 0. The following Saturday Clemson had a game scheduled with Georgia Tech, the University's keenest rival. The latter, possibly in a spirit of fun, offered the Clemson team a bushel of apples for every point scored on Tech in excess of 29. The little city of Athens, where the University is located, was called on to make good with forty-four bushels.

And thereby hangs a tale. The next year Heisman bobbed up as coach of the Tech team. For a few years he weeded an exceedingly hard row. His material was mediocre. But better times were ahead. Eventually talent loomed up with which to work. And the place gained by the Golden Tornado in football during the past few years is too well known to require any elaboration of accomplishments here.

Within his something more than twenty years of coaching Heisman has put no fewer than three teams very prominently in the spot-light. He is on the job at Pennsylvania, his *alma mater*, and the football world is waiting to see what he will do there. He has warned that one season won't give a fair test, but this first year may yield strong indications.

Back in the days when the Chicago-Michigan game was one of the prime classics of the Middle West (which doesn't mean to imply that it still isn't since the reestablishment of gridiron relations), one of Coach Alonzo Stagg's outstanding stars was a fullback, Bezdek by name. When Bezdek finished at Chicago, he turned his attention to coaching.

His first job was with the University of Arkansas. Now, the "Razor-Backs" had never figured very strongly in football up to that time. Texas, Oklahoma, Kansas, and such teams slaughtered them annually. But under Bezdek the story was changed. He put Arkansas in the front rank in jig-time, and kept it there as long as he remained.

After leaving Arkansas Bezdek showed up in the far Northwest. He took charge of the University of Oregon eleven, and from then on throughout his stay there the Eugene team was easily one of the best teams of the far Northwest. Last year, after a session at managing the Pittsburgh baseball team, Bezdek stept back into coaching harness as director of the Pennsylvania State team. The Blue and White finished out with one of the best records in the East last fall, and have designs on the Eastern championship as nearly as the title can be adjusted this year.

In the East no man has a more brilliant record than Percy Haughton at Harvard. A little more than ten years ago football affairs at John Harvard's school had reached a status under which the Crimson was no longer appearing high in the ranks of football. Teams which a few years before had been considered merely as material for practise were becoming exceedingly troublesome, and the Yale Bulldog was taking many prizes. The situation was ripe for a change. Then came Haughton, and with Haughton came a turn in the tide, says the writer, and goes on:

There have been many great football teams here and there back through the past three or four decades, but it is extremely doubtful whether any have equaled, and certainly few, indeed, have exceeded, the great teams developed under Haughton at Cambridge. To say that Haughton put Harvard on the football map would be a mistake, because the Crimson has been a big factor from the first. But certain it is that Haughton carried the Crimson to dizzier heights than it had ever known before.

Which leaves room for some observations on the work of the man who is following Haughton at Harvard. "Bob"

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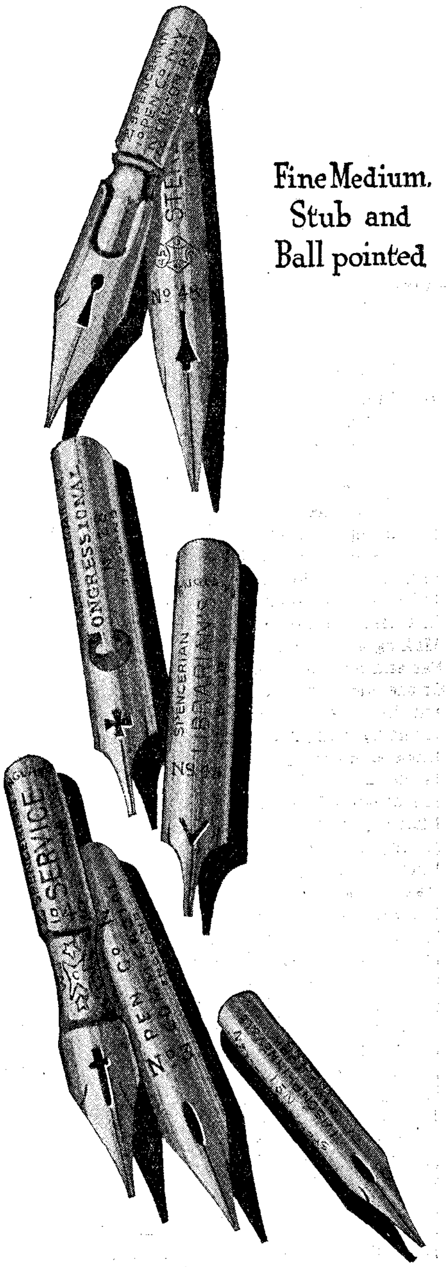

Fine Medium,
Stub and
Ball pointed

Like getting a suit to fit

The smoothness and ease of writing with Spencerian Personal Steel Pens are beyond compare because there is, among the many styles, one that fits your hand exactly—that adapts itself to your style of writing.

We want you to know of the fine writing qualities and long life of Spencerian Steel Pens. *Send 10 cents for ten different sample pens and a pen holder. Then pick your style.*

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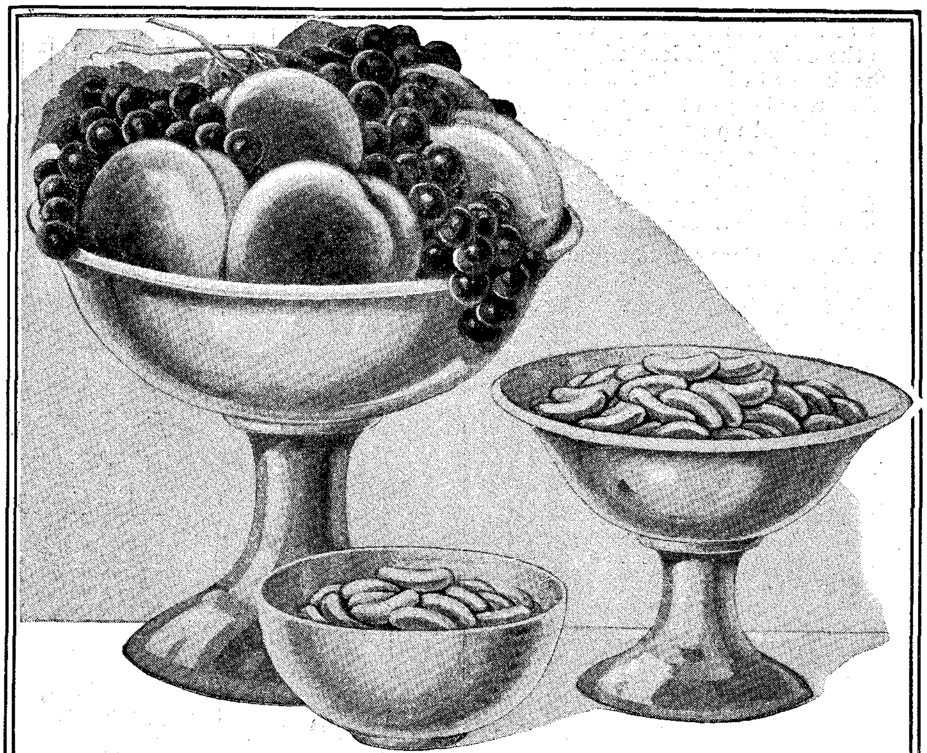


Never Forget

How folks love Bubble Grains

The finest breakfast you can serve lacks its greatest charm without them.

There are three of them—Puffed Wheat, Puffed Rice and Puffed Corn—and each has its own delights. You can serve them in a dozen ways. So they bring to breakfasts endless fascinations.

What other cereal is half so enticing as these flimsy, flavory grains?

At other hours

Remember what Puffed Grains are. Two are whole grains steam-exploded, one is corn hearts puffed. Every food cell is blasted for easy, complete digestion. The grains are puffed to bubbles, eight times normal size.

They are flavory, flaky tid-bits, yet they are ideal scientific foods.

Use in home candy making or as garnish on ice cream, or as wafers in your soups. Mix in every dish of fruit. Salt or butter, as with peanuts, for hungry children after school.

The night dish

At supper or bedtime float Puffed Wheat in milk. Then you have the supreme food made delightful and easy to digest.

Think of whole wheat with every food cell blasted—made into food confections. Do your folks get these ideal foods as often as they should?

Puffed Wheat **Puffed Rice** **Puffed Corn**

Also Puffed Rice Pancake Flour

The finest pancakes ever tasted

Now we mix ground Puffed Rice in an ideal pancake flour. Your grocer has it—Puffed Rice Pancake Flour. It is self-raising—batter is made in a moment. The Puffed Rice flour makes the pancakes fluffy and gives a nut-like flavor. You have never served a pancake so delicious. Try it now.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

SPORTS AND ATHLETICS

Continued

Fisher was the man selected to step into Haughton's shoes. Last season he carried Harvard through to an undefeated record, a real accomplishment, considering what the team was called on to face. He has a tough task to meet in taking Haughton's place, but it may be that he is the man to fill the bill.

Back in the old days when the game was still largely a matter of beef and brawn, of smashing, pulling, and hauling, before the advent of the forward pass and the present open game, "Bill" Roper was a star on the Princeton eleven. At the close of his playing career Roper continued to aid the fortune of Nassau football in the capacity of coach for a time. Then came his departure. A bit later he took charge of the University of Missouri team, and succeeded in whipping Kansas, which was a consummation most devoutly to be wished, but rarely accomplished by the Missourians, and to this day the skill of Roper is a popular theme at that institution.

Last fall Roper returned to Princeton to put the football house of Nassau in order. He succeeded to the extent of beating Yale and tying Harvard. This fall he expects to make an even more complete job of the assignment, and the Tigers already loom as an interesting proposition for any who may encounter them.

Football at Chicago University is inseparably welded with the personality of A. A. Stagg. For a period of more than twenty years the former Yale player has been the majordomo of the Midway. He has had lean years and opulent years, but on the whole the Maroon can look back with pride over its achievements, and whenever and wherever Chicago draws praise for its gridiron showing, much of the glory is Stagg's.

Lapsing back something more than a decade ago, the University of Illinois as a rule took rank around the top of the second-string elevens of the Middle West, dropping rather distinctly in back of Michigan, Minnesota, Chicago, and Wisconsin, and rarely making a bid for real standing among this quartet. But with the coming of Bob Zuppke, the Illini began to know a new régime. Snatched from the folds of a Middle West high school, Zuppke came along with the right system and found the right material to land the Illini not simply among those present, but well to the front with none to dispute their position. In glancing back at past records of the Champaign eleven, Zuppke's reign stands out easily as the brightest stretch of years in its history.

The reign of Dan McGugin at Vanderbilt has marred a period not only notable in the history of football at the Nashville institution, but in the entire South. When McGugin went to Vanderbilt in 1904, the Commodores were among polite society in Dixie, but their fortunes were highly varied. In his first year the former Michigan guard lifted the Gold and Black well to the top of the list, and for several years their reign was undisputed and decisive. More than that, victories over the Carlisle Indians under Glenn Warner, ties with the Navy, Yale, and Michigan did more to establish Southern football in other sections than any other single factor.

It is a fascinating work, this football coaching, and once inoculated with the germ, they find it hard to quit.

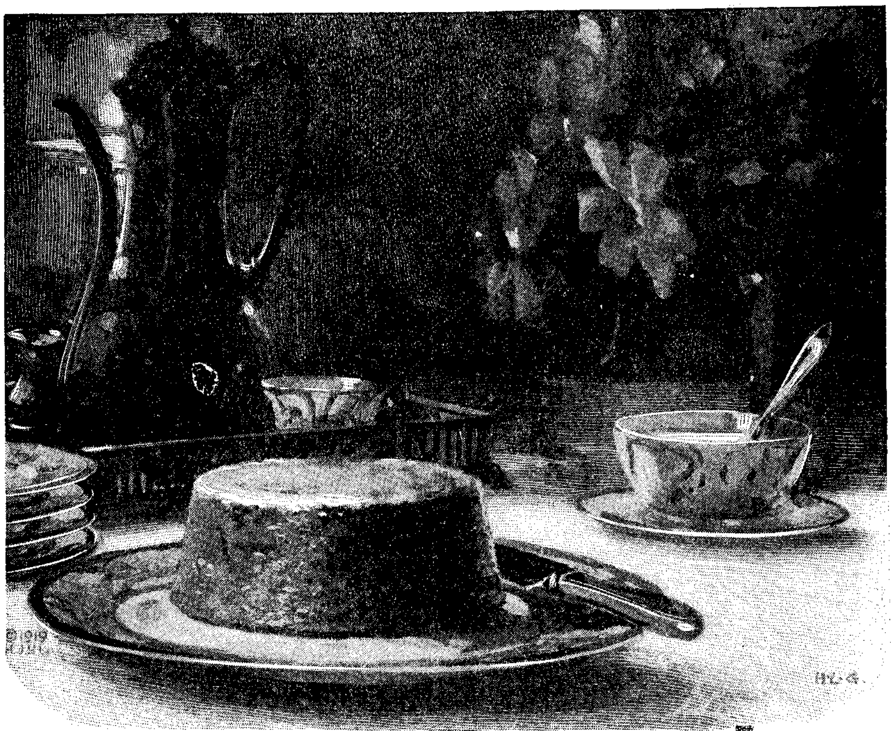
A NEW IDEA IN OUTDOOR BEDS

HIS bed is always a matter of prime concern to the hunter, hiker, or other person who sleeps outdoors. It should retain the body-heat, prevent the sleeper from absorbing the cool moisture from the earth, provide a soft pad between the sleeper and the ground, and at the same time it should be light and easily carried. A bed reasonably meeting all these requirements has been devised by Stewart Edward White, the author, says Claude P. Fordyce in *Outing* (New York), and he describes it as follows:

> The outer cover is made of light waterproof material laced along the sides and bottom. Three-quarters of the bottom is padded with an inch of wool (pure wool) felt. It is lined with gabardine brought up with a loose flap to wrap around the neck if desirable. And the blankets are made from the same material that ordinary light wool neckerchiefs are made of.
>
> The whole point to such a bed is to get the blankets woven of pure-wool yarn very loosely. At any rate, they weigh only about a pound apiece. The whole outfit, including pack-straps for carrying and a small bag for duffel, weighs less than eight pounds. Mr. White states that he has been out in cold weather comfortably in it.

In making one of these beds, Mr. Fordyce suggests that the pure-wool fabric should be placed inside the cover in the upper two-thirds or head end. This makes it unnecessary to dig depressions in the ground to accommodate the shoulder-blades, does away with the browse bag which some campers use, and saves the camper the often arduous task of combing the landscape for browse. Further:

> I also tried making the bottom of the bag of water-proof balloon-silk (weighing five ounces to the yard at twenty-five cents per yard) and the upper side of permeable unwater-proofed Egyptian sail-cloth. I used the felt pad and instead of blankets I made a thin quilt with a pure-wool batt covered with brown sateen. This I consider quite satisfactory.
>
> The following design for a sleeping-bag has been found to be excellent. It is for a person of 5 feet 11 inches in height. All dimensions are outside measure. The under half is 87 inches long, 20 inches wide at the foot, and 21 inches at the top. The widest portion, 32½ inches, is at a point 45 inches from the foot. In other words, the bag tapers from a point around the hips toward the head and foot.
>
> The upper half is sewn to the lower half along the foot and each edge to a point 78 inches from the foot where the upper half is cut off square. At a point 8½ inches from each edge of the bag where this upper half is cut off square an elliptical opening for the face is cut out, measuring 11 inches deep and 10 inches across.
>
> As a person lies in the bag with the feet just reaching the bottom, the face just comes out through the opening. The lower half being 9 inches longer than the upper, it can be pulled up over the head and by buttonholes in each corner fastened to buttons on the upper half. The material of the upper half on either side of the head drops over the shoulders and when the extension of the lower half is buttoned into place as a hood the wind is quite effectually cut out. This arrangement remains in place despite considerable twisting and turning.



HEINZ

Fig Pudding

Heinz Fig Pudding, one of the newest members of the 57 family, became famous almost over night. The demand has grown so rapidly that it is difficult to keep apace with it.

Especially appropriate to this time of year, it is pudding that is seasonable always.

Light, wholesome and easy to digest, it has the delicious taste of figs which makes it a most delectable dessert.

Don't fail to use with it the special sauce—recipe for which comes on every can—as it was originated particularly for Heinz Fig Pudding.

Some of the 57

HEINZ FIG PUDDING
HEINZ MINCE MEAT
HEINZ MINCE MEAT
HEINZ PLUM PUDDING

HEINZ PLUM PUDDING

It is real plum pudding made of the best ingredients and prepared in the Heinz kitchens. An older member of the 57—tried and true—its quality never varies.

HEINZ MINCE MEAT

Choice apples, raisins, currants, candied citron, orange and lemon peel; carefully selected prime beef and white suet; most fragrant spices—all deliciously blended for the Great American Dessert—Mince Pie. In glass jars and tins.

All Heinz goods sold in Canada are packed in Canada

"It Clamps Everywhere"

Give it for Christmas
PAT. U.S.A., CANADA AND FOREIGN COUNTRIES

Adjusto-Lite
A FARBERWARE PRODUCT
Adjusts to any position

A NEW wonderful invention—ADJUSTO-LITE, a lamp that you can attach anywhere—to bed, shaving mirror, table, desk or chair. Stands perfectly wherever an ordinary lamp is used. Throws the light exactly where you need it most. Prevents eye strain. Cuts lighting cost.

Gripping clamp is felt-faced and cannot scratch. Compact. Durable. Solid brass. Guaranteed for five years.—**Price $5.75**

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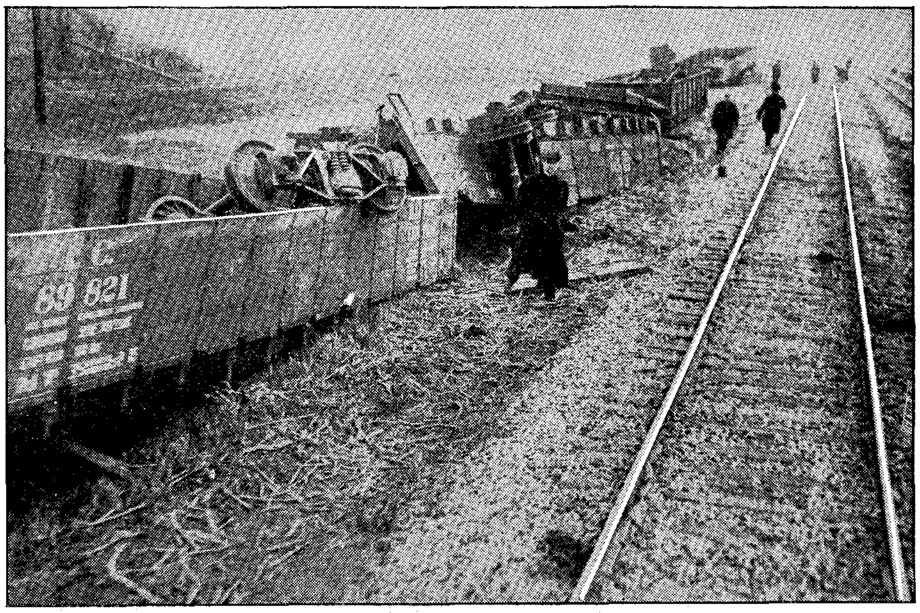
SCIENCE AND INVENTION CONTINUED

"BROODS" OF TORNADOES

THIRTEEN tornadoes in one day would appear to constitute an unlucky assemblage, entirely apart from the number. The day was March 28 last, and nearly all the tornadoes occurred in the lower Lake Michigan region. Tornadoes often occur in conditions that accompany country-wide storms, and they appear to be "hatched out" by these storms, to use the expressive term employed by C. Le Roy Meisinger, of Washington, in a letter to *Science* (New York). Mr. Meisinger tells of the peculiar circumstances under which this particular brood and others like it were "hatched," and gives a number of anecdotes of the characteristic "freaks" often observed and related in cases of the kind. He concludes that the only protection from the abnormal violence of these whirlwinds is the tornado-cave or "cyclone-cellar." His facts are from recent papers on tornadoes published by the United States Weather Bureau in Washington. He writes:

"Eleven of the thirteen tornadoes of March 28 occurred in the region surrounding lower Lake Michigan and two occurred in western Alabama and eastern Georgia. It appears that they were associated with the passage of the squall front or line of wind-convergence which marked the barrier in the southeastern quadrant of the deep 'low,' between southeasterly and southwesterly winds. The 'low' which gave rise to this wind-shift line moved from east-central Nebraska to northern Wisconsin in the course of the day. In the region of lower Lake Michigan it was possible to trace the hourly progress of the line as it advanced on a slightly curved front in a general east-northeasterly direction. . . . As its northern end reached Lake Michigan, there was a perceptible forward bulge which may be attributed to the decreased friction as the wind advanced over the smooth water surface.



A PLAYFUL TRICK OF ONE OF THE "BROOD."

Several of the tornadoes which came last spring were the result of a single set of circumstances, according to a recent scientific investigator, who discusses other similar "broods" of wind-demons.

"Regarding the circumstances under which these tornadoes were formed, Dr. Charles F. Brooks, in his discussion, says:

"'Why did these thirteen tornadoes occur on the afternoon of March 28? Let us review the facts as brought out by the weather observations:

"'1. There were strong, unusually warm winds from the southeast and south-southeast over a large area from the Gulf of Mexico to the Great Lakes.

"'2. A well-marked line . . . separated these winds from still stronger but slightly cooler southwest or south-southwest winds in a belt immediately to the west.

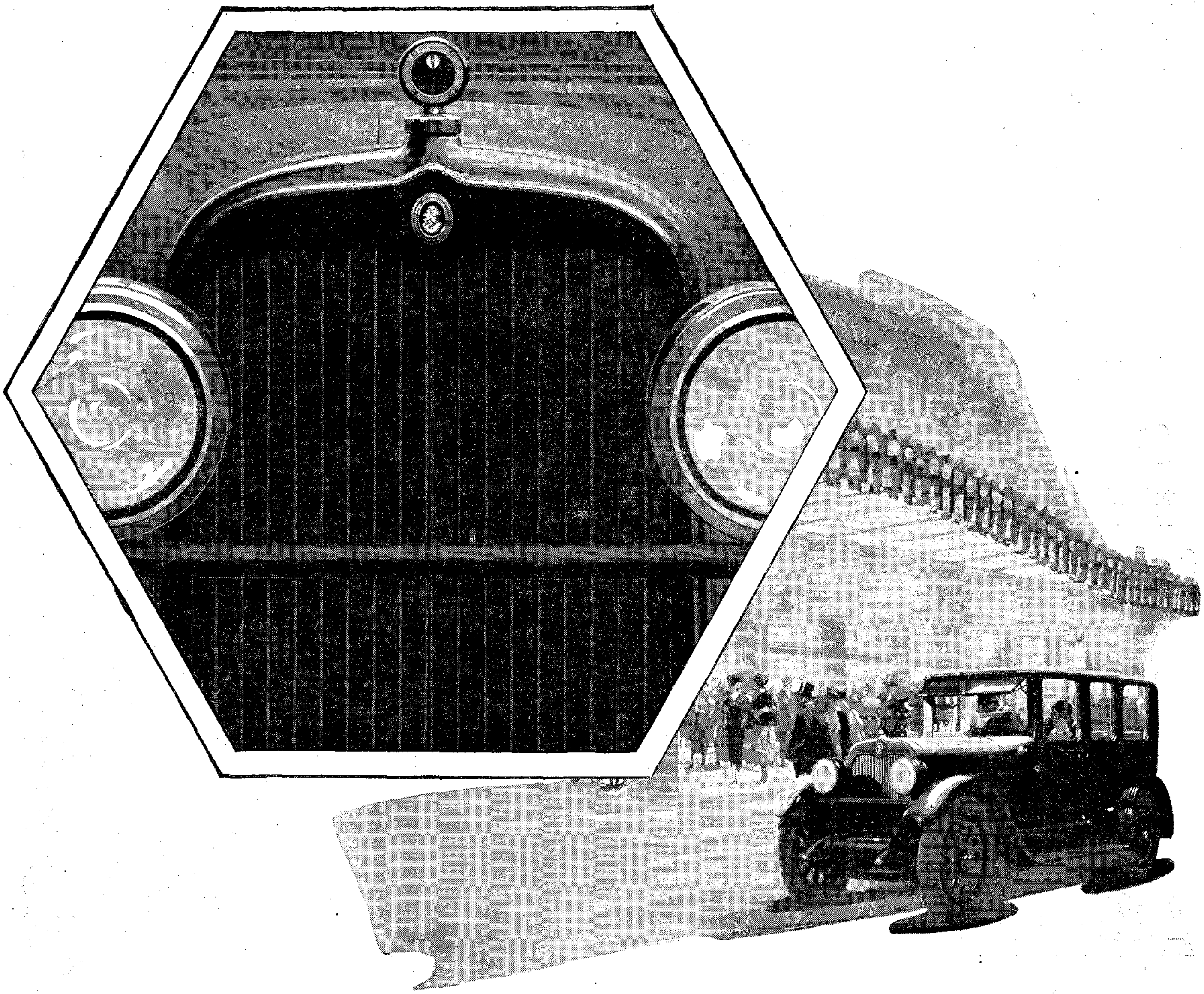
"'3. Heavy thunder-storms, some with tornadoes and hail, occurred along this line of converging winds.

"'4. Immediately to the west of the northern portion of this line was a belt of diverging winds, characterized by brilliantly clear skies and exceedingly dry air, the driest on record at some stations. . . . .

"'5. Kite observations indicated the presence of a cold southwest-west wind at a moderate height overrunning the warm surface wind.

"'6. The northeasterly movement of the tornadoes and lower clouds and the fall of hail on or to the east of the tornado paths indicated a southwest to, at least, west-southwest wind not far aloft.

"'Surely this was an unusual set of conditions. With winds meeting at an angle of about 60 degrees and at a rate of about thirty miles an hour, large volumes of air were sent upward and given a counter-clockwise rotary motion by the thrusts of the southwest squalls routing under the rear portions of the slower north-north-westward-moving masses of warmer air. At a moderate height condensation took place in the moist, upthrust air, and as it ascended at a lesser rate of cooling, due to the liberation of the latent heat of condensation, it probably was squeezed aloft at an increased rate by the cold wind it was probably encountering. Under such conditions intense vertical movement accompanied by a rotary motion of small dimensions makes a tornado.'"



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She Says "It's Better Than a Mustard Plaster"

Many is the time that Grandma mixed a mustard plaster in days gone by. For well she knew the virtues of this old-fashioned remedy. But now she relies on Musterole.

No fuss or bother, no stinging, messy plaster. Just a clean white ointment which is always ready to use.

For coughs, colds, aching muscles and twinging joints, there is nothing quite like Musterole. Rub a little on the aching or congested spot. It penetrates way down under the skin and generates a peculiar heat which soon dissipates congestion, and sends the pain away.

Musterole does not blister. Keep a jar on the bathroom shelf, where it is always handy in case of colds or other minor ills. For children as well as for older folks. At all drug stores, 35c and 65c jars. Hospital size $3.00.

WILL NOT BLISTER
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THE MUSTEROLE CO.

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Continued

There was also a noteworthy "brood" of tornadoes in the South during the month following this. The circumstances surrounding their formation were somewhat different. In this case there was a long, oval-shaped, low-pressure area over the southern part of the Mississippi Valley. Says the writer:

> "The storms occurred in the morning at a time when the line of wind-convergence was a considerable distance to the west of the line of tornado formation. Therefore, it can not be said, as in the previous case, that the mechanical effect of the wind-shift line was operative. There is another striking feature: All of these whirls were formed along a north-south line which lay about thirty miles west of the Mississippi-Alabama line. . . . . . .
>
> "The significant facts are: (1) that these tornadoes formed on a nearly north-south line, and (2) that they formed at almost equal intervals of time and distance. The probable explanation is that these formations resulted when an overrunning layer of cold air arrived over a given place, where other conditions were favorable, increasing the vertical temperature gradient to such a degree that there was immediate and intense convection. That this advancing front was probably coming from the northwest is shown by joining the positions of the tornadoes at any given time. The resulting line is normal to the wind direction supposed to exist aloft. . . . . . .
>
> "No account of tornadoes is complete without the recital of some of the many 'freaks' which such storms are wont to perform. The removal of feathers from chickens, the complete destruction of houses, the clean sweeping through deep forests, and the carrying of objects great distances, are examples frequently recounted. Of the many curious pranks of these storms, however, there are some which are worthy of mention. Here are some excerpts from the numerous accounts in the article cited above:
>
> "An automobile locked in a garage was undamaged, altho the garage was blown to splinters.
>
> "Half a dozen glass jars of fruit were carried one hundred yards by the winds and not damaged. (*Bay Springs, Miss.*)
>
> "A car-load of stone was whipt about like a feather, and trees, one especially large oak, were twisted from the roots as if they had been bits of wire. (*Florence, Ala.*)
>
> "There seemed to be two puffs of wind; one carried things toward the west. In about a quarter of a minute everything came back. I tried to keep my family down on the floor. One of my boys blew out of the house; then blew back. . . . (*From report of J. P. Sanderson, Newburg, Ala.*)
>
> "[The tornado] swept rapidly across the cove, . . . as it neared the mountain range and went over it, leaving a path clear of any standing timber, houses, or fences. In going over the path of the storm the next day . . . cedar-trees, with trunks sixteen inches through [were found] lying on the upper benches of the mountain, that had been torn up by the roots down in the valley and brought up bodily and deposited among the big timber on top of the range. . . . (*Postmaster Okal, Huntsville, Ala.*)

". . . A mule was hurled one hundred feet against a tree-stump, its body pierced by a two by four scantling; a horse was carried several hundred feet into a patch of wood, where it was found the following morning apparently unhurt; a steel range from the Preston home was found three miles away in a wheat-field; harrows, plows, and other agricultural implements were scattered over the fields for miles around; a sewing-machine was found hanging from a tree limb. . . . (*Occurred in the tornado of Aptil 12, in Union County, North Carolina, according to Mr. G. S. Lindgren.*) . . . . . .'

"It is needless to say that the twenty-one or more tornadoes which have been experienced in the United States this spring have been terribly destructive of life and property. It is estimated that the tornadoes of March 28 killed 163, injured several hundred, and destroyed ten million dollars' worth of property. Those of April 20 were even more destructive of life, there being 229 deaths reported and over 700 injured, with a property loss also extending into the millions. This most destructive of storms is so extremely local that even tho there may be a wind speed of between two and five hundred miles per hour in the funnel-cloud, this speed falls off so rapidly with distance from the center that the wind may not even be of destructive violence within a few hundred yards. Owing to this extreme localization, the tornado can not be accurately forecast; and if it could, it is so violent that no precautions could be taken except these already observed in localities where it frequently occurs—namely, keeping in readiness the storm-cave."

HAS THE WORLD ENOUGH TO EAT?

WHILE famine is killing its thousands in Europe and Asia, this condition is abnormal and can be tided over by timely and temporary relief, for the world as a whole has enough to eat and is likely to have it for some time to come—this, at least, appears to be the conclusion of an editorial writer in *The Journal of the American Medical Association* (Chicago). If any are starving, it is due to unequal distribution by which some have too much and others too little. Dismal forebodings of universal famine have been familiar to scientific men and political economists for many years, but they have not been justified to the event. There is suffering in many places, but it is not likely to last long, and there will be food-production "as usual" in Europe, perhaps as early as the harvest of 1921. Recent students of our own situation, quoted by the writer, believe that long before our population is doubled we shall have to begin importing food for our own use. But is our population likely to double? At any rate, we are warned, it is well to look carefully to our nutritive standbys, which are, according to the writer, wheat, the hog, and the dairy cow. To increase or improve our food supply, he thinks we had better concentrate on these. He writes:

"Population and food supply are indissolubly linked together. Will there be enough or will there be a famine? In view of the increase of population, it has been a

Why You Can Bake Bread and Pies in a Fireless Cookstove

Fireless cooking is no longer limited to boiling and stewing. You can bake and roast foods in Toledo Fireless Cookstoves just as you would in your kitchen range. The secret of such marvelous results is found in patented construction features exclusive with these fireless cookstoves.

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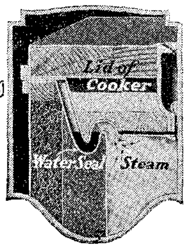
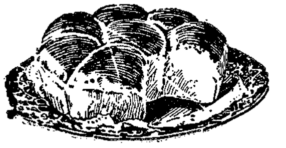
Look for this Triple Seal Top and the Famous Water Seal Groove

Radiator—thermometer and cooking tables regulate the heat for everything cooked. Burning and under-cooking are impossible.



In addition, the extra-heavy insulation prevents the escape of heat through compartment walls; and the Automatic Pressure Regulator allows the surplus steam to escape and permits the perfect baking and browning for which *Toledo Fireless Cookstoves* are noted.



No pre-heating necessary

Only because of these heat-conserving features can you, without pre-heating foods, bake biscuits in fifteen minutes, pies in twenty or thirty minutes, turn out perfectly brown loaves of bread in an hour; or a roast chicken, tender, juicy, delicious in an hour and a half—and only in *Toledo Fireless Cookstoves* will you find these features, to insure a perfection in fireless cooking is otherwise impossible. Look for them when you buy a fireless cookstove.

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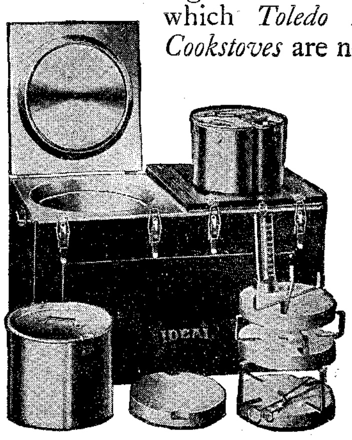

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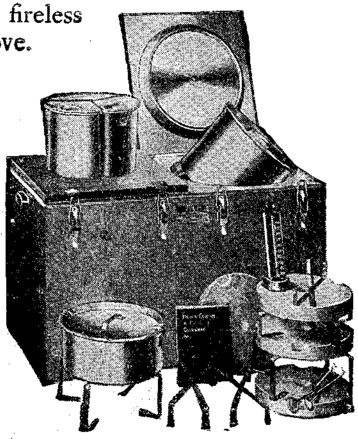

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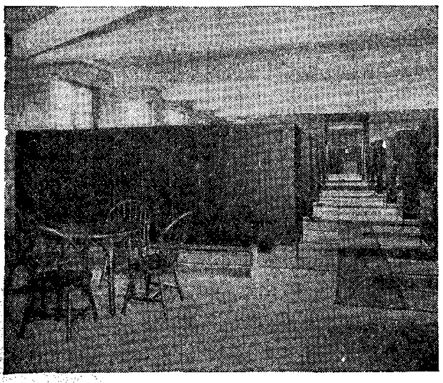

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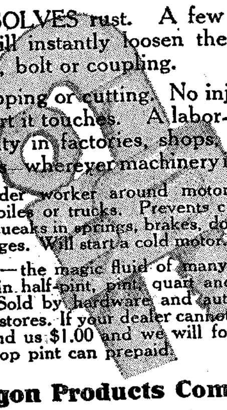

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No chipping or cutting. No injury to any part it touches. A labor-saving necessity in factories, shops, mines, garages—wherever machinery is used.

A wonder worker around motor boats, automobiles or trucks. Prevents carbon—stops squeaks in springs, brakes, door locks and hinges. Will start a cold motor.

Tasgon—the magic fluid of many uses—comes in half-pint, pint, quart and gallon cans. Sold by hardware and automobile supply stores. If your dealer cannot supply you, send us $1.00 and we will forward a nozzle-top pint can prepaid.

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Continued

favorite pastime for scientists to calculate the possibilities of the food supply of the future and to venture prophecies involving the prospect of impending failures. In his presidential address in 1898 before the British Association for the Advancement of Science, Sir William Crookes affirmed that England and all civilized nations stand in deadly peril of not having enough to eat. The shortage has not appeared in the expected time and order because this eminent scientist did not adequately take into account the possibilities of increased acreage of cereal grains, greater productivity, and changes in the food supply.

"The world-war has decreased the number of consumers and producers, and has 'brought the wolf of hunger to the doors of millions of people.' Yet the menace of famine is gradually being dispelled, so that Sir Henry Rew, whose long experience on the Board of Agriculture in Great Britain entitles his opinions to respectful consideration, declared, in his book on 'Food Supplies in Peace and War,' published last year, that, 'given settled social and political conditions, food production in Europe as a whole may be expected to be restored to its prewar level in the course of two or three years, or, say, after the harvest of 1921.' The pressure of economic necessity, combined with the suggestions of agricultural science, are more than likely to keep away direst want from the great majority, even tho limited areas may suffer severely because of unfavorable local, geographic, or political conditions.

"What about ourselves on this side of the Atlantic? During the great struggle just closed we gave thought to the needs of European brethren in ways that contributed to the filling of empty stomachs as well as the conservation of ethical principles. Our own future now demands some consideration. Pearl and Reed, of the department of biometry and vital statistics at Johns Hopkins University, have estimated, by methods which only an expert statistician may be expected to understand, that the maximum population which continental United States, as now arealy limited, will ever have will be roughly twice the present population. This would represent about sixty-six persons for each square mile of land area, a density of population far smaller than that of such countries as Belgium and the Netherlands, with several hundred persons in the same unit of area. Altho they are economically self-supporting, they do not produce the means of subsistence directly. On the basis of our present food habits, which in turn are essentially dependent on physiologic requirements, a population of twice our size would require about 250,000,000,000,000 calories per annum."

What is the outlook? According to Pearl, the United States, between 1911 and 1918, produced in the form of human food, only 137,163,606,000,000 calories per year. Unless our food habits change, and a man is able to do with less than three thousand calories a day, or unless our agricultural production increases, it will be necessary, when the maximum population is reached, to import nearly or quite one-half of the necessary calories. To quote again:

"It seems improbable that the population will go on increasing at any very rapid rate after such a condition is reached. Meanwhile, the menace of famine does not appear as distressing as the pessimists would have us see it. However, before the pinch comes it may be well to realize what are the foremost sources of our nutrition. Wheat occupies the outstanding position; next to it comes the hog; the dairy cow is third. The wheat crop, the hog, and the cow together comprise our great reservoir of human nutrients. Together they produce 62 per cent. of all the protein and carbohydrate used as human food, 69 per cent. of all the fat, and 65 per cent. of all the calories. Hence, as Pearl has pointed out, any campaign for increased food production, to be really effective in a nutritional sense, must be concentrated on a very few of the great staples. It would be an economic mistake to overemphasize the calorific value of the dozens of other foods that enter into the dietary of Americans, even tho they take a significant physiologic part."

DISAGREEING WITH UNCLE SAM

THAT Uncle Sam's experts occasionally reach conclusions without due consideration is charged by an editorial writer in *The American Machinist* (New York). "Superficial and unreliable" are the mildest terms applied by this critic to the Public Health Service's Bulletin No. 106, a study of which has lately been made by the National Industrial Conference Board, an organization representing twenty-nine large industrial organizations. We read:

"The Public Health Service bulletin purported to be an authoritative study of the comparative results obtained in an industrial plant with an eight-hour day and in one where the ten-hour day was the standard, the conclusion reached in the Government report being that 'a comparison of the eight-hour and ten-hour systems leads to the conclusion that the eight-hour system is the more efficient.' Specifically the report states:

"'(1) The outstanding feature of the eight-hour system is steady maintenance of output; (2) under the eight-hour system work with almost full power begins and ends approximately on schedule and lost time is reduced to a minimum; (3) under the ten-hour system artificial limitation of output is widely prevalent. Under the eight-hour system output varies more nearly according to individual capacity.'

"When submitted to the acid test of fact by the National Industrial Conference Board it was shown that 'the two plants from which the data were obtained are not fairly comparable and the basis of experience is too small to justify comprehensive conclusions.'

"The Government bulletin compared a thoroughly established and highly efficient manufactory of automobiles, running on an eight-hour schedule, with a rapidly expanding munition plant operating with a hastily recruited labor force. The eight-hour plant was slightly reducing its labor force during the year under investigation, while the ten-hour plant had more than doubled its force. The number of women in the eight-hour plant was only about 1 per cent. of the entire force, while in the ten-hour plant it was 25 per cent. of the whole; and the operations studied at the eight-hour plant were the characteristic processes of an automobile factory, to which the personnel were thoroughly accustomed, while

Pulling Power of PIERCE-ARROW 2-ton, 3½-ton, 5-ton Dual Valve Trucks

Dual Valves produce much greater power, surprising economy of operation and surpassing performance.

Increased valve area facilitates intake and exhaust of gas. Double ignition assures complete combustion — delivering *the full explosive power, saving gasoline* and increasing efficiency.

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Delivers more work in a given time.

Loses less time on the job and off the job.

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The Call for Endurance

In those hours of business when the need for vigor is greatest—when nerves should be steady, and wits alert—how do you respond?

Quick fatigue, difficult concentration, or frayed nerves may be due to infection by Pyorrhea germs. If you are nearing forty, and feel unfit, be suspicious of your gums and teeth.

Pyorrhea is an infection of the mouth, but its germs invade the body and deplete vitality.

Pyorrhea begins with tender and bleeding gums. Then the gums recede, the teeth decay and loosen, or must be extracted to rid the system of the Pyorrhea germs which breed about them.

Four out of five people over forty have Pyorrhea. If you value your health, you cannot afford to have Pyorrhea.

So visit your dentist often for tooth and gum inspection and start using Forhan's For the Gums today.

Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress—if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices will not do this. Forhan's keeps the gums firm and healthy, the teeth white and clean.

How to Use Forhan's

Use it twice daily, year in and year out. Wet your brush in cold water, place a half-inch of the refreshing, healing paste on it, then brush your teeth *up and down.* Use a rolling motion to clean the crevices. Brush the grinding and back surfaces of the teeth. Massage your gums with your Forhan-coated brush—gently at first until the gums harden, then more vigorously. If the gums are very tender, massage with the finger, instead of the brush. If gum-shrinkage has already set in, use Forhan's according to directions and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

35c and 60c tubes in the United States and Canada. At all druggists.

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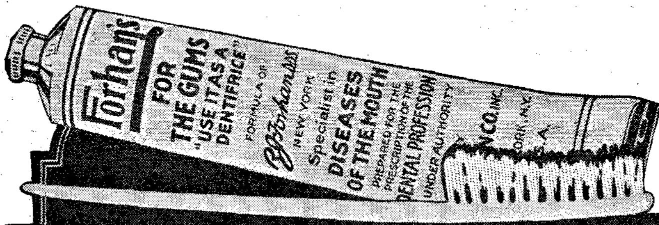
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FOR THE GUMS
Checks Pyorrhea

SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

the operations studied at the ten-hour pl were the novel ones of making brass f for shells.

"The report of the National Confere Board points out that 'the official sanctio behind the publication of these conclusion gives them a special prestige in the mind of many people,' and adds:

"'It is always against public interest f unwarranted and unscientific statem relating to any important problem t given publicity, whatever the source n be. *In these days of industrial unrest it* especially unfortunate if that source is a agency of the Government. Such is th condemnation that can justly be levele against Public Health Bulletin No. 106.'

"This indictment is all the more effecti from the fact that the Conference Boa some months ago issued a study of its o on this subject with the statement that t facts reported were not conclusive as to i dustry. The number of working ho which economy, efficiency, and the welfa of the worker meet to mutual advanta can not be arrived at from the experien of a single factory or a single industr Each plant usually must discover for its The employees of a Western factory cently proved to their employers, in a te lasting six months, that they could do much in nine hours as in ten. The e ployers gladly lowered the hours. This the practical and safe way."

HUMAN TROPISMS

WHEN a plant sends its shoot upward and its root downward; when a moth flies toward the light—they are exhibitin what the biologists call tropisms. The are reacting to certain physical influence as surely as when they fall to the groun under the influence of gravity. An editoria writer in *Chemical and Metallurgical Engineering* (New York) pictures such organisms as under the illusion of voluntary a tion, and he wonders whether huma beings, too, when doing something for fancied reason that seems to them logica are not also hurried along by influences tha have nothing to do with brain action. Men and women, he thinks, have their tropisms as well as insects, fish, or plants. Pure constructive thought is rare. Says the editor:

"Dr. Jacques Loeb, of the Rockefeller Institute, has made many and profound studies of tropisms, and published several books on the subject. A tropism is a non-volitional act. Perhaps we can best explain it in the example of a species of fish with which Dr. Loeb was at one time experimenting. The fish were heliotropic—that is, the presence of light in a dark place compelled them to turn toward it. Thus if such fish are placed in a globe and if the globe be taken to a dark room into which a lighted candle or other light is brought they will forsake everything and keep their noses prest against the side of the globe nearest the light. Move the light and all the fish will move to face it and stay right there as long as the light does; stay there until they float, belly up, on the surface with the life gone out of them. Disagreements, the search for food, ve-making, and all the other joys and rrows of fish life are forgotten or abanoned against what seems a grand passion curiosity. Take the light away or make whole room generally light again and fish will swim about as before just as nothing extraordinary had happened. ut if, while they are engaged in what is like pop-eyed and perpetual wonder t the burning candle, we secretly lead into he water in which they swim a tube concting carbon dioxid, we shall soon meet amazing phenomenon. As the saturaof the water with CO_2 reaches a given the apparent curiosity of the fish , and one by one they give up their sts of observation and swim around and ack and forth with no more reference to e burning candle or the single bright light an a society goldfish. The little extra rbonic acid made them just like others. e phenomenon is an instructive example photochemistry, and a demonstration of theory of mass action in life."

Now suppose, the writer says, that these were people and could talk. And supe we should ask the biggest one why he ked at the candle. He goes on:

'Why,' he would reply, 'I observed a element in our world, and I didn't w what it was. So I made up my mind t I would not leave my post until I rned what it was, or at least what it uld do. "Here," I said, "is danger, and death itself can drag me from my vigil il I know what it signifies!"'

"Then we might ask him why he quit ooking at it and gave up his quest. In reply he would declare that he finally eached the conclusion that the light was ot dangerous; that it was a thing that id not concern the life of the colony. t this point he dismissed the subject from mind and went about his business. Or might offer any other reason *ex post facto.* intimation as to the influence of carbon oxid upon his opinions would offend him. would want us to understand that he ew what he was about, that he was a fish character, and not to be swayed in his inions by carbon dioxid or anything else. we were to ask him why the other fish began to swim about freely at the same e as he, he would distend his chest and orm us with a dignified swish of his tail t he was probably not wholly without fluence among his neighbors. Other fish ould claim similar originality, fishy books would be written on the claims of the various leaders who brought the community ack to 'normalcy,' and the history of the eat light disturbance would become a bject of academic dispute and later a tandard means of training the minds of young fish.

"Now we're like that; very like it. For the past few years this country has been ery prosperous and money has been easy o make. Thinking has hardly been necesary. We know of a young engineer who new his business moderately well, but found it more profitable to work as a journeyman carpenter. Work has been very well paid. Hundreds of thousands of persons — men being scarce — have consequently declared that labor is the true source of all wealth; and there are tons of so-called literature to prove it. This means that, given a man, a horse, and a cart, the cart and its earnings belong to the horse.

"Gradually conditions are changing. The impossible has happened. American dollars have become so precious in comparison with foreign money that the for-

Manning-Bowman Quality Ware

Electric Grill No. 1400 Price $15.00

Means MB Best

Electric Iron No. 1436 Price $8.50

Casserole Dish No. 1945, $8.50 Others, $6.50 to $11.50

Reversible Toaster No. 1215 $8.25 to $10.00

Electric Pot Percolator 11893 Price $19.50

Pie Plate No. 1668 Price $4.00

Range-Type Percolator, No. 9193 $4.75 to $12.50

Electric Heating Pad No. 682 Price $12.00

Cook with Electricity

At the Electrical Show in New York recently, none of the household electrical devices received more enthusiastic comment than did the Manning-Bowman. Especially was the Manning-Bowman grill admired.

Until you've used a Manning-Bowman grill, you can't appreciate fully the convenience and pleasure of cooking with electricity. Breakfast or supper can be prepared right at the table, in just a few minutes. The Manning-Bowman grill cooks several things at one time. Use it for frying, boiling, broiling, stewing, baking or toasting. The pans fit close to the coils so no heat is wasted.

Other Manning-Bowman devices are the electric iron, percolators for use with electricity, gas or coal ranges, electric heating pads, casseroles, chafing dishes, etc.

The famous Hotakold line of vacuum bottles, carafes, jugs and ice-cream jars is manufactured by Manning-Bowman too.

Go over your Christmas list. Some of the Manning-Bowman devices will fit in mighty nicely. They are sensible, very attractive and make most acceptable and useful gifts. For sale at electric shops, department and hardware stores, jewelers and novelty shops. Write us for further information and Booklet E-11.

MANNING, BOWMAN & CO.
Meriden, Conn.
Makers of Household and Table Appointments in Nickel Plate, Silver Plate, Copper and Aluminum.

Bottles, Jugs, Carafes, $2.50 to $11.00

TRADE HOTAKOLD MARK VACUUM VESSELS

No. 426

Bottle, 123

Jug Set, 152/13 Price $21.75

Residence of H. G. Botsford, Detroit, Michigan *Architect Richard H. Marr*

Save Money When You Build

YOUR home of Natco Hollow Tile will cost less than brick or concrete and practically the same as the best frame construction with its continual repair expense and constant fire risk. You can heat it to 70 degrees Fahrenheit with 10 per cent less coal than when built of other materials.

NATCO·HOLLOW·TILE

With our new book "Natco Homes" you will know how to build your home economically and beautifully and safely. Filled with illustrations and floor plans of moderate priced homes. Mail a post card now.

NATIONAL·FIRE·PROOFING ·COMPANY·

810 Federal St. **Pittsburgh, Pa.**

N-8

STABILITY WHERE IT BELONGS

MA

It Would Be Absurd

to attempt to make one rule fit all cases.

The principle which directs the mounting of a ship barometer in a gimbal-joint, would hardly be applied to a pyramid.

STABILITY is a relative term. There is no single definition, applicable to all instances.

Departing from past trodden paths, our experts have developed new, sane, correct theories for *foundation* construction.

Full announcement in engineering journals for December.

GENERAL MACHINERY FOUNDATIONS CO.
Harrison Building
Philadelphia **U. S. A.**

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Continued

eigner refuses to buy of us. Ten dollars a day and bankers' hours—which are the hours banks are open rather than the hours bankers work—are still standards of payment for certain kinds of labor, but the jobs are getting scarce. Labor is beginning to underbid, and while we insist that labor is not a commodity and that every man and woman who works in an organization is part of its human staff, the fact remains that a little competition is a wholesome thing. There are limits to the earning power of a husky shoulder carrying a hod, especially in comparison with the earning power of thinking. Tropisms are less valuable than thoughts.

"Now if our good dollars have got to be so valuable that the poor foreigner can't use them, then we must do something besides strut about and explain our glory and our might and our wisdom in making our dollars so valuable. When we do that we are merely displaying tropisms. What we need to do is some thinking, some real thinking, to get a line on the causes and to plan out a line of conduct that will be wise instead of foolish; intelligent instead of smart. A little season of meditation will do the best of us no harm. Then we may look inwardly and consider how much of what we think is mere tropism; conclusions reached because of influence, weather, situation, liking, etc., on the one hand, and on the other how much of our thinking is pure constructive thought. When hard times threaten it is impossible for us to get ahead by repeating old saws or by exercise of mere tropisms."

STANDING IN A RAINBOW

MAY one stand in a rainbow? Those who in childhood have tried to reach one, in order to find the traditional pot of gold buried under the end, have met with no success. And there is, in fact, no way in which one may see a real rainbow except at a considerable distance, tho a "dew bow" may occasionally be seen on the grass at one's feet. It is, therefore, interesting to find that Henry Thoreau asserts in his book, "Walden," that he once "stood in the very abutment of a rainbow's arch." John Burroughs, the veteran naturalist, says rightly that this is impossible, and yet he has been overwhelmed with letters from persons who insist that they have come into actual contact with rainbows in all sorts of ways. A contributor to *The Journal of the Royal Astronomical Society of Canada* (Toronto), while agreeing with Mr. Burroughs, points out a few mistakes that he himself has made in the discussion. We read:

"The present writer has considerable affection for Thoreau and very often carries 'Walden' in his traveling-bag when on a holiday. Recently on such an occasion he read the book again and with as great pleasure as ever. Thoreau is not an accurate student of nature, and it is not for the science in the book that one reads it, altho it shows acute observation. It is rather for the whimsical but inspiring philosophy found there; for the wholesome protest against paying too high for our burdens of modern society; for the sparkling epigrams, and for a certain mystical love and appreciation of nature and all living things.

"The particular passage which caused the discussion is in 'Walden,' in the chapter entitled 'Baker Farm,' and is as follows:

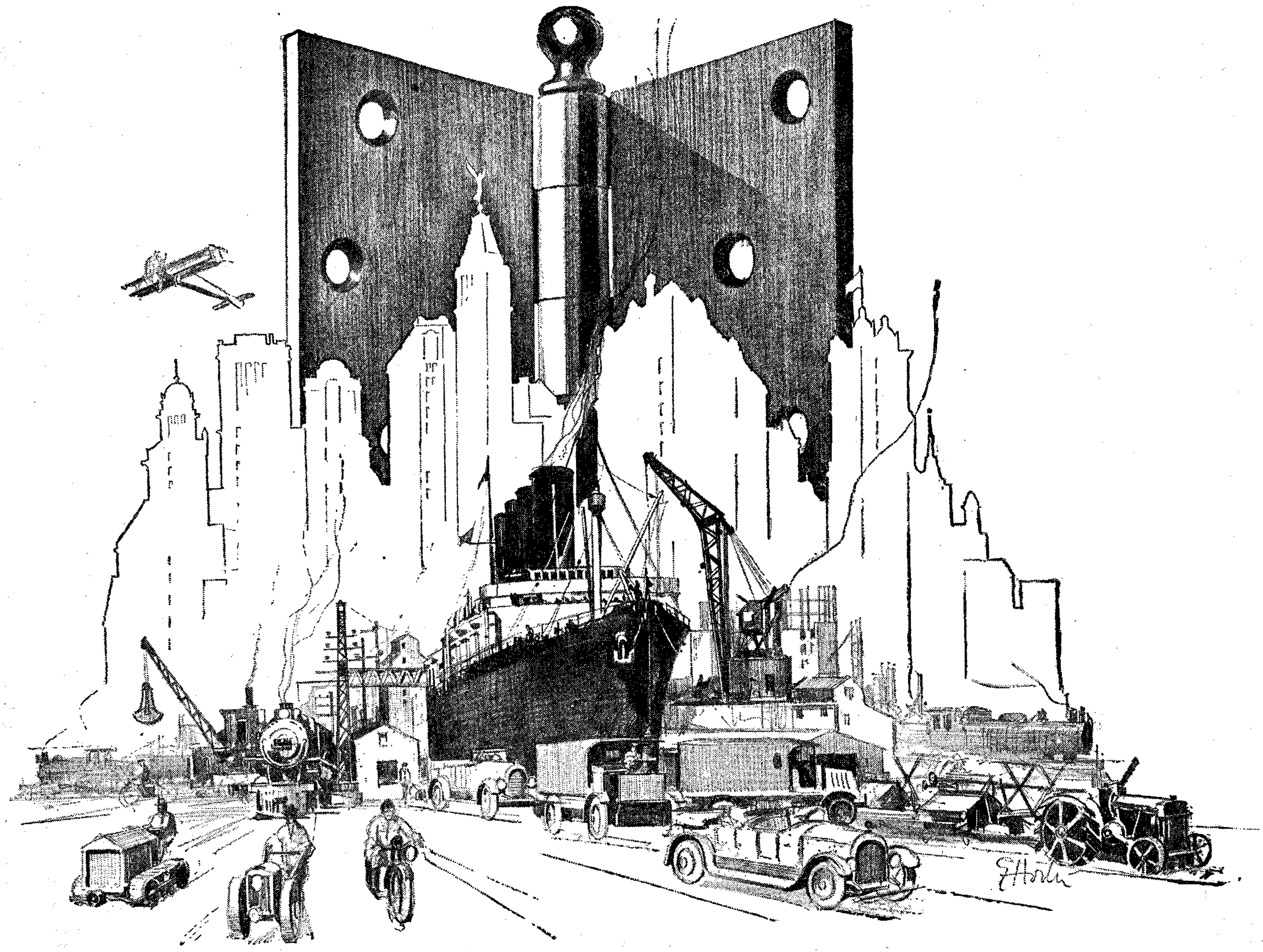
"'Once it chanced that I stood in the very abutment of a rainbow's arch which filled the lower stratum of the atmosphere, tinging the grass and leaves around, and dazzling me as if I looked through colored crystal. It was a lake of rainbow light, in which, for a short while, I lived like a dolphin. If it had lasted longer it might have tinged my employments and life.'

"Mr. Burroughs asserted that the experience described was impossible, that one can not stand within the rainbow. Forthwith many people related how they had driven automobiles through the arch and had taken all sorts of liberties with it. Mr. Burroughs remarks that nearly all the incidents described by his correspondents occurred at some rather distant time and many significant details were entirely omitted. He is undoubtedly correct in his contention that Thoreau could not do what he says he did. No one can possibly touch the rainbow which he himself sees. If one stands with his back toward the sun the bow will be seen directly before him. If a straight line be drawn from the sun to pass through the observer's head and then be continued, it will pass through the center of the circle of which the bow is a part. Further, if another straight line be drawn from the observer's eye to a point on the primary (or inner) bow, it will make an angle with the other line of about 41 degrees; while a line from the observer to the secondary (or outer) bow will make an angle of about 52 degrees. In other words, the angular radii of the two bows are 41 degrees and 52 degrees, respectively. If the rain-drops which produce the bow are beyond a tree, the bow may be hidden by the tree; if they are in front of the tree, the bow will be seen before it. If the observer moves, the bow must move also.

"But Mr. Burroughs himself makes a mistake when he attempts to give a physical explanation of the production of the bow. He says:

"'So simple and easy seems the rainbow, like touching a button and seeing this marvelous apparition spring out! Yet it puts the natural philosophers on their mettle to explain it and analyze its laws. Its physics and its mathematics make the layman's head swim. Rain-drops have an outside and an inside, a convex and a concave surface, and both play their parts in the production of the bow. In the primary bow the rays fall on the outside of the drops, and there are two reflections and one refraction. In the secondary bow, the rays fall on the inside of the drops and suffer two reflections and two refractions, which bring the colors in reverse order to those of the first. Then there is polarization and there is interference and there are other optical puzzles connected with the bow.'

"While there are some difficulties met with in giving a complete explanation of the rainbow, the positions of the two bows ordinarily seen can be accounted for in a quite elementary manner. A moment's thought will show that while there is an outer convex and an inner concave surface to the drop, the sun's rays must always fall upon the former before they can get within the drop and be able to fall upon the inner concave surface. In the production of the primary bow the rays are refracted into the drop, then reflected on the inner con-



HINGES *serve* Business

WALK through one of our modern office buildings. Read the names on the doors. From one office go forth the orders that control a railroad. Across or down the hall heavily laden ships are routed to and from foreign ports. In other offices various and sundry products of a busy nation are guided from the hands of the makers through the channels of trade. Sometimes five, ten or twenty huge and widely different industries are represented on a single floor—without conflict—behind closed doors.

These doors are made possible by hinges.

Hinges have been serving man and his work for more than thirty centuries. Hinge usefulness has been universal throughout the ages.

Fifty years ago a new hinge was introduced. It represented the effort of the McKinney Manufacturing Company to make a good and substantial product. Today millions of doors silently proclaim the success of that effort. Today McKinney Hinges set a standard by which all hinges may be judged.

In your community there is a hardware dealer who proudly sells McKinney Hinges and Butts. When in need of hinges for building or repairs locate his store. You will find him a good man to deal with and McKinney Service a reward worth seeking.

You can get McKinney Hinges and Butts to match any architectural design. Whether for office building, home interior or cupboard door they combine true craftsmanship with practical everyday usefulness.

Remember the name McKinney when you go to buy.

Also manufacturers of McKinney garage and farm building door-hardware, furniture hardware and McKinney One-Man Trucks. These McKinney One-Man Trucks eliminate the need of extra helpers and cut trucking costs in half.

McKINNEY
Hinges and Butts

McKINNEY MANUFACTURING CO., Pittsburgh. Western Office, State-Lake Bldg., Chicago. Export Representation

The Best Way to Select a Phonograph

There are *many* good phonographs from which to choose. **To** find the one you like the best compare the *leaders* in the following six fundamentals:

1 TONE
2 VERSATILITY
3 GUARANTEE
4 MOTOR
5 SIMPLICITY
6 ADVICE

for instance demand
VERSATILITY

This is Advertisement
No. 2 of a Series

MANY "sweet voiced" instruments can only play one make of record and tone is worthless without *repertoire.* Your musical enjoyment is limited to a narrow list of artists and selections.

Make sure the phonograph you choose can play all records and play them *well.* You will find that the CRESCENT not only plays all records but plays them *at their best* and without any intricate attachment. Any CRESCENT dealer will be glad to demonstrate this wider range of repertoire in direct comparison with other instruments.

Crescent
PHONOGRAPH

WRITE FOR:

The Best Way to Select a Phonograph
Carrie H. Beardsley

This interesting booklet describes how to choose the ONE phonograph that *you* will like best from among the many that you might choose. Write for a complimentary copy. Address: Crescent Talking Machine Co., Inc., 7 White Street, New York City.

Crescent Talking Machine Co. Inc. New York
ESTABLISHED 1913

SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

cave surface and then refracted out of the drop, that is, there are two refractions and one reflection. In the production of the secondary, the rays are refracted in, then reflected twice from the inner surface, and then refracted out, that is, there are two refractions and two reflections.

"Over a level plain not more than one-half of the rainbow circle can be seen, and that would be at sunrise or sunset; but if the eye is on an elevation it is possible to see a much larger portion. Standing on the bow of a steamer, with the sun nearly overhead, one can often see almost a complete circle produced by the spray thrown up by the stem of the vessel. The most perfect bow seen by the present writer was at Niagara Falls, when moving along in front of the Falls to the 'Cave of the Winds,' at about 11 A.M. on a bright day in June. The spray was all about one and the bow was a brilliant complete circle, which moved along over the rocks below as one went forward on the wooden walk.

"Mr. Burroughs also states that the rainbow can not be seen between 9 A.M. and 3 P.M. This is only a very rough approximation to the truth for places in middle latitudes and during the summer. The hour at which a rainbow can be seen over a level plain depends upon the latitude of the place and the season of the year. A simple way to state the necessary conditions is: if the sun is more than 41 degrees above the horizon the primary bow can not be seen; if more than 52 degrees, the secondary can not. Consider a person at Toronto, which is in north latitude 43 degrees 40 minutes. At the winter solstice (December 21) the elevation of the sun at noon is about 23 degrees and a bow could therefore be seen at that time at any hour during daylight. Indeed, from October 6 until March 7 the primary bow can be seen at any hour of daylight, while the secondary bow can be seen at all seasons. At a place within 18 degrees of the pole the primary bow can be seen whenever the sun is above the horizon, while near the equator Mr. Burroughs's statement that the primary bow can not be seen within three hours of noon is very nearly correct.'

HOW THE EARTH LOSES WATER—An article entitled "Are the Oceans Shrinking?" quoted in THE LITERARY DIGEST on September 11, gives the impression that the water of the seas of the earth is merely displaced, assuming different chemical or physical relations, but remaining on our globe. In a letter to THE DIGEST, Bertel O. Henning, of Chicago, asserts that we are actually losing water from this planet by dissociation. He writes:

"The billions of polyps contained in the sea, by anerobic respiration, that is respiration without air, are taking up the oxygen of the water together with the carbonate of calcium contained in sea-water and forming that which is familiar to us—coral. In forming this coral or limestone, water is dissociated, the hydrogen escaping from the earth's atmosphere. The protoplasm of coral-making has continued for ages down to the present day. Their existence is limited only by temperature and the supply of elements involved in their reaction. At the present age we are familiar with them in southern seas. In ages past they left evidence of their formations on our continents, those parts which were formerly covered by seas. One authority states that we are losing three inches of water from the globe per annum. This would account for Professor Daly's estimate of a twenty-foot drop, in a period of eighty years. Whether this estimate is too high is left for corroborative calculation. At any rate, it seems that the chemical reactions as stated are in some measure responsible for the lowering of sea-levels. This fact also emphasizes another condition, viz., the earth is gaining carbon and losing hydrogen. It opens up an interesting discussion of the evolution of the earth."

EXPLOSIVES AND PERFUMES ARE COUSINS

THE big noise and the big smell are nearly related. Toluol, which when nitrated becomes "TNT," is also the basis of artificial musk. Carbolic acid is the starting-point for both melinite and artificial rose-oil. All these things, and the anilin dyestuffs as well, are coal-tar products. Burton T. Bush, president of the Antoine Chiris Company, contributes to *The Nation's Business* (Washington) an article entitled, "Powder—from Face to Gun," in which he shows how short is the step from synthetic perfumes to most of our basic industries. American chemists, he says, are bridging the gap easily, to the dismay of the Germans, who have made false claims to monopoly. It is about time, thinks Mr. Bush, that Congressional committees learned that the same chemicals that make "luxuries" are also necessary in preparing "necessities," and that the line drawn between these two groups of imports is somewhat artificial. Mr. Bush begins with a story of a French nurse who powdered her nose before letting him into the hospital ward, saying, "I like to look my best before my boys." He goes on:

"'You have given me another example of the close connection between face-powder and gunpowder,' I replied. She seemed to expect some threadbare joke about 'deadly weapons' or 'facing the powder,' and I added: 'Didn't you know that the scent in your powder is very closely related chemically to the high explosives that have caused the boys to be sent here?'

"On my way out she asked me, and I told her, how the artificial musk in the face-powder is prepared from toluene, the same coal-tar chemical from which trinitrotoluol, TNT, is manufactured.

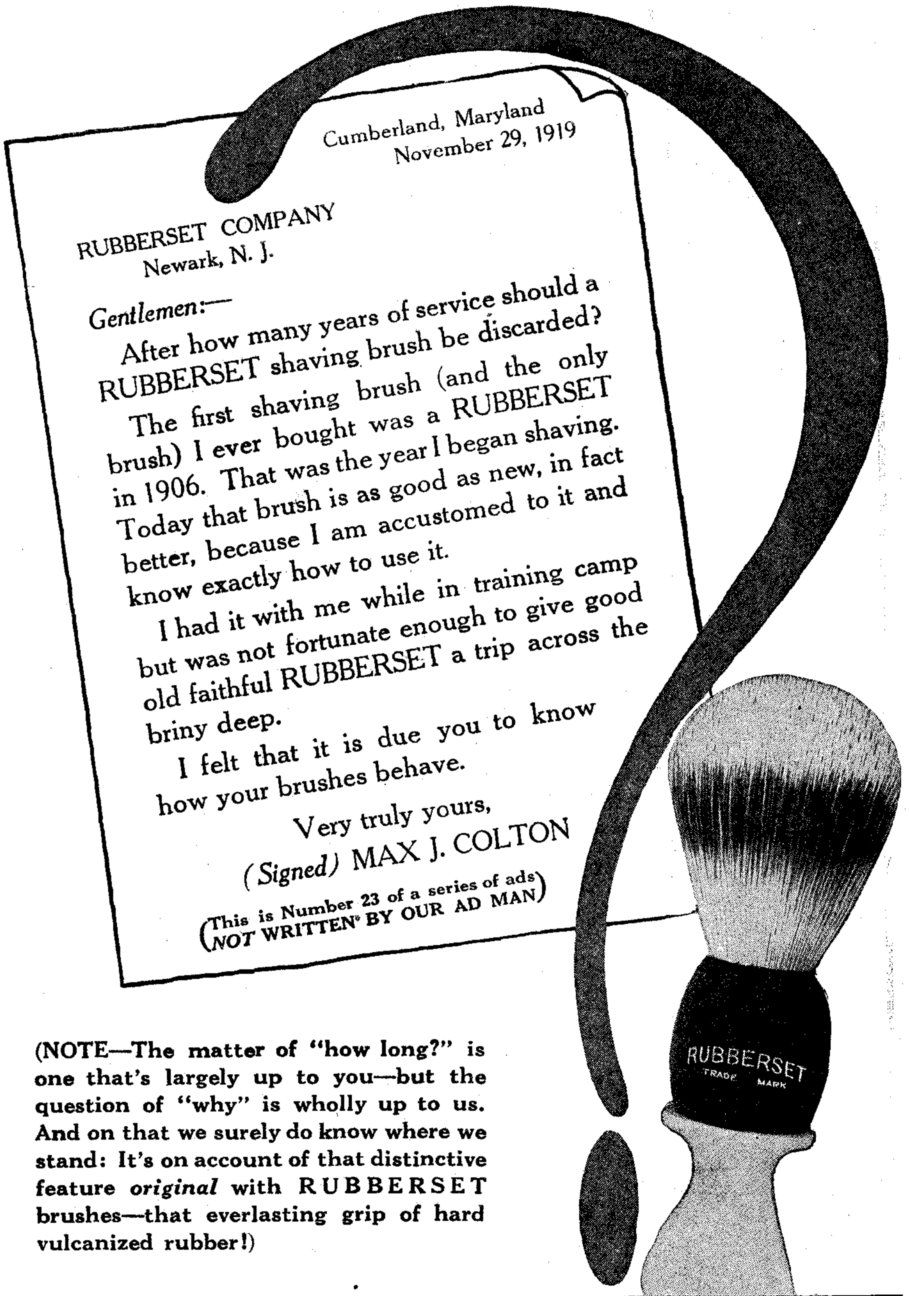
"'That would be a wonderful story to tell my boys when they speak of my perfume. You know,' she added quickly, they are all crazy about nice smells.'

"After a pause she asked, 'Is there any gunpowder stuff in rose perfume?'

"'Well, there can be,' I answered; 'one of the chemicals that form a very important part of the perfume of the rose is a chemical called phenyl ethyl alcohol, and this product is made synthetically from a coal-tar chemical called phenol, a chemical from which picric acid is made. Picric acid is the base for the manufacture of the high explosive called melinite, which played such an important part during the first stages of the war.'

Answer! Answer!
who has the answer?

As Mr. Colton has spent only thirteen years seeking it, his lack of knowledge is, of course, duly excusable. Frankly, we're in the same fix, but we thought some of you older chaps might help us enlighten him.



Cumberland, Maryland
November 29, 1919

RUBBERSET COMPANY
Newark, N. J.

Gentlemen:—

After how many years of service should a RUBBERSET shaving brush be discarded?

The first shaving brush (and the only brush) I ever bought was a RUBBERSET in 1906. That was the year I began shaving. Today that brush is as good as new, in fact better, because I am accustomed to it and know exactly how to use it.

I had it with me while in training camp but was not fortunate enough to give good old faithful RUBBERSET a trip across the briny deep.

I felt that it is due you to know how your brushes behave.

Very truly yours,
(*Signed*) MAX J. COLTON

(This is Number 23 of a series of ads)
(NOT WRITTEN BY OUR AD MAN)

(NOTE—The matter of "how long?" is one that's largely up to you—but the question of "why" is wholly up to us. And on that we surely do know where we stand: It's on account of that distinctive feature *original* with RUBBERSET brushes—that everlasting grip of hard vulcanized rubber!)

RUBBERSET
LATHER HAIR TOOTH — TRADE MARK — **BRUSHES** — PAINT VARNISH STUCCO
every bristle gripped EVERLASTINGLY in hard rubber!

RUBBERSET COMPANY (R. & C. P. CO. PROPS.) NEWARK, N. J., U. S. A.
RUBBERSET COMPANY LTD. FACTORIES: TORONTO AND GRAVENHURST CANADA.

AUTHORIZED Buick SERVICE
Emblem of Satisfaction

BUICK

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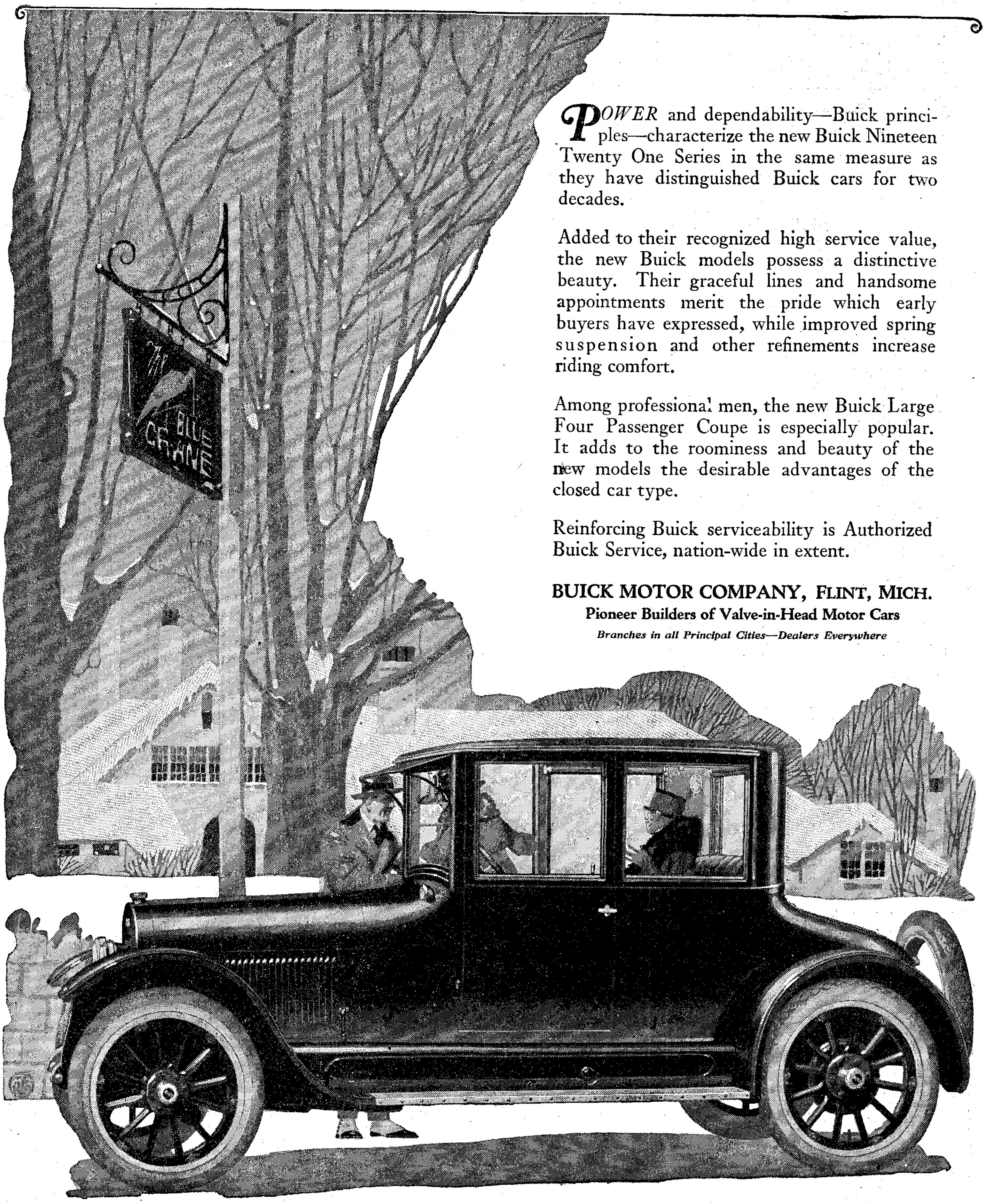


POWER and dependability—Buick principles—characterize the new Buick Nineteen Twenty One Series in the same measure as they have distinguished Buick cars for two decades.

Added to their recognized high service value, the new Buick models possess a distinctive beauty. Their graceful lines and handsome appointments merit the pride which early buyers have expressed, while improved spring suspension and other refinements increase riding comfort.

Among professional men, the new Buick Large Four Passenger Coupe is especially popular. It adds to the roominess and beauty of the new models the desirable advantages of the closed car type.

Reinforcing Buick serviceability is Authorized Buick Service, nation-wide in extent.

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICH.
Pioneer Builders of Valve-in-Head Motor Cars
Branches in all Principal Cities—Dealers Everywhere

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

"'But a rose does not smell like phenol,' she said.

"'Quite right, but do you know that if you took the pure synthetically made phenyl ethyl alcohol and compared it with the phenyl ethyl alcohol fractionated from the pure oil of rose, the two chemical bodies would be identical and have the same odor; just the same as the little white crystal that one finds on the vanilla bean. This crystal is called vanillin and it is the active principle of the fine flavor that one gets from the vanilla bean, and yet man by employing chemistry has been able to produce this vanillin synthetically from chemicals, and this synthetic vanillin has the same analysis and is just as pure and just as wholesome as the vanillin from the vanilla beans that grow so prolifically in the Bourbon Islands and Mexico.'

"'How fortunate,' she said, 'that my favorite odor is jasmin, the delicate white flower which grows in the south of my country.'

"I answered, 'I agree with you. That is my favorite perfume, but still we can not escape the truth that the boys and men who have left your flower-fields in the south of France during the jasmin harvesting time made it necessary that science make up part of the loss of the true jasmin and substitute for it a chemical called benzyl acetate, another derivative from toluol. The perfumer, however, improves this by touching it slightly with another chemical called indol, which while found in the natural jasmin is produced synthetically by the use of cholorin, that deadly gas which has caused so much suffering in the war.'

"This story emphasizes a point I want to make. That young girl, who for nearly two years had been working like a slave in front-line hospitals, knew a great deal about coal-tar dyes and their connection with both explosives and poison-gases. But, like her, I find that many shrewd, well-informed American business men do not appreciate that there are other branches of the coal-tar chemical industry that are important to them and to the whole nation. From coal-tar, if we have the coal-tar chemical industry, we can get not only dyes of every shade for every manufactured article, but also scores of chemicals that are essential to industry. For while it is true that the dye industry is in peace time commercially the most important branch of the coal-tar chemical industry, yet it is by no means the only branch essential to business, and the great industries that supply tanned leather, rubber, perfumes, cosmetics, moving pictures, and medicines are all absolutely dependent upon coal-tar products which are not dyes.

"Few housewives would care to keep house without moth-balls, carbolic acid, cresol, benzin, roach-powder, salol, phenacetin, or aspirin, but few realized how essential these products are and not one in a hundred knew they were all coal-tar products. Like their wives, our manufacturers were using coal-tar products without any fair appreciation of how essential they are, sometimes without remembering they were coal-tar products at all. It took the war to awaken us all to a full realization of the necessity of coal-tar chemicals.

"The synthetic aromatic chemicals industry utilizes practically all the primary coal-tar products. Until the war it occupied one of the front seats in the German chemical arena, and it was considered absolutely necessary for the maintenance of the German chemical industry as a whole. Every day of our lives we use perfumes and flavors in one form or another, and we give the industry so little thought. Soap is a necessity, and yet we would not think of using a cake of soap that has not been perfumed or deodorized by some perfume. To-day even laundry soaps contain some ingredients that give them a perfume.

"Perfume and perfume products have had a place in the world's system of things since man first worshiped, and their use has become so great that if it were not for the science we would have ceased long ago to enjoy the hygienic and sanitary effects of them, for the trees do not exude enough of the natural gums, and the expense of cultivating the perfume flowers and plants is too great.

"If the coal-tar chemical industry is so essential, the question is often asked, Why is it, then, did we never discover it so until the war shut off German supplies? Why had we never developed a coal-tar industry of our own? Can these products be made of American coal. Are not these all secrets of the German chemists which our American chemists don't know and can not find out?

"In 1913 we exported to Germany thousands of tons of crude coal-tar which Germans made up into finished products, a share of which (some $15,000,000 worth) we bought back at a handsome manufacturing profit to the Germans. Obviously there is nothing the matter with American coal as a source of tar, and we had a coal-tar industry that was supplying us with road-building, paving, and roofing materials, disinfectants, water and damp-proofing compounds, benzin, and other rough coal-tar products. There was a big demand for them, and our coal-tar manufacturers were well contented to turn out these crudes and intermediates by the ton and let the German sell his dyes and medicines and synthetic perfumes by the pound. Ford, with his finished car every minute of the day, is closer to our American ideal than Cellini working two years on a silver salt-cellar, and our impatience and craze for big production helped the German chemical trust pay its enormous dividends.

"These tempting dividends induced several American companies to go into the more refined branches of coal-tar industry; but the Germans quickly and quietly cut down this competition."

If ever there was a clever piece of German propaganda, successfully put over, it was the belief, says Mr. Bush, that Germans had a God-given monopoly on all chemistry, scientific and technical. As a matter of fact, they did not even originate the coal-tar products. "Coal-tar itself was discovered in 1739 by Dr. Clayton, dean of Kildare, and the first successful process for its distillation was patented by the Earl of Dundonald. Naphthalene was discovered by Garden; benzol, the parent substance of most coal-tar dyes, by Faraday; toluene, by Mansfield; anthracene, by Deumas, and picric acid by Woulfe, who, curiously enough, was a Londoner. The first coal-tar dye was mauveine, discovered in 1856 by Sir William H. Perkin. The second was fuchsin, discovered by Verquin. The first anilin dye was anilin black, discovered by Lightfoot, and Croissand and Brit-

OAK FLOORS
(For Everlasting Economy)

Beauty
Dignity
Strength

YOU never grow tired of an Oak Floor. Like silk and gold it has always had a potent charm of its own.

An Oak Floor takes a room out of the ordinary as no amount of costly furnishings can ever do.

There is no wear-out in an Oak Floor. It is good for a century.

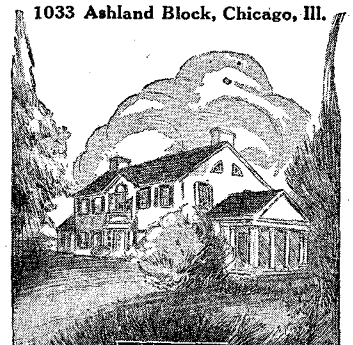
Easily cleaned and polished, it is, of course, more sanitary than the old-fashioned tacked carpet.

While its cost, foot for foot, is less than that of good carpet.

Always the natural first choice where expense is no object, Oak Flooring is used more and more in dwellings of modest cost. And in office, factory, apartment, and other large buildings, where its hardness and cleanliness make it an obvious economy.

Write for our interesting book on Oak Flooring. It shows how homes can be vastly improved by laying Oak Floors over old floors at small cost.

OAK FLOORING MFRS. ASSN.
1033 Ashland Block, Chicago, Ill.



OAK
F M A
U S A

"There it is— Now plug it"

"Swing your rifle to the shoulder, aim quickly, and squeeze the trigger. Pretty close that time—try it again." A quick movement of the lever and another shot is chambered, ready to shoot. "Pull the trigger again—that's the time we got it. The old bottle is smashed to bits."

One boy with a Daisy Air Rifle can have a world of clean, manly sport, but when three boys with their Daisys get together, each one can have three times as much fun.

There comes a time in every boy's life when he wants a gun more than he wants anything else. And he's right, too, for his rifle will teach him lessons in clean, manly sportsmanship and self-reliance that he can learn in no other way. Get your boy a Daisy and teach him how to use it.

For over 30 years the Daisy Air Rifle has been the American boy's favorite gun. Millions of boys, now grown, have learned with it their first lessons in marksmanship.

The latest Daisy models look just like real, high-powered hunting rifles and they shoot just as straight within their range. Economical, too, more than 500 shots—a whole week's sport—for ten cents.

The Military Daisy, 50-shot repeater, looks surprisingly like the guns our boys carried "over there," with a strap and removable rubber-tipped bayonet **$5.00**

The Daisy Pump Gun, 50-shot repeater, same pump action as found in the highest type of modern hunting rifles **$5.00**

Other models, **$1.00 to $4.00.** Your dealer will show you the Daisy line, or any model sent direct from factory on receipt of price.

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Plymouth, Michigan, U. S. A.

PACIFIC COAST BRANCH:
Phil. B. Bekeart Co., Managers, 717 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.
SOUTHERN REPRESENTATIVES:
Louis Williams & Co., Nashville, Tenn.

DAISY
AIR RIFLES

REGISTERED TOY MFRS. U.S.A. TRADE MARK REGISTERED AMERICAN TOYS

SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

toniere, working together, discovered the first sulfur dye. Mr. Bush comments satirically:

> "The startling preponderance of Germans among the true pioneers in coal-tar chemistry is indeed a splendid tribute to German propaganda!
>
> "Fifty or more years ago, when these discoveries were being made, there were no American chemists; but since then they have given us celluloid, carborundum, bakelite, saccharin, antipyrin, and the commercial process for obtaining aluminum; both the soda and the sulfite processes for making wood-pulp paper; the manufacture of artificial ice; and hardening of vegetable-oils to make cooking compounds.
>
> "Since the war, in the face of shortage of supplies of all sorts, our American chemists have reproduced nearly 200 coal-tar dyes never before made here, and, what is more important and more difficult, have perfected processes for their commercial manufacture. They have done the same for some 40 coal-tar medicines, some 52 coal-tar perfumes and flavors, and have perfected the most deadly efficient coal-tar poison-gas. We can trust the American chemist to give us all the coal-tar chemicals we need, and already he has worked out new and improved commercial processes and new uses for by-products."

TO PUT THE SAILING SHIP ON SCHEDULE

THE winds of heaven are not yet under man's control, so that the only way to operate a sailing vessel on schedule is to give her some auxiliary means of propulsion. The author of an article entitled "Putting the Sailer on Schedule," printed in *The Marine Review* (Cleveland), says that considerations of economy have lately directed the attention of efficiency engineers to the auxiliary sailing craft so that many such vessels are now appearing on the seas, reminding old seamen of the days when steam navigation was in its infancy. In those days sails were fitted to assist the engines. To-day the engine assists the sails. Old canvas flappers came into their own during the war as a result of the ship shortage. They have remained profitable on account of demand for cargo space. But the drawback to a sailing vessel is that it can not guarantee the time of delivery of its cargo. We read:

> "American sailers are concentrated in the coastwise trade. These vessels are rarely becalmed. But ships which are sent into long runs across the ocean are compelled to take greater chances. It has been estimated that a sailer on a three months' trip will be becalmed approximately 10 per cent. of the time. A doldrum is expensive, and it is for the purpose of enabling such ships to escape from a period of enforced inactivity that auxiliary mechanical propulsion is employed. A great many such installations have been made during the past year, and now a number of new American sailers are being built with auxiliary power drafted into their original design.

"Among the conversions made during the past year were three ships upon which work was done in Brooklyn, N. Y. . . . . . .

"The *San Giuseppe* carried away with her from the port of New York an auxiliary power plant consisting of a Diesel engine capable of driving her eight and one-half knots and a fuel capacity for fifteen days' continuous operation. . . . . . .

"The *San Giuseppe*, being an old sailer, naturally has but a single bottom, so it was necessary to install tanks for the oil. . . . The engine was placed well aft and operates upon a short shaft. It was necessary to cut out forward of the old stern frame to make a well for the propeller. She has but one screw, the wheel being solid bronze, three bladed. . . . . . .

"In making an installation such as this the after hatch is utilized. The engine and equipment are lowered through this hatch, and the trunk in that hatch is cased up. Usually a bulkhead is already in the vessel, but, if not, a wood bulkhead can be built in. By this method but little of the cargo space of the vessel is taken up. Under any conditions a sailer must always carry more or less ballast, and frequently the engine serves as a ballast. Installations such as these can normally be made within a month, but if all conditions are favorable it may not require over fifteen days. By giving the architects the measurements of the vessel when in port, the engine may be designed, ordered, built, and delivered to the repair yard by the time she returns from the trip. That arrangement naturally expedites the work. . . .

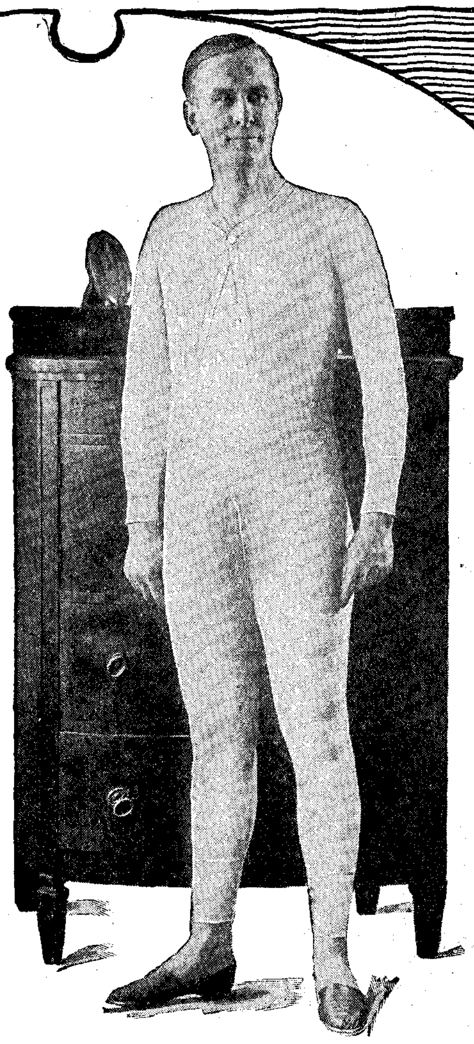
"Some of the advantages mentioned for the auxiliary schooner are (1) the ship saves towboat fees by being able to enter port under her own power; (2) on a deep-sea voyage she will be able to make her own way out of doldrums; and (3) when meeting head winds the engines will give steerageway. In other words, the auxiliary engine takes the uncertainty out of sailing, and enables a schooner to maintain a schedule. And, inasmuch as she has an engine aboard, the vessel can be equipped with electric lights, which is no small advantage.

"The crew of the sailer is not materially increased by reason of the engine. A sailer usually carries an engineer to work her donkey-engines. This man is replaced with an engineer who understands the handling of Diesel engines, and an assistant is drafted from the sailors in the crew. It is not infrequently the case that the engineer is put on in place of one other man in the crew. Such an arrangement is possible, inasmuch as it is not the practise of auxiliary schooners to use both sails and engines at the same time.

"Some sailing vessels have carried this development to its greatest extent and been converted from sailers to motor-ships.

"A case of this nature was the American motor-ship *Katherine*, which was formerly the four-mast British barkentine, *County of Linlithgow*. . . . It was decided that the motor equipment aboard was entirely adequate for purposes of navigation, so she was dismantled of her masts and turned out as a motor-ship. The *Katherine* has three semi-Diesel engines.

"On a thirty-seven-day trip from San Francisco to Manila all engines worked incessantly, save the port engine, which stopt for a period of ten minutes. The motor drives were as reliable on a sixty-three-day trip from Manila to London, stopping only once, that being during a four-days' layover at Port Said and the Suez Canal. . . . . . .



FOR THE TRAVELING MAN

FOR the traveling man, or the man who's away from home, there's nothing better than the

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UNION SUIT

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PATENTED JUNE 15 1914

The Hatch One Button Union Suit comes in the finest of combed cotton materials, and in fine silk trimmed worsted and mercerized garments of all weights. There are suits for men, boys and misses, and we have just added to the line the most recent member of the "One Button Family"—a sleeping suit for the kiddies—the simplest, most comfortable sleeping garment ever constructed.

This garment is featured at the best stores everywhere, but if you cannot get it easily and quickly, send your size with remittance to our mill at Albany, and you will be supplied direct, delivery free.

Men's Fall and Winter Suits $3, $3.50, $4, $4.50, $6, $7, $8
Boys' Fall and Winter Suits $2 to $2.50
Misses' Fall and Winter Suits $2.50 to $3
Children's Winter Weight Sleeping Suits, $1.50 to $2

Its one master button at the chest does more than insure a perfect fit all over—eliminating all that wrinkling and pulling that a row of nine or more buttons and buttonholes entails. It does away with the trouble and annoyance of making repairs.

With a whole row of buttons and buttonholes, there's usually something missing or something torn when the suit comes back from the laundry. And who is going to keep it in repair for you?

Here, even if the *one* securely fastened button should come loose, there is an extra buttonhole into which an ordinary collar button can be slipped, to do the work until you get back home again.

A catalog describing the complete line will be sent free on request

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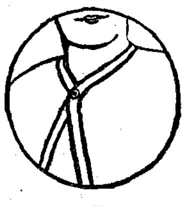
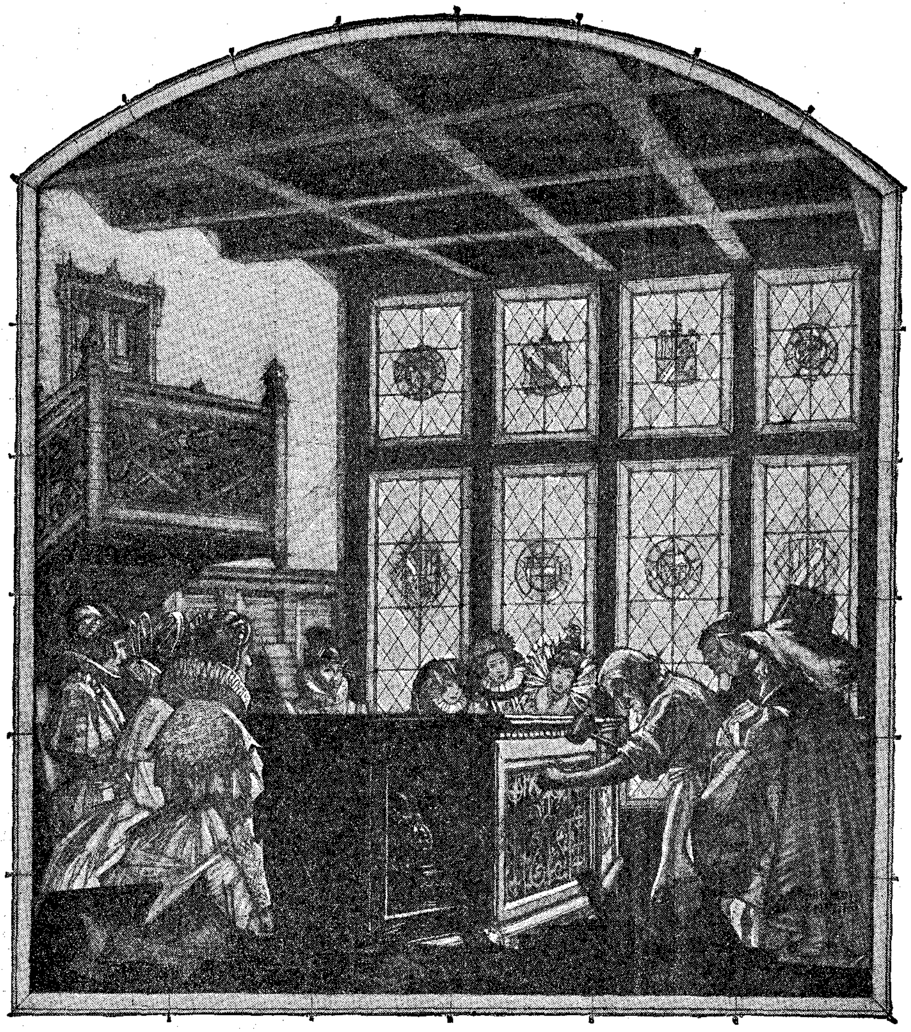
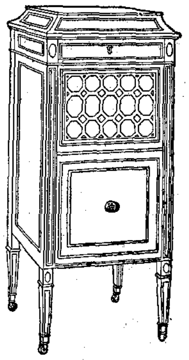
Albany *New York*



"Button One Troubles Done"



Furniture Making in the days of Queen Elizabeth



Sheraton

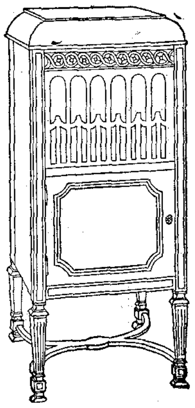
Out of the golden

THE search led back across the Atlantic, into the manor-houses of England, the chateaux of France, and the castles of Italy. Here they came to light—the aristocrats of furniture—the true originals of the period-furniture styles. And Mr. Edison's designers adapted seventeen of these masterpieces for the modern American home.

* * *

PERIOD FURNITURE is a heritage of the 16th, 17th, and 18th Centuries. The Georges reigned in England, and the Louis ruled in France.

Fine living was the ideal of the day. Men of artistic genius were lionized by fair ladies, and made wealthy through the lavish patronage of kings. The arts prospered like flowers under June's smiling sun. Architects conjured up monumental palaces. Landscape artists set them in fairy grounds. Painters illumined their walls with imperishable canvases. Unparalleled designers and craftsmen furnished their interiors.

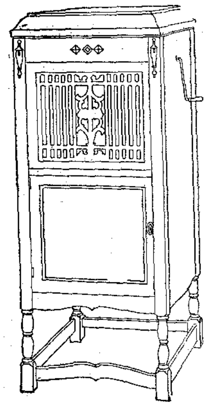


Louis XIV

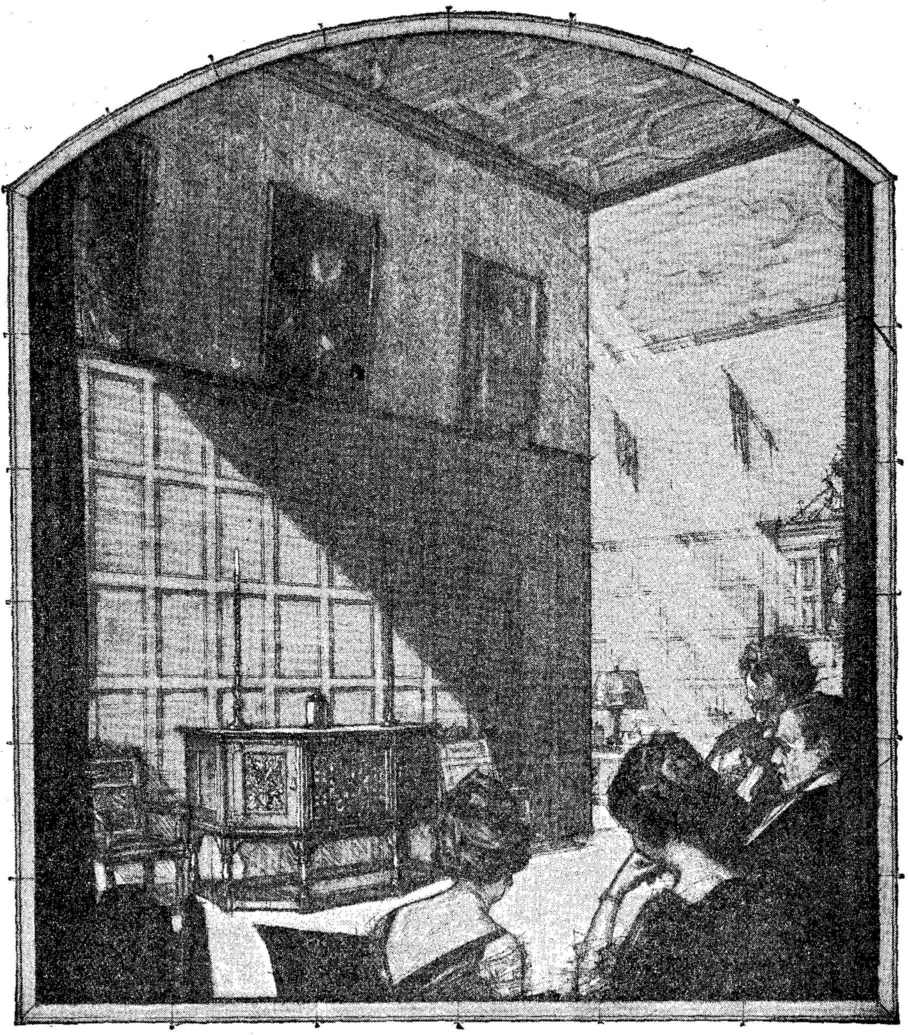
This era of luxury produced Chippendale, Sheraton, and other masters of the English, French and Italian schools. It brought the cabinetmaker's art to its most exquisite development. It was aptly named "THE GOLDEN AGE OF FURNITURE."

TWO CENTURIES later came a momentous development in music.

The NEW EDISON in 17 period cabinets



Jacobean

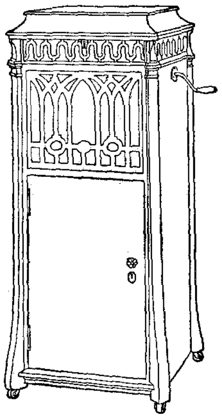


The Elizabethan Cabinet adapted by Mr. Edison

age of furniture

EDISON, the thinker, conceived the vision of an America, whose every home would be blessed with great music,—through a phonograph of Supreme Realism. Edison, the inventor, gave three millions of his money and seven years of his time to an exhaustive research—out of which the New Edison was finally evolved.

Then commenced those startling tests by which he proved, through direct comparison, that the New Edison Re-Creates an artist's performance exactly as the artist himself gives it. More than 4,000 such tests were given, with over fifty vocalists and instrumentalists. More than four million people heard them. No one was able to tell the living performance from its Re-Creation by the New Edison.



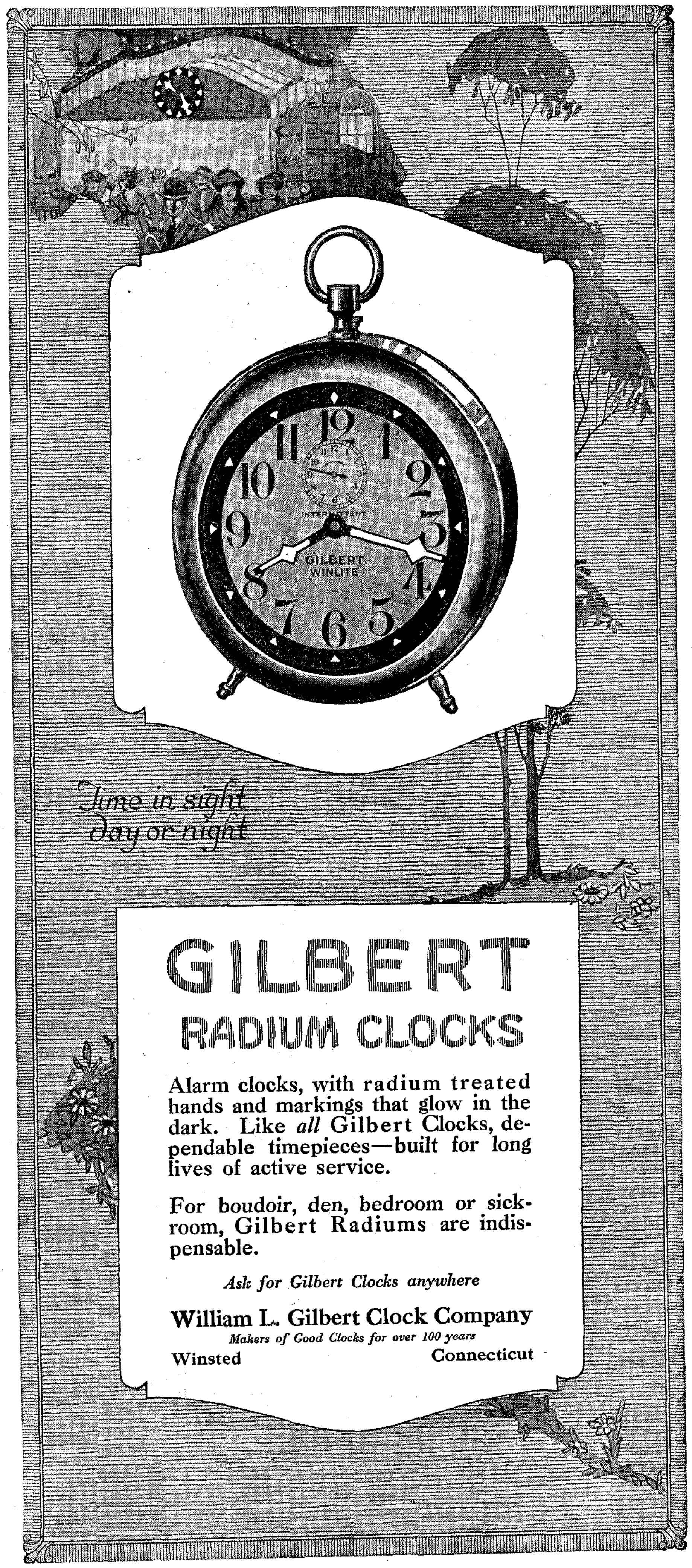
Chippendale

The family that has an ear for the finer things in music is the family that has an eye for the finer things in furniture. Mr. Edison decided that Edison Cabinets should be patterned after the most exquisite furniture known.

And so the search led back across the Atlantic, into the manor-houses of England, the chateaux of France, and the castles of Italy. Mr. Edison's designers made every Edison Cabinet a period cabinet out of the Golden Age of Furniture.

Thomas A. Edison, Inc., Orange, N. J.

the phonograph with a soul The NEW EDISON



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RADIUM CLOCKS

Alarm clocks, with radium treated hands and markings that glow in the dark. Like *all* Gilbert Clocks, dependable timepieces—built for long lives of active service.

For boudoir, den, bedroom or sick-room, Gilbert Radiums are indispensable.

Ask for Gilbert Clocks anywhere

William L. Gilbert Clock Company
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"The *Katherine*, operating under the American flag, is engaged in carrying cocoanut oil to the United States and Europe and general cargoes to Manila. She is 287 feet long."

MILK-WHITE ELECTRIC BULBS

THE sharp, cutting brilliancy of the incandescent filament has been the chief objection to the electric bulb as an illuminant. Naked filaments have ruined many eyes, and hygienists have insisted of late that every bulb except those at great distances must be shaded. The latest device for diffusing the sharp glare of the thin filament is the milk-white bulb, made of special white glass that assures permanence of coloring, evenness of distribution, and low brightness of the light-source as a whole. Within the past few years, says a contributor to *The Electrical Review* (Chicago), many illuminating engineers have been turning their attention toward the elimination of glare, but altho much has been done to minimize the evil in industrial installations, until recently little consideration has been accorded it in residential lighting. We read:

"The outstanding characteristic of this lamp is the diffusion of its light. The bulb is made of a special white glass, designed expressly for the purpose of minimizing glare. The large volume of light which the filament emits is diffused to the point where the bulb itself appears luminous. The brightness of the bulb is about thirteen candle-power per square inch over the brightest square inch of area, which is, of course, far below that of the filament.

"It has been pointed out by many illuminating engineers that glare (which, however defined, is ultimately light that hurts the eye) is to a considerable extent a matter of brightness contrast. The illustrations of automobile headlights, which are glaring at night, but which are scarcely noticeable during the day, may be recalled. Because of the softness of its light, the white Mazda lamp can be used satisfactorily in locations where other incandescent lamps unless frosted would be objectionably bright. Frosting the bulb has always proved an effective means of reducing the brightness of the incandescent lamp, but the practise has not been widely followed largely because the frosted bulb collects dust and dirt more quickly than a clear bulb and is more difficult to clean. The bulb is smooth and is as readily cleaned as a clear-glass bulb.

"An especial feature of the new lamp is its tipless construction. This is produced by an ingenious method of manufacture in which the lamp is exhausted through a tube attached to the stem at the base of the lamp. The absence of the tip results in an appreciable reduction in lamp breakage and presents a smooth surface.

"The effect produced by using white lamps in semi-indirect fixtures is particularly pleasing, for distinct shadows of the bowl edge of the bowl suspension, of the leads, and all striations on the ceiling are eliminated because of the larger area from which the light comes. For the same reason, the white bulbs are also particularly desirable for portable lamps, where their use eliminates grotesque wall shadows.

"Experience shows a satisfactory degree of ruggedness for the lighting of homes, offices, hotels, and public buildings. Increased usage of these lamps is found in the many pleasing effects obtained by their installation at motion-picture-theater and hotel entrances. The low brightness of these lamps has resulted in their being used in local lighting units for the inspection of machined interiors and similar places difficult to light with any general lighting system.

"The tendency to use the white Mazda lamp without reflecting equipment because of the softness of its light should be discouraged. For most locations the bulb is still too bright to be used alone, and in addition to reducing glare it is just as important, from the standpoint of effective distribution of the light generated, that a good reflector be used with this as with any other incandescent lamp."

UNCLE SAM'S ROAD EXPERIMENTS

THE Bureau of Public Roads of the United States Department of Agriculture is conducting a series of experiments which promises to be of great value to highway engineers. These experiments, says a writer in *Public Works* (New York), will continue for several months or years, but already sufficient has been learned to give an indication of the results. He continues:

"For instance, they indicate that increased speed of a vehicle equipped with hard-rubber tires tremendously increases the impact which its wheels make on the roadway if there is any unevenness of the surface; and, on the other hand, with penumatic tires increased speed adds little to the impact. Trucks varying from 1 ton to 7½ tons have been used in the tests. A special device recorded the impact of each wheel as it made a two-inch drop from a ledge built in the road surface. Recent tests were made with a three-ton truck carrying a 4½-ton load so placed that the total weight on each rear wheel was 7,000 pounds, of which 1,700 pounds was not supported by the springs while 5,300 pounds was so supported. This truck was equipped first with an old solid tire that had worn down to a thickness of 1 inch; then with a new solid tire 2½ inches thick; and finally with pneumatic tires 42 × 9 inches and inflated to a pressure of 142 pounds per square inch. The other conditions were the same in all the tests. With an increase in speed from 5.7 to 14.6 miles, impact from the old solid tire was increased about two and one-half times, that from the new tire about twice, and that from the pneumatic tire only about 17 per cent. Another series of tests was made on slabs of pavement by means of a machine designed to give impacts equivalent to those described above. A surprizing difference has been found in the strength of the different types of pavements tested. The total number of blows required to cause failure have varied from 67 to almost 2,000.

Another series of tests is being made to determine the relative wear of different kinds of pavements. The relative wearing qualities of hard and soft brick and of various kinds of stone blocks are brought out, comparisons made between grout and asphalt fillers for both brick and stone blocks, and the relative wearing qualities of concrete when mixed with various kinds of coarse aggregate."

G. & J. Tire Co. Plant
U. S. Rubber Co.,
Indianapolis

VISION
EXPERIENCE
QUICK ACTION

WHEN a manufacturer needs a new plant *in a hurry* there are several things for him to be doubly sure of.

First, that his engineers have vision—so that they will not lose sight of tomorrow's needs in planning for today's demands. Second, that they are engineers of large experience—for in experience lies safety. Third, that they possess an organization large enough to provide quick action without hasty methods.

Not long ago the United States Rubber Company needed a greatly increased production in the G. & J. Tire Plant at Indianapolis. It was a problem calling for quick action and the vision and experience to plan for *economical* production as well as *immediate* production.

Lockwood, Greene & Co., Engineers, were summoned to the task. The resulting plant, pictured above, will soon be complete and in operation to help meet the demand for United States Tires.

If you are a manufacturer with a building problem, the vision, experience and prompt action of Lockwood, Greene service are at your command.

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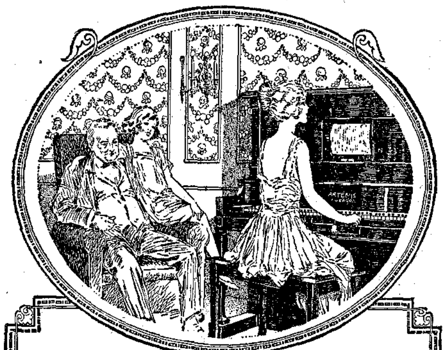

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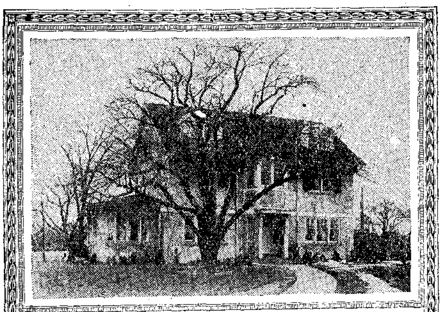

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INVESTMENTS ◆ AND ◆ FINANCE

STEEL PRICES LOWERED, BUT NOT LEVELED

When birds of a feather cease to flock together, there is often a tendency to form two flocks. So in the steel trade the passing of the old harmony and price-uniformity of the "Gary-dinner" days has led to a "dual standard" of prices, with the Steel Corporation sticking to the Industrial Board prices of March 21, 1919, and independent producers holding out for higher prices. When the Pittsburgh Crucible Steel Company began to offer steel bars at 2.35 cents, the Steel Corporation price, the lowest previous quotation among independents having been 3 cents, there was talk of a general break to the lower level. But the New York *Evening Post's* financial correspondent from Pittsburgh notes a reluctance to follow this example and goes on to show why, in his opinion, there is no present likelihood of the trade getting together on a uniform price level. The Steel Corporation's influence throughout the trade as "guide, philosopher, and friend" has long ceased to be potent. "Nearly a year ago independent producers had begun to make a market of their own, and by the first of this year the dissociation of the 'independent steel market' from the Steel Corporation's price-schedule was complete." There are not a few observers, we read, "who now maintain that if the independent steel market declines to the Steel Corporation level it will not stop there, but that independents will cut the Steel Corporation prices, in their efforts to build up a clientele." Some "even remark that the Steel Corporation price is the one price at which an independent will not sell, that either a higher price will be exacted or a lower price accepted." As we read further:

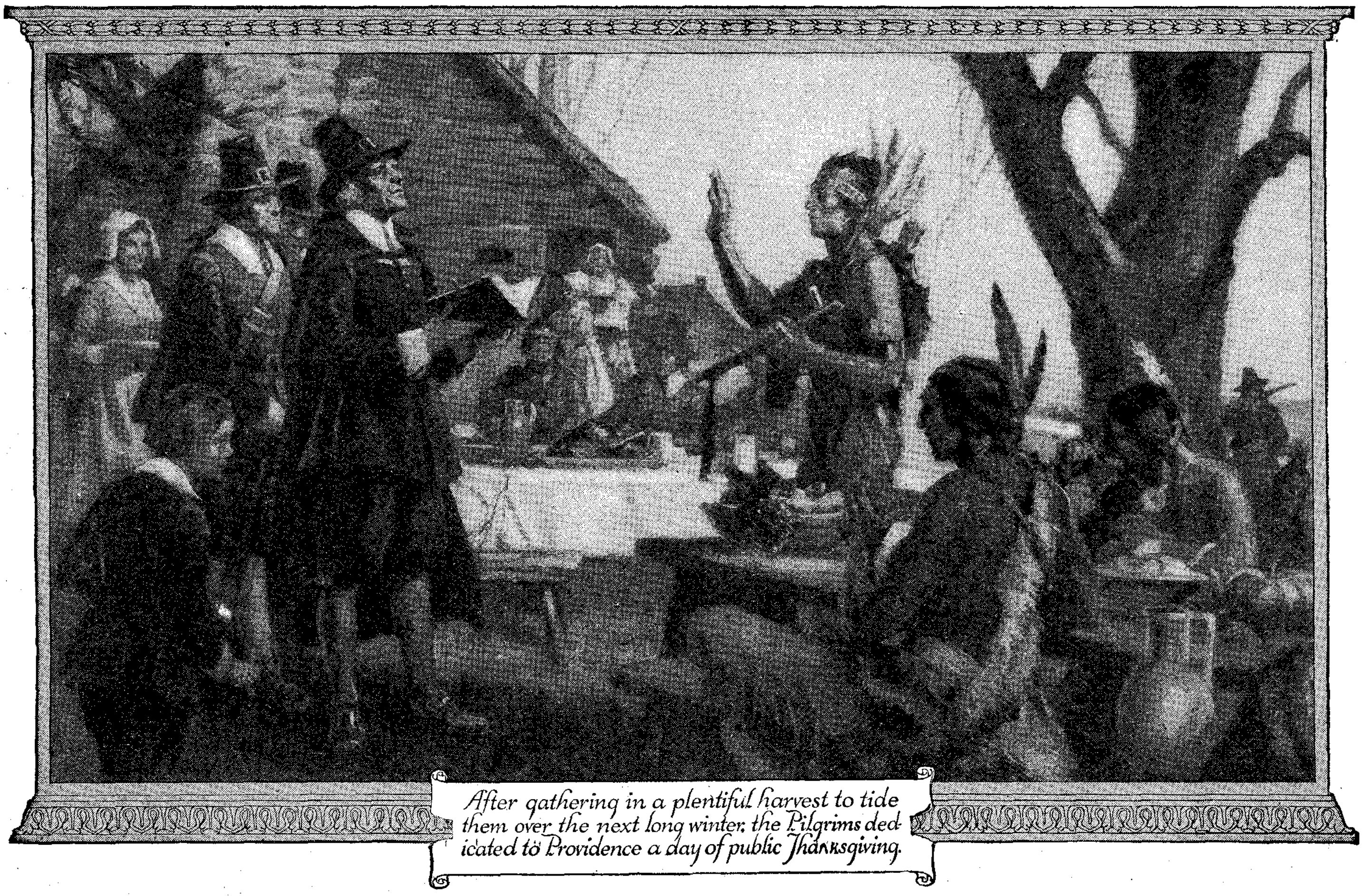
> There are not the elements for coherence among steel producers in the matter of prices that have existed at junctures like this in the past when demand for steel fell off. In the "Gary-dinner" period of 1908, for instance, the major part of the producers were sold approximately the same distance ahead, and those who had lean order-books had the opportunity to pick up orders, so as to equalize their operations with the producers better situated. Conditions at the present time are altogether different. Roughly speaking, the Steel Corporation is sold up for about nine months, some of the large independents are moderately well sold up for three or four months, a few of the large independents have little business ahead, and some of the small producers have scarcely any business on books.
>
> With the independent steel producers in such various positions a general leveling of the independent market on a basis higher than that of the Steel Corporation seems altogether improbable, yet a uniform market on the Steel Corporation basis seems improbable, also. If demand really stays slack for several months, as seems generally to be expected, there is the definite prospect that the independents will be operating at very considerably lower rates than the Steel Corporation. That, however, would be no new experience. The same thing occurred in the early months of 1919.

The earnings of independent steel producers, thinks this observer at the most important listening-post of the steel industry, will necessarily decline as prices fall, but the independents "have made so much money on account of their high prices that they should be able to pass through a period of depression of considerable length and remain in a very strong financial position." "As to the Steel Corporation, there is no prospect that its earnings will decline," because it has orders booked so far ahead.

Similar conclusions as to steel prices are reached by *The Iron Age*, which notes Judge Gary's remark that "the average of the general scale ought to be reduced equitably and relatively." This, it remarks, "was naturally interpreted as pointing to further reductions in the prices of independent producers and as not precluding some advances by the Steel Corporation." *The Iron Age* does not see how the Steel Corporation can advance prices except, perhaps, in rails, where it has comparatively little competition. In general, "if the demand in the first half of 1921 should be only enough to keep 75 per cent. of the steel works' capacity at work, it would not be safe to predict that even the present Steel Corporation price level would be maintained." The editor comes to this very guarded conclusion:

> Scarcity of steel dominated the market from November, 1919, to September, 1920. The price readjustment now under way will cover a period in which the supply is likely to be more than ample for the country's needs and those of foreign buyers. At the same time there are indications that the volume of business will require a large operation of iron and steel works, measured by prewar standards, and, therefore, that the leaders in the industry, backed by their large average earnings of the past four years, will be well able, as Judge Gary urged, to "stand solid against panic or lack of confidence in the industrial situation." The question of the precise level on which the present dual standard of prices will be adjusted may not be settled at once, but the steadying influences existing in the steel trade itself must be regarded as factors of high importance.

In the same editorial, note is made of opinions exchanged at the recent meeting of the American Iron and Steel Institute in New York—the meeting at which Judge Gary made his widely quoted prognostications of fair skies in the business world. At this gathering of more than 1,500 steel men—



After gathering in a plentiful harvest to tide them over the next long winter, the Pilgrims dedicated to Providence a day of public Thanksgiving.

New England—The Nation's Heritage

RICH as is her historical background, the story of New England's industrial achievements is of far greater import. The birthplace of most modern commercial enterprises, after three hundred years of competition, she still merits her title, "the workshop of the nation." Maine, for instance, ranks high among the states in the production of fine writing papers; Connecticut, highest in the manufacture of clocks, firearms, silverware, fine tools. Massachusetts produces shoes for more than half the people in the country; Vermont yields 70% of all the monumental and decorative marble. Rhode Island is fifth in the manufacture of cotton goods, while New Hampshire is famed for its granite quarries and textiles.

Today, no one section combines, as does New England, the natural resources of water power and raw materials with the advantages of a skilled labor market, transportation and terminal facilities, proximity to seaboard ports. These are factors making for a greater New England—for future prosperity.

Merchants and manufacturers, wishing to capitalize these New England advantages will find in the Old Colony Trust Company a banking institution equipped to render every financial service. We shall be glad to mail you our booklet *"Your Financial Requirements and How We Can Meet Them"*, outlining our many facilities. Address Department B.

Plan to join in the Tercentenary Celebrations of the First Pilgrim Landing, to be held in New England during the coming year.

OLD COLONY TRUST COMPANY
BOSTON

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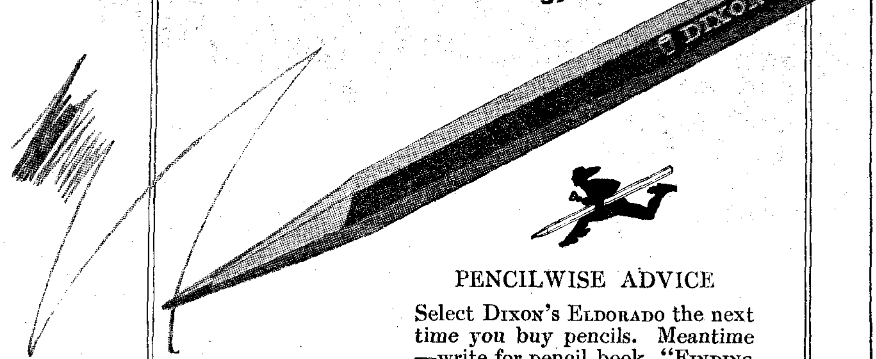
It means work better done, in quicker time, with less effort, and at slight additional cost.

DIXON'S ELDORADO
"the master drawing pencil"



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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

It was the view of many that merchant pig-iron prices and the finished steel prices of independent producers will go lower; that no active market is to be looked for this year, perhaps not in January or February; that while mill-operations may be curtailed further and unemployment may increase, there need be no apprehension of serious consequences, and that while in some lines price reductions might be overdone, and were likely to be, the demand in time would be such as to cause an upturn through the dipping of active capacity below the line of consumption.

PASSING OF THE SUBTREASURIES

LAST month the United States Subtreasury in Boston closed its doors the first of the subtreasuries to go as a result of the law of May 29, 1920. Th development of the Federal Reserv system, as the Boston *News Bureau* notes has finally made the subtreasury "practically obsolete as an independent mechanism; and the same President who signe the Reserve Act signed the bill abolishin the once famous and mighty subtreasuries The other eight subtreasuries which mus be closed before July 1, 1921, are locate in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore Cincinnati, Chicago, New Orleans, St Louis, and San Francisco. The New Yor subtreasury, it seems, has so large a "clean-up" task that its demise is not expecte until late next spring. The subtreasur was established in 1846, *The News Burea* informs us, and it proceeds to delve furthe into the history of this passing financia institution:

> The Independent Treasury System wa conceived by President Jackson, who advocated the plan because of the fact tha some of the State banks of his time ha proved to be unsafe depositaries fo government funds. The original idea c the subtreasury system was to deposi in the Treasury at Washington and the nin subtreasuries all of the funds collected b the Government. The evil result of thi idea was demonstrated early in the fiftie when the Secretary of the Treasury wa obliged to buy bonds at a premium i order to restore to circulation the accumulating surplus in the Treasury.
>
> From the standpoint of business proved a bad thing to impound all of th Government's surplus funds in subtreasuries, to lie there until disbursed—which i times of prosperity were apt to be lon periods. This defect was remedied, however, by the revised National Bank Ac of 1864, which provided that nationa banks might be depositaries of publi money except customs receipts. The us of national banks as depositaries wa immediately begun.
>
> It was unfortunate that for many yea the law was interpreted to permit th deposit in banks only of revenue as soo as it was collected. Funds once tran ferred to the Treasury, it was ruled, mu remain there until disbursed. The la was finally amended to permit transf of funds from the Treasury or subtreasuri to national banks at discretion of th

INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

Secretary of the Treasury. This left the money market, to some degree, subject to the judgment or policy of the Administration in power. Until the Federal Reserve Act changed conditions, this power of the Secretary to transfer funds constituted one of the principal instruments for expanding currency in times of tight money.

Following the Civil War, accounts of pension agents were kept in the subtreasury. All pension checks, with checks drawn by local disbursing officers, were cashed over the counter. As these checks were eventually issued in large numbers, some 100,000 or 200,000 checks each quarter, this work constituted a considerable portion of work performed at the subtreasury. These disbursing accounts were transferred to Washington in 1913, and this practically cut the business of the subtreasury in half.

With establishment of the Federal Reserve system in 1914, member banks were permitted to deposit currency, whether fit or unfit for circulation, with Federal Reserve banks for credit of their reserve account. This tended to divert deposits of unfit currency formerly deposited in the subtreasury, and again reduced the work performed in the subtreasury.

Of late the chief functions performed by the Boston subtreasury have been the redemption and exchange of coin and the payment of United States coupons. This service for the public has now been assumed by the Federal Reserve Bank. So passes a governmental bureau that figures largely in the financial systems of other days.

WHEN WILL THE RAILWAY MERGING BEGIN?

THE logic of the railway situation, in the opinion of many financial authorities, unmistakably points toward such consolidations of interstate lines as are permitted under the new Railroad Act. The committee on railroad securities of the Investment Bankers' Association recently made a definite statement to this effect, adding: "While in the judgment of the committee the law has wisely made such consolidations permissive rather than compulsory, sound business judgment will perceive the business opportunities and can be relied upon to bring about this logical solution of many of the problems involved." After quoting this, a writer on the New York *Evening Post's* financial page comments as follows:

> While the new law makes consolidations voluntary instead of compulsory, it is stated plainly that competition must be maintained in all events. This would indicate that the Interstate Commerce Commission was authorized by Congress to approve the purchase, say, by the New York Central or the Pennsylvania, of connecting lines or an extension of present lines, but that the New York Central and Pennsylvania systems must continue to compete. In the South, the Illinois Central and the Atlantic Coast Line could follow out similar policies. In the West, Atchison, Northern Pacific, Union Pacific, or Rock Island could extend their lines.

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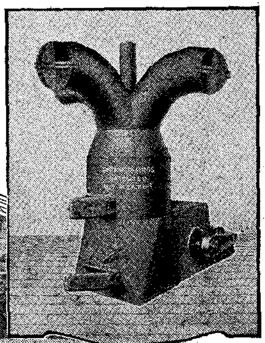

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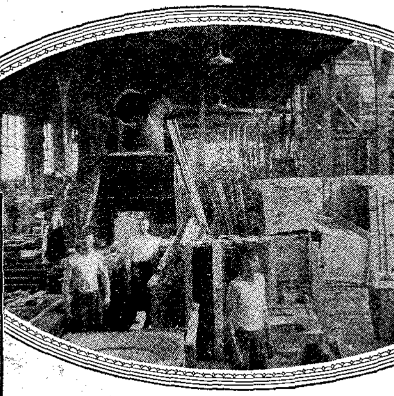

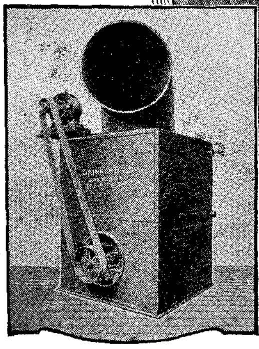

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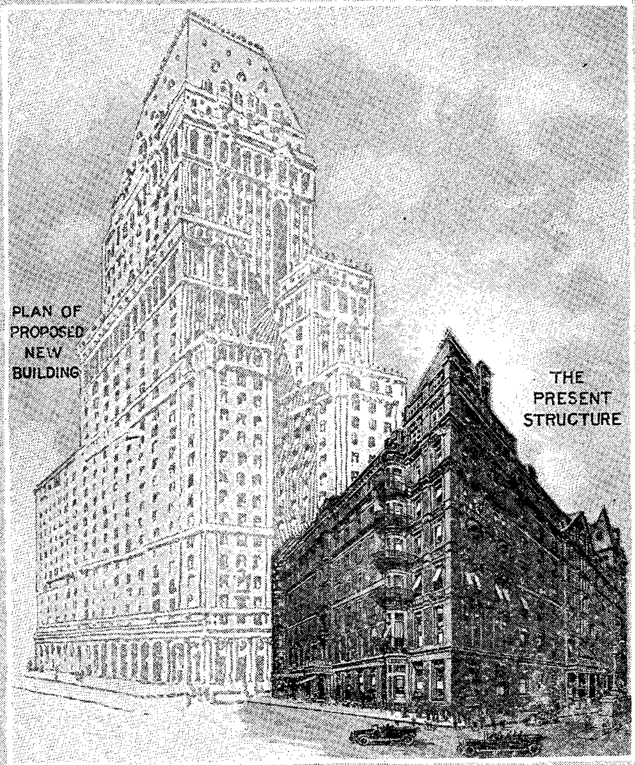
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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

estimated immediate developments in the merging of railroads. In the first place, necessary financing at the present time would be difficult. Next, there is a question as to whether large companies like the Pennsylvania or New York Central will care greatly to increase their systems.

WHY SHOES ARE GETTING CHEAPER

THE real reason why shoe prices are going down is the very simple one that consumers will not buy them except at lower prices, we read in *Dun's Review*. In the opinion of the writer in this financial weekly the continued comments and featured articles in the daily press concerning the deprest conditions prevailing in hides and leather are very influential in bringing down retail shoe prices, and "altho reductions are as yet by no means general, it is evident that the decline in footwear prices which has been pending for many months has at least started." To quote further:

> At a recent meeting of the Western Association of Shoe Wholesalers, held in St. Louis, it was estimated that shoe prices, in general, had declined on an average about 35 per cent. since last May. The prediction was also made that continued recessions would occur. The above estimate of the decline in footwear agrees with about all other reports from the retail trade, as most lines that were priced at $18 are now selling at around $11.50 to $12, and $15 lines at around $9.50 to $10. More medium-grade shoes are also down from $12 to around $8, and $10 lines to $6.50 to $7.
>
> It is apparent from the present restriction of consuming demand that the general public is not satisfied with such reductions as have so far been made, and, after reading in newspapers of rawhides and skins selling at below prewar levels, consumers fail to see why any higher rates than those of 1913 and 1914 should be charged for footwear. Shoe retailers are naturally slow to clean out their surplus stocks at a material loss, but the contention is made in hide and leather circles, and by shoe manufacturers as well, that until this liquidation occurs among retailers, and a fresh start is made on a new basis, the entire allied industry can not hope for any real revival of business.
>
> During the boom of last year some of the newspapers of the country were publishing all kinds of predictions as to how high in price shoes were likely to go, which prompted many consumers to buy more footwear than their immediate wants required, just as some published articles are now causing consumers to refrain from purchasing. So long as old shoes can be tapped or otherwise renovated, the new pair remains in the retailer's store. Whether or not the public has a sufficient reserve to outlast the patience of the shoe dealers remains to be seen. While the buying public is, of course, entitled to know conditions existing in the shoe and leather industry, the complaint of many in the trade is that there is danger of real facts being obscured by daily newspaper writers not conversant with the intricacies of the business, and even spokesmen for certain branches confuse the general public by contradictory statements.

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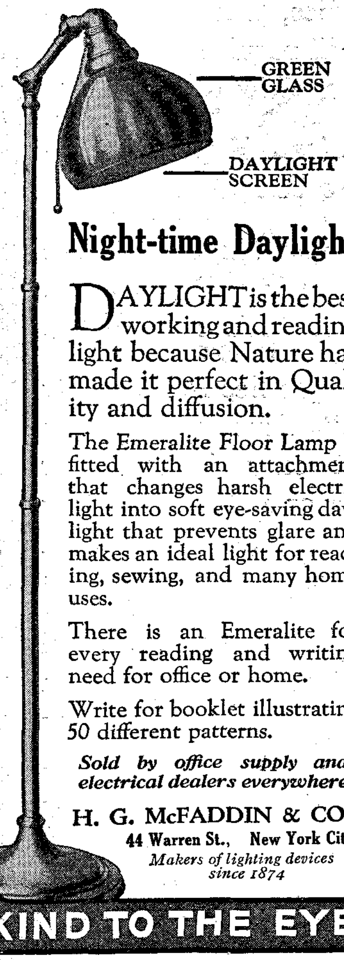

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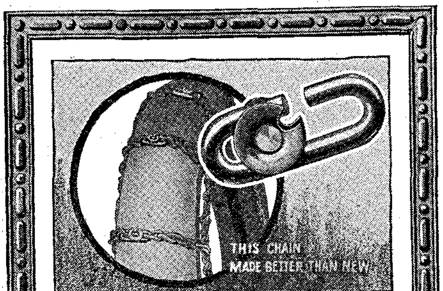
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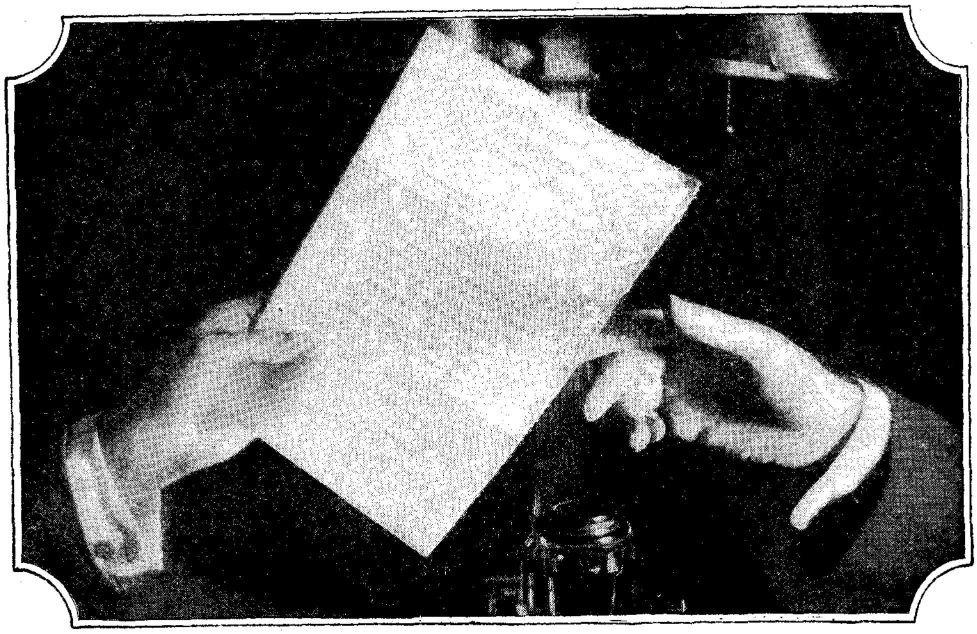

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GRAND TOTAL—$163,260.63.

CURRENT EVENTS

AFFAIRS IN RUSSIA AND POLAND

October 27.—Reports reaching Paris say that General Wrangel has succeeded in withstanding the Bolshevik drive. His position is said to be apparently secure, and he will be able to hold the Crimea during the winter.

October 29.—Further reports of revolt in the regions of Podolia and Odessa reach Copenhagen. It is said that "Red" troops sent to quell the rebellion joined the revolutionists. The "Red" forces are retiring from Kief and are preparing to evacuate Odessa.

October 30.—A wireless dispatch from Moscow reports that General Semenoff, Cossack anti-Bolshevik leader, has been captured by irregular troops.

Helsingfors dispatches describe the situation in Moscow as very serious and declare that martial law has been proclaimed. The peasants revolted in eleven provinces because of the requisition of wheat by the Government.

October 31.—According to Sebastopol advices the Russian Bolshevik forces have begun a violent offensive to wipe out the armies commanded by General Wrangel. The "Reds" have attacked at two points, troops from the Polish front as well as masses of Siberian soldiers being used in the offensive.

November 1.—The Bolsheviki have broken General Wrangel's center and the wings of his army apparently have been crusht, says a report from Sebastopol. The "Red" wave is flooding the Taurida region.

Reports of serious peasant uprisings in Russia are received at Constantinople. The disorders are said to have been accompanied by the slaughter of many Jews.

November 2.—A serious mutiny occurred in Moscow a few days ago, according to word reaching Riga. It was brought on by Bolshevik soldiers who refused to proceed to the front unless supplied with new equipment. The disturbances were quelled with machine guns and between 6,000 and 7,000 persons were arrested, of whom 200 to 300 were executed.

It is reported from Constantinople that 50,000 refugees fleeing before the advance of the Bolsheviki in northern Crimea are attempting to find ships to reach that city.

FOREIGN

October 27.—The British Cabinet waives its right under the Versailles Treaty to confiscate goods sent by German traders to England. This action was taken, it is said, in order to facilitate British trading with Germany.

At the national convention of the German National People's party at Hanover, many Germans express themselves in favor of the restoration of the monarchy. Former Minister Hergt declared in a speech that the party's ultimate aim was that Prussia should conquer Germany.

University students at Barcelona, Spain, stone the British Consulate as a protest against the death of Lord Mayor MacSwiney.

It is reported from Dublin that an appeal from the authorities of that city has been sent to the remaining hunger-strikers, asking them not to continue their strike.

October 28.—Settlement of the British coal strike is brought about at a conference between representatives of the Govern-

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CURRENT EVENTS

Continued

ment and the miners. Under its terms the miners receive an immediate increase in wages of two shillings a day, in consideration of which they pledge themselves to help increase production. The settlement plan is subject to approval by the miners, and provides for an investigation preliminary to reclassifying wages in the whole industry.

The reparations commission in Paris decides that Germany must deliver 275,000 tons of shipping to the Allies as compensation for the sinking of the German Fleet at Scapa Flow.

Great Britain has submitted to the League of Nations for registration and publication sixteen international agreements entered into by her since the Covenant of the League of Nations came into force last January, according to advices reaching Washington from headquarters of the League Council.

The Greek Chamber of Deputies has elected Admiral P. Coundouriotis as Regent of Greece.

October 29.—The Allies send a note to the Hungarian Government demanding ratification of the Treaty of Trianon, not later than November 15.

Prince Paul, younger brother of the late King Alexander, is proclaimed King by the Greek Parliament.

Dr. Jules Bordet, of Brussels, and Prof. August Krogh, of Copenhagen, have respectively been awarded the Nobel prizes in medical science for the years 1919 and 1920.

October 30.—According to reports reaching London, General Smuts, Premier of the Union of South Africa, has carried his resolution in the South-African party congress for a British-Dutch union.

It is reported from Riga that the Lithuanian Government is hastily evacuating Kovno as a result of the penetration of the Lithuanian front by General Zellgouski's insurgent army.

The 1920 Nobel prize in literature is awarded to Knut Hamsun, the Norwegian author of "Hunger."

October 31.—The body of Terence MacSwiney is buried in St. Finbar's cemetery, Cork. The funeral procession took place under the guns of the military, but there were no demonstrations.

The Italians and Jugo-Slavs decide to hold their parley on the Adriatic problem immediately after the American elections, says a report from Milan. It is thought virtually certain that Fiume will be made a free state.

It is reported from Vienna that the first touch of winter has reawakened the Austrian capital and other cities to the food and fuel shortages, which are described as "generally worse than last year." Various charities are trying to relieve conditions. The American Child-Feeding Fund is feeding daily 300,000 children under sixteen years.

Prince Paul informs the Greek Minister to Switzerland that his acceptance of the Greek throne depends entirely upon the wishes of the Greek people. He declares that he will accept the offer of the Government only on condition that the Greek people do not wish the return of King Constantine and Prince George, his elder brother.

November 1.—A report reaching London says that the Armenian town of Hajin has been captured by Turkish Nationalists, who have massacred the inhabitants, numbering 10,000.

Baron von Lersner, head of the Germa peace delegation at the Peace Conference, speaking at a congress of nationalist labor organizations in Berlin, sai that the Treaty of Versailles was th cause of all the outbreaks of Bolshevism in Germany and added tha the destruction of the Treaty must b the first aim of Germany's foreign an domestic policy.

A shrine in memory of the late Empero Matsuhito of Japan is opened in Tokyo and enormous crowds stream to th shrine to worship the deified Emperor.

The Government at Peking issues a proclamation declaring that there has bee a reunion of north and south China and calls for the election of a new Parliament on the basis of the old electio regulations.

November 2.—Alfredo Zayas, coalition candidate for President, has been electe by a safe majority in Cuba, accordin to Havana advices.

Prominent American yachtsmen issue challenge to British yachtsmen for race which it is hoped will become a annual event, according to a repor from London. It has been suggeste that the first race be held in Englis waters next summer and alternativel thereafter in American and Englis waters.

The Inter-Allied Control Commission han to the Bavarian Government a deman for the prompt disarmament of Bavarian militia forces.

It is reported from Paris that the Frenc Foreign Office has exprest itself to th effect that it will not interfere in th Greek situation unless ex-King Constantine attempts to return to Greece in which case France will take suc measures as are deemed necessary.

DOMESTIC

October 27.—President Wilson, speakin to a delegation of pro-League Republicans and Independents who call at th White House, renews his plea for approval of the League of Nations, an especially Article X, with no reservations.

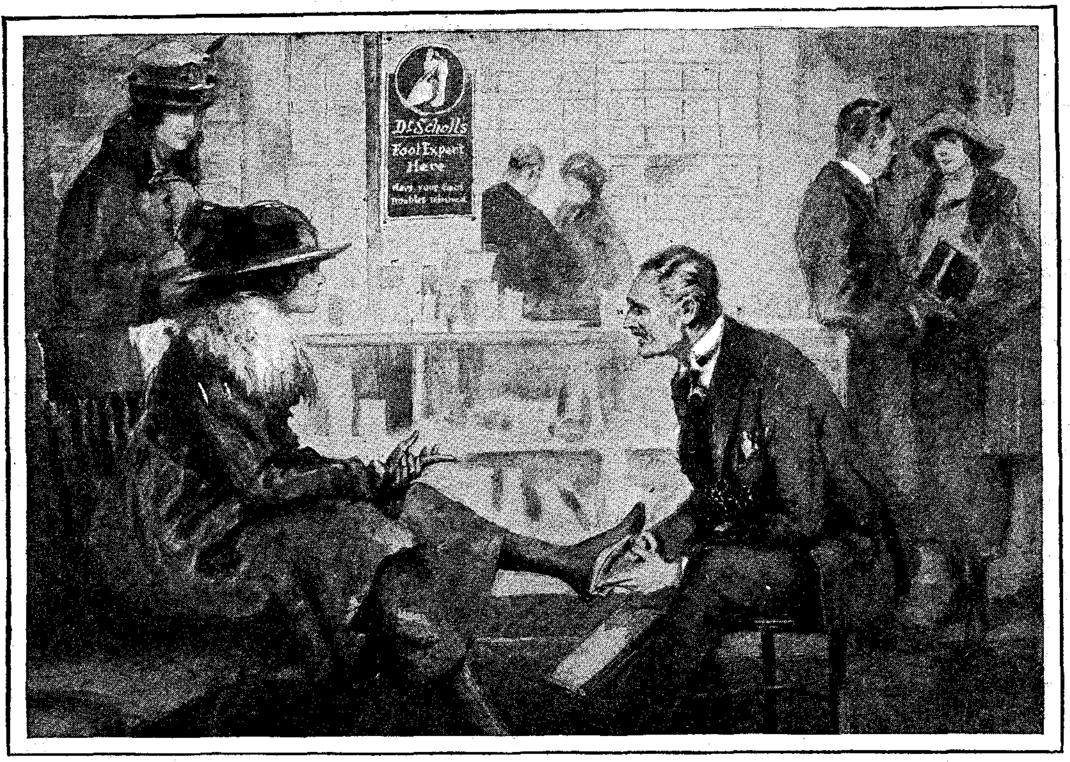
The Philadelphia Textile Manufacturer Association serve notice on organize labor that the textile-workers of tha city must perform their work in capable manner and repudiate thei radical union leaders, or approximatel 125,000 of them will be laid off. It i said that the manufacturers have already started to weed out the incompetents.

October 28.—It is reported from Nebrask that the farmers in that State this winter may use corn for fuel, owing to th high price of coal and the low price o corn.

It is reported from Washington that th indications are that all records for th number of passports issued will b broken in 1920. In the week endin October 23, 2,500 passports were issued In 1919, 98,000 passports for trave abroad were issued, as against an average of 34,000 annually during the preceding eight years.

Shipments of gold at the rate of approximately $3,000,000 a week are being sen from the United States to Japan.

October 30.—Suit to recover $102,050,00 damages for alleged conspiracy is file in the Supreme Court of the District o Columbia by E. L. Rice, an airplan inventor, against Secretary of Wa Baker, Postmaster-General Burleso and other officials. Rice charges tha orders to purchase airplanes containin his invention were pigeonholed and h was deprived of large profits.



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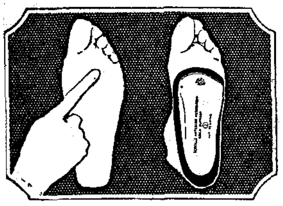

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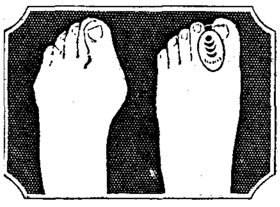

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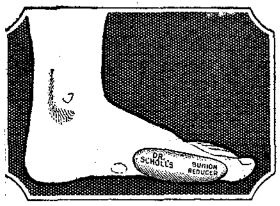

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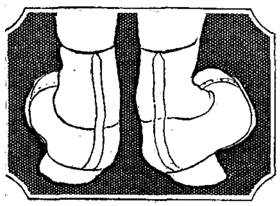

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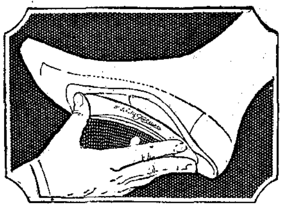
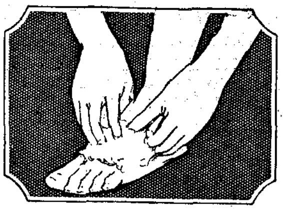
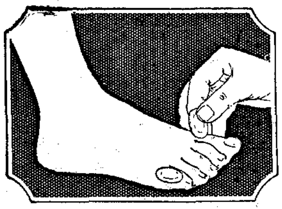


Dr. Scholl's Foot-Eazer relieves tired feet, gently supports the arch and distributes the body's weight. Light and comfortable



Dr. Scholl's Home Treatment includes the three necessities for foot hygiene and comfort—Dr. Scholl's Pedico Foot Soap, Pedico Foot Balm and Pedico Foot Powder—for daily use. Price, complete, $1.00



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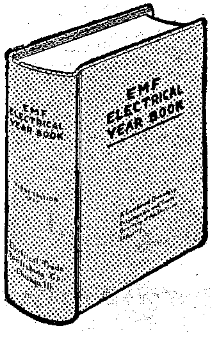

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CURRENT EVENTS

Continued

October 31.—Thirty-five thousand Irish sympathizers, at a protest meeting in the Polo Grounds, New York City, demonstrate their grief over the death of Terence MacSwiney. About 20,000 persons unable to crowd into the grounds were turned away.

The War Department, answering charges that the Government had sustained great loss through the sale of surplus war-materials, issues a statement claiming that it has saved "more than $4,675,342,881.15 to the taxpayers of this country" through the sale of such supplies and "settlement of claims."

James A. Gary, Postmaster-General in the Cabinet of President McKinley, dies at his home in Baltimore at the age of eighty-eight.

November 1.—Norman H. Davis, acting United States Secretary of State, in a statement in response to inquiries as to the attitude of the State Department toward the Japanese land question in California, to be voted on at the election, November 2, said that no outcome of the California movement would be acceptable to the country at large that did not accord with existing and applicable provisions of the law and with the national instinct of justice.

Air-mail service between the United States and Cuba is inaugurated with the departure of two seaplanes from Key West to Havana.

All peace-time records in recruiting for the regular army were broken in October, when 17,625 enlistments were accepted.

November 2.—Imports of the United States from Europe during the first nine months of this year were more than double in value those for the same period of last year. Exports to Europe for the same period, however, were over half a billion dollars less than for the corresponding months of 1919.

Warren G. Harding and Calvin Coolidge, Republican nominees for President and Vice-President of the United States, are elected by what is said to be the largest popular majority ever given a national ticket. It is estimated that the Republican electoral vote may reach 360, the number necessary to elect being 266.

According to estimates based on early returns, the Republicans claim a gain of eight and possibly ten members in the Senate. The Republican gains in the House, it is estimated, run from 75 to 100.

Campaign managers of the Socialist party estimate that Eugene V. Debs, the Socialist candidate, polled from 2,500,000 to 3,000,000 votes.

Scattering early returns indicate that the anti-Japanese land law in California will have a majority of 300,000.

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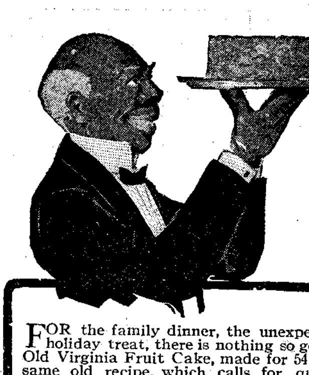
Valuable as a Curiosity.—By all means let's preserve the right of free speech. It's about the only thing left that's free.—*Columbus Dispatch.*



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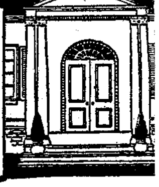

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"H. B. Y.," Chicago, Ill.—"Is the phrase someone else's' correct, or should it be 'somene's else'?"

The expressions *some one else*, *any one else*, *every* *ne else*, *somebody else*, etc., are in good usage reated as substantive phrases and have the posessive inflection upon the *else;* as, *somebody* *lse's* umbrella; but some prefer to treat them imply as elliptical expressions; as, the umbrella s *somebody's else* (*i.e.*, other than the person reviously mentioned). Therefore, either *some* *ne else's* or *some one's else* is correct.

"B. V.," Mobile, Ala.—"Give me the correct ronunciation of *Aix-la-Chapelle*, please."

The name *Aix-la-Chapelle* is pronounced *eks''-la-ha''pel'*—first *e* as in *prey*, *a's* as in *artistic*, second as in *get*.

"K. S. P.," Janesville, Wis.—"(1) Can you nform me where I can obtain a book written bout the Sargasso Sea? I am under the imression this book is rather an old-timer. (2) Vhat is the correct pronunciation of the word *ften?*"

(1) Janvier's "In the Sargasso Sea" is pubshed by Harper & Brothers, New York City. (2) he word *soften* is correctly pronounced *sof'n*— as in *or*.

"S. S. S.," Crandon, Wis.—"Kindly tell me hich, if either, of the following sentences is rrect?—(1) 'I stopped to look at the oats in e bin, and then bought *them*.' (2) 'I stopped look at the oats in the bin, and then bought *it*.'"

Both forms are correct. If you meant that ter looking at the oats you bought them, the rst sentence applies. If you bought only the in, the second sentence applies. If you bought e oats in the bin, that is, both the holder and its ntents, use the plural.

"B. F.," Stockton, Calif.—"Please tell me e plural of *deputy sheriff*, and the rule for such urals."

"Most compound nouns are expressed in the ural number by making plural only that part the word which is described by the rest."—ernald's "Working Grammar of the English anguage.") Thus, *mouse-trap*, *mouse-traps*; *armair*, *arm-chairs*, etc. *Deputy sheriff* would me under this rule, making the plural *deputy eriffs*.

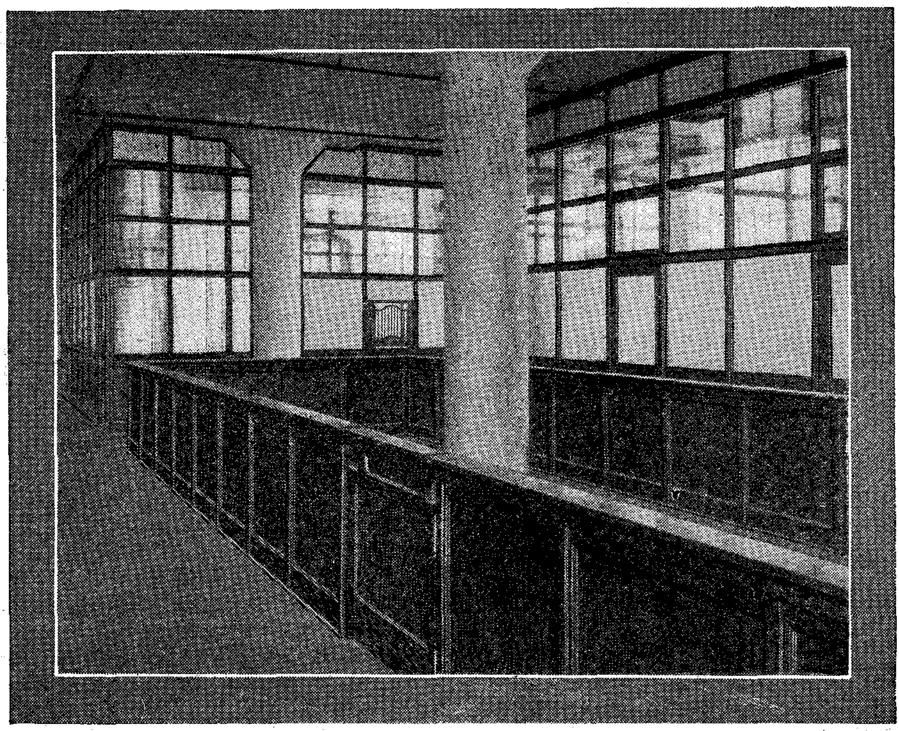
"F. J. M.," La Gro, Ind.—"(1) Is it permissie to say, '*Reparation* of watches done here,' r 'watch repairing done here'? (2) May one y, '. . . that his own path was not free *of* fficulties,' or must it be, '. . . free *from* diffilties'? (3) In a short story would you approve the word 'voice' on the part of the narrator the sentence, 'He entered the room, and with ars in his *voice* said, . . .'?"

(1) The word *reparation* in present-day usage eans, "The act of making amends, as for an inry, loss, or wrong; an atonement or indemnity." *eparation*, as recently as 1888, meant the act of pairing. It would therefore be incorrect usage day. (2) When *free* implies "exempt from," or lear of," it is followed by "from," or, rarely, f," "free *of* charge"; "free *from* difficulties.") Why not? Remember *Prince Henry's* words in King Henry IV.":

), pardon me, my liege! but for *my tears,*
he moist impediments unto my speech,
had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke."

"A. B.," Lexington, Va.—"(1) Which is rrect, 'I shall try *and* come,' or 'I shall try *to* me'? (2) Are the expressions '*very* disapinted' and '*very* afraid' correct? If they are t correct, why not? (3) What is the correct onunciation of the word *dictionary?*"

(1) "I shall try *to* come" is the correct form use. (2) The adverb *very*, meaning "in a gh degree," qualifies a participle only when the tter is used merely as an adjective; as, *very* ed, *very* pleasing. The critics object to such pressions as *very* pleased, *very* dissatisfied, *very* ted. It must be said, however, that altho it ay be better grammar to interpose an adverb, very *much* pleased, very *greatly* dissatisfied, t this usage of "very" has been good English r centuries. (3) The word *dictionary* is corctly pronounced *dik'shan-e-ri*—*i* as in *hit*, *sh* in *ship*, *a* as in *final*, *e* as in *prey*, *i* as in *habit*.



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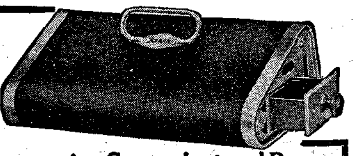

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Day Off Is Right.—Take a day off and call up your neighbors.—*Phone Ad.*

Cynical.—"His friends could give no reason why he should have committed suicide. He is single."—*The Stamford Advocate.*

Profit and Loss.—Those who would annex Mexico should first make sure that the value of the oil will exceed the cost of the broil.—*Cleveland News.*

Why It's Free.—YOUNG THING—"I wonder why they call it free verse?"

THE POET—"That's simple. Did you ever try to sell any?"—*Jack-o'-Lantern.*

Keeping It Up.—"Dear me, you seem wedded to crime! This is your fiftieth conviction."

"Yes, me golden wedding, you might say, y'r Honor."—*The Bulletin (Sydney).*

Simple.—PROFESSOR—"I'm sorry to tell you, madam, that your daughter is hopeless. She has no talent."

MRS. LOWELL BROW—"Huh! I thought I was paying you to give her some."—*New York World.*

Going Some.—A Georgia lawyer to a wealthy client he desired to impress:

"I played *Hamlet* once."

"Indeed! Did you have much of a run?"

"About six miles, as I remember it."—*The Lawyer and Banker.*

They Came Back.—"When I was a little child," the sergeant sweetly addrest his men at the end of an exhaustive hour of drill, "I had a set of wooden soldiers. There was a poor little boy in the neighborhood and after I had been to Sunday-school one day and listened to a stirring talk on the beauties of charity I was softened enough to give them to him. Then I wanted them back and cried, but my mother said, 'Don't cry, Bertie, some day you will get your wooden soldiers back.'

"And, believe me, you lob-sided, mutton-headed, goofus-brained set of certified rolling-pins, that day has come."—*The American Legion Weekly.*

Its One Drawback.—A Scotsman came south to have a look at London. He spent a few days in London and sped back to Scotland again.

On the first night of his return to his little village up in the wilds all his friends gathered round him to hear his opinion of the town whose streets were "paved with gold."

He told the tale as only a Scot can—short and candid, without too much padding; then a friend interrupted him.

"Hoo long wur ye in Lunnon a' the gither, Jock?"

"Aboot a week," replied the traveled man.

"What did ye think o' the toun?"

"Hoots, mon, it wur aul richt in its way! Lunnon's a fine wee toun itsel', but it is sich a long wa' fra anywhere!"—*London Answers.*

Prophecy.—Old Omar doubtless had u in mind when he spoke of the profit' paradise to come.—*Cleveland News.*

Social Divisions.—There's the proletariat, the salariat, the plutocariat, an the where are we at?—*St. Louis Globe Democrat.*

Cheerful Diner.—"What! You call tha a sausage? It makes me laugh!"

"That's good, sir. Most people swear.'—*Meggendorfer Blätter (Munich).*

In Reeldom.—PROMOTER—"I have her a scheme for revamping old films."

MANAGER—"Beat it! I'm too bus refilming old vamps."—*Retail Public Ledge (Philadelphia).*

Help Wanted.—"Are you sure you auditors understood all of your arguments?"

"If they did," answered Senator Sorghum, "I wish they'd come around an explain some of 'em to me."—*Washingto Star.*

Affinities.—"My husband is a fine ride Doesn't he look as if he had grown up wit the horse?"

"Yes. You can't tell where the hors ends and where your husband begins."—*Lustige Blätter, Berlin.*

It's a Crool Woild.—PANHANDLER—"On de level, mister, I ain't et nothin' i three days."

PROSPECT—"Nothing like exercisin one's will-power, bo. You're off to good start, so don't let anybody forcibl feed you."—*Buffalo Express.*

Philological.—A colored woman on day visited the court-house in a Tennessee town and said to the judge:

"Is you-all the reperbate judge?"

"I am the judge of probate, mammy."

"I'se come to you-all 'cause I'se i trubble. Mah man—he's done died detested and I'se got t'ree little infidels s I'se cum to be appointed der execootioner.—*The Lawyer and Banker.*

Very Mysterious Plays.—"Charle dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "do yo remember how you laughed at me becau there were some things I didn't understan about the ball game?"

"Yes."

"Well, after reading some of the rece news, I want to ask you, as man to woma weren't there some things about that gam that you didn't understand either?"—*Washington Star.*

Knew the Animal.—A teacher was i structing a class in English and called on small boy named Jimmy Brown.

"James," she said, "write on the boar 'Richard can ride the mule if he wants to.'

"Now," continued the teacher whe Jimmy had finished writing, "can you fir a better form for that sentence?"

"Yes, ma'am, I think I can," was t prompt answer. "'Richard can ride t mule if the mule wants him to.'"—*Boy Life.*